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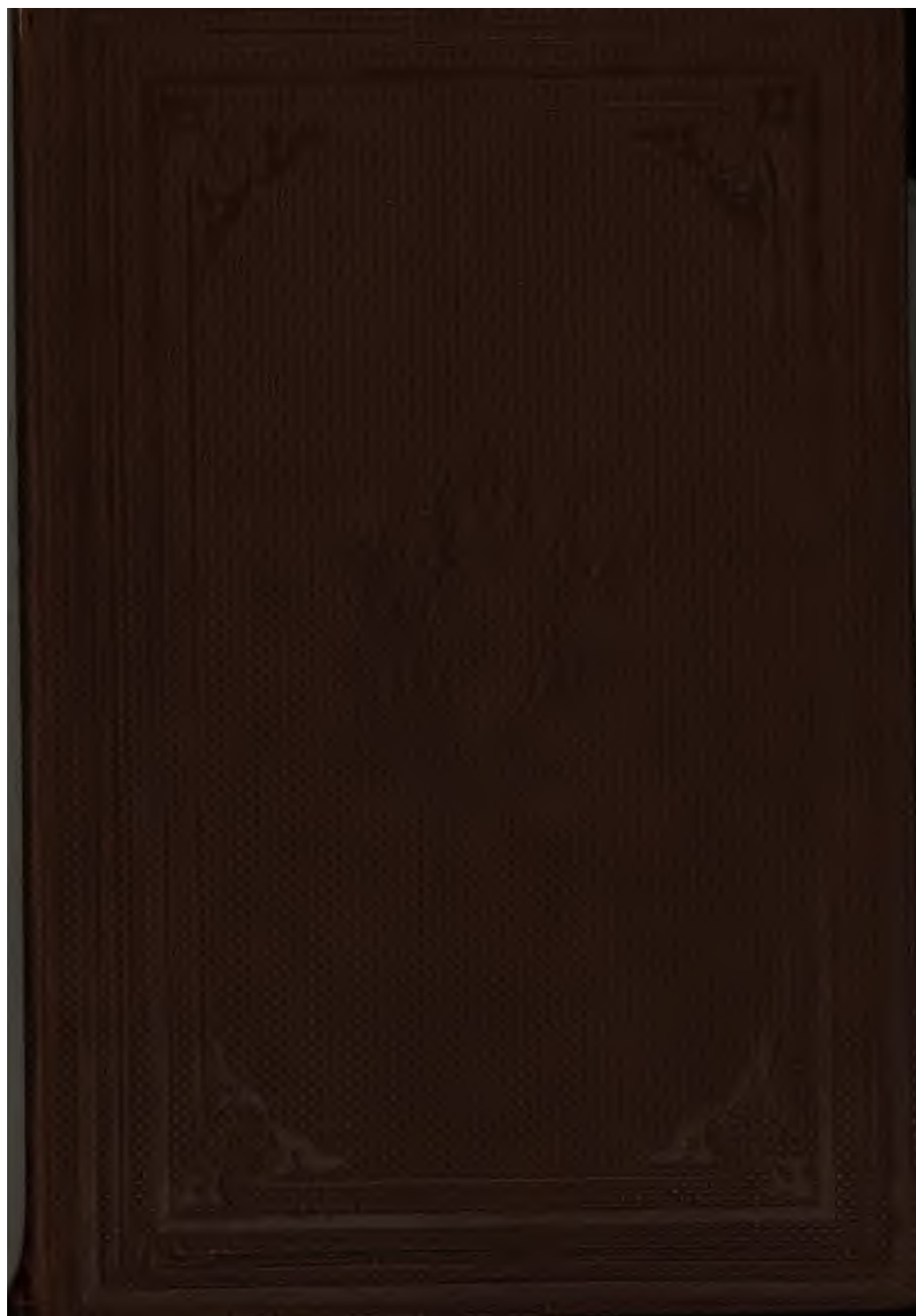
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**THE LIFE**  
**OF**  
**D R. A R N O L D.**





THE LIFE  
OF  
THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

BY  
EMMA JANE WORBOISE,

AUTHOR OF THE "SACRED YEAR," ETC.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. II. 10.

"His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumbering clay:  
His tent at sunrise, on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay.  
"Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought; the victory won;  
Enter thy Master's joy."

LONDON:  
HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO., 33, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1859.

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TO

SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P.,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

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IN presenting to the public this brief sketch of the character and career of so remarkable and truly great a man as Dr. Arnold, I feel that no apology is required; for next to our own individual, and too often dearly bought experience, the records of one who has already fought the good fight, and won the victory on the battle-field of human life, must needs be of the highest value, and most significant import.

Lengthened prefatory remarks are likewise superfluous. It were presumptuous as well as unnecessary to criticize sentiments, to account for actions, to eulogize or to deprecate details of character, that will be far better appreciated by their natural development, as they arise in due order through the course of the biography itself. The life of Dr. Arnold, if it be not *most* unworthily written, ought to speak for itself, to proclaim its own inherent value, and to convey without note or comment that instruction which, in itself, it is so wonderfully adapted to afford.

To Canon Stanley I beg to express my great obligation, and my sincere gratitude, for his kindness and condescension, in allowing me so freely to avail myself of the letters and journals, already published in his own invaluable memoir of Dr. Arnold, to which, otherwise, I could have had very limited or no access.

To his full and extended Biography my imperfect attempt is just what the mere etching is to the highly finished portrait,

glowing with colours laid on by the master's hand. Still,—there are thousands, whose means, whose time, and whose opportunities, will not permit them to avail themselves of the treasures of the larger memoir, and for such the present volume is expressly written ; and I cannot but hope that in many cases my little book may prove, not only the substitute for, but the pioneer of, Canon Stanley's more weighty and more extensive work ; for I flatter myself that among my readers there will be those, who, stimulated by the perusal of what is written herein, may desire to know more of the subject of this Memoir.

To the Author of "Tom Brown's School-days," I also take this opportunity of rendering my acknowledgments. His very graphic and most delightful book has frequently furnished me with material, and aided by its truthful sketches my own imperfect reminiscences of Rugby and its school. And at the same time I would express my thanks to all those Rugbæans who have kindly aided me, in this my responsible, but truly delightful labour of love.

In conclusion, I will only say, that if, by the perusal of this little book, few, or only one of its readers should, by the blessing of God, be led to consider the bright example, whose lustre was all derived from the Master whom he so loved to serve and to follow, and to imbibe somewhat of the spirit that counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus His Lord,—great will be my reward.

E. J. W.

*March 1st, 1859.*

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# THE LIFE

OF

## THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### SCHOOL-DAYS AND COLLEGE-DAYS.

From time to time, on the wide arena of Life's stormy battle-field, there arise, and have arisen in all ages, great and noble natures, who, not content with passing through the *mêlée* as quietly and creditably and safely as may be consistent with mere reputation, seek to prove themselves "good men and true;"—to quit themselves "like heroes in the strife" that rages so fiercely around us from the cradle to the grave;—to fight bravely, unshrinkingly, and unselfishly, as real soldiers of the Heavenly King, for the interests, and for the extension, of Christ's Church militant here upon earth!

Fame keeps ever proudly, and as she *ought* to keep, the memory of those, who true to altar, throne, and hearth, have freely poured forth their life-blood for the dear sake of liberty and Fatherland; and she keeps too, quite as proudly, but far less righteously, the records of the conquerors of earth, who, sword in hand, mowed down opposing armies; and sweeping the land like angels of destruction, bowed nation after nation to the yoke, so building up for themselves a name enduring as history itself.

And if this be so, shall not they who wage a grander war-

fare—they who, at the cost of scorn and slander and misapprehension, have sought to make purer and better and wider the Church of Christ :—they who have opposed, often single-handed, Satan, the world, and their alien armies of bigotry, shallowness, and ancient prejudice ;—shall not they too have their meed, and shall not the glory of their names rouse others from their slothful rest and their supine neutrality, to work while it is called to-day, lest the night, in which no man can work, come suddenly upon them ?

Surely the time spent in the delineation and contemplation of such characters is most profitably bestowed. To trace the history of such men, to watch their gradual advances to the highest truths, their progress of mind, their development of pure and lofty principles, the circumstances of their lot, their course of training, their discipline, and their mode of action, is to learn deeper and more abiding lessons than were ever conned from the pages of the essayist, the philosopher, or the theologian !

The impartial life of a good, great man, is the visible manifestation and application of those central truths, which sermons and lectures are intended to convey. Principles and ideas thus exemplified, and woven in, as it were, into the familiar sayings and doings and thinkings of common everyday life, acquire a depth of meaning, a power, and a reality, which may be perceived and appreciated by all ; so that the force of comparison, the involuntary glance of introspection, and the obvious and frequent application which must ensue from the consideration of such a life, cannot fail to awaken some idle slumberer, some sentimental dreamer, who has never yet found, or sought, or cared to find his appointed task in the world's great field of labour ; to rekindle the dying fires of some once warm and fervent spirit, who has grown cold and careless in the Master's service ; or to cheer the drooping soul of some who are worn and weary, and discouraged at the very commencement of life's long troublous campaign !

Such a life is the one now before us ;—a life almost devoid of startling incidents, or thrilling romance : a sunny serene life, yet not cloudless or untouched by adverse breezes ;

crowned with many of God's richest and choicest blessings, yet crossed ever and anon by the sense of weakness and pain and care and mutability; made up, in an exterior point of view, of very ordinary materials, but rendered grand and beautiful by the workings of the holy, stedfast, loving spirit within.

---

It was on the 13th of June, 1795, that a seventh child, and youngest son, was born to William and Martha Arnold, then resident at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The Arnold family were not aborigines of the soil; they had been settled on the Medina Estuary for two generations only, and came originally from the neighbourhood of Lowestoft, in Suffolk.

This child received in baptism the name of Thomas, and became in process of time the Dr. Arnold of Rugby celebrity. His father died suddenly of spasm in the heart, March 3rd, 1801. His mother lived to see her only surviving son the Head Master of Rugby School; settled in that position, and pledged to that great work, for which he was remarkably qualified, and in which it was permitted him to accomplish so much good, not merely for the passing generation, but for all Time; nay, under the blessing of Almighty God, FOR ALL ETERNITY!

His maternal aunt, Miss Delafield, took charge of his childish studies; but at eight years of age he quitted home for Warminster School, in Wiltshire, then under the management of Dr. Griffiths. Here he read Dr. Priestley's Lectures on History, which he quoted from memory full thirty-eight years afterwards, when filling the chair of Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

Here, too, he formed his first boyish friendship. Among the many who in later years he delighted to call his friends, among those to whom his strong and loving heart beat with a true, unutterable attachment, the memory of George Evelyn always retained its sweetness and its interest; although in 1806 they were parted, never again to meet on earth. Indeed, Arnold lost sight of Evelyn: for the currents of their lives

diverged so widely that he heard nothing of him till 1829, when he was requested to write his epitaph.

In a letter of remarkable simplicity, and deep feeling, addressed to the widow of this, his earliest and long-lost friend, he says :—" Since the year 1806, I have never seen him ; but the impression of his character has remained strongly marked on my memory ever since, for I never knew so bright a promise in any other boy ; I never knew any spirit at that age, so pure and generous, and so free from the ordinary meannesses, coarsenesses, and littlenesses of boyhood."

So early, and so abidingly, did Arnold appreciate purity and nobility of character.

In 1807 he left Warminster for Winchester College, where he remained till his sixteenth year, and, in common with nearly all those who have studied under the time-honoured walls of that renowned seat of learning, he imbibed and always retained a strong Wykehamist spirit. Though I have not at my disposal any records of his four years' residence in this old city of regal and Saxon antiquity, it needs but very slight force of imagination to picture him, a shy, retiring boy, moving quietly and gravely through the classic halls of William of Wykeham : to see him, treading from day to day, as he must have done, those well-remembered haunts of college, cathedral, city, or upland-down ; now pacing in meditative sort the cloisters and quadrangles of his own special locality ; now sitting in the beautiful chapel, at morning or evening prayers, in the solemn light of the grand eastern window, with its quaint genealogical tree, and old Jesse the Bethlehemite recumbent at its roots ; now rambling along the green flowery banks of the Itchin, or gazing reverently at the gray towers of St. Cross, or taking with his schoolfellows his prescribed " constitutional " up the chalky steeps of fir-crowned St. Catherine's Hill. His young footsteps must have trodden the long, lofty, aisles of the glorious cathedral ; he must have passed by the ancient black marble font, and the deserted chapels of the nave, and he must have looked often on the gorgeous effigy of Beaufort, the nameless, unhonoured grave of the " Red King," the legendary tomb of St. Swithin, and the antique chest where

moulder, or are said to moulder, the dust of kings and queens of Saxon and Danish dynasties.

Certainly, on a mind and taste like his, the architectural beauties, the shadows of ages almost dreamlike in their remoteness, and the rich historic associations of Winchester, could not have failed to create a vivid and a permanent impression. Meanwhile, his school days were marked by a peculiar stiffness and reticence, which, however, entirely wore away during his subsequent residence at Oxford. He held tenaciously to his opinions, "and," says one of his friends and companions, "was utterly immovable by force or fraud, when he had made up his mind, whether right or wrong."

So it is that strong, firm, uncompromising minds, frequently develop themselves in early youth: where there is steadfast Christian principle, and earnest seeking after truth, mere obstinate persistence gradually merges into a settled conscientious adherence to that which the heart and understanding acknowledge as the right and governing principle, whether it be spiritual, moral, or intellectual.

He was very fond of ballad poetry. Whilst yet a school-boy he composed a play, sundry poems, and an imitation of Scott's "Marmion," which he called "Simon de Montfort." Partly on this account, and partly to distinguish him from another boy of the same name, he received the cognomen of "Poet Arnold." He was famous, too, for his repetition of certain spirited ballads, with which he delighted his Winchester school-fellows who were not so literary as himself. One very early specimen of his juvenile talent has been preserved, a tragedy, written in his seventh year; its subject, "Percy, Earl of Northumberland." This precocious composition is not, however, remarkable for anything beyond correct orthography, good English, and general regularity of construction:—merits, by the way, which the productions of maturer genius do not invariably exhibit.

Of a far more striking character were his attainments in history and geography. The germs of that ardour and delight in historic research and delineation, which gave to his subsequent labours the aspect of recreation, rather than of toil, were discernible at a very early period.

He remembered receiving from his father, a copy of Smollett's History of England, when only three years of age, as a reward for the exactness with which he repeated all the little tales and anecdotes relating to the successive reigns ; or rather to the pictures appended to, and illustrative of, each reign in the aforesaid history ; and when a boy at Winchester, he breaks out into a very tornado of indignation against the bombast and careless inaccuracy of the Latin writers. We meet with the following philippic in one of his letters, written at the age of fourteen :—" I verily believe that half at least of the Roman History is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated. How far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives of Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon."

And now, having briefly considered the localities, the actual pursuits, and the tendencies of Arnold's boyhood, let us turn aside, and take a cursory glance at the character of *the times* in which his childhood and youth passed away. They were right stirring days : wars, and rumours of wars, were afloat month after month, and year after year. The recollections of the atrocities of the French Revolution were still fresh in the memories of all Europe : the massacres of La Vendée, and the noyades of Nantes, yet thrilled the hearts of those, who, trembling and aghast, had recoiled from the first recital of the horrors of revolutionary fury.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, was winning his first laurels at Assaye and Argaum ; Nelson was sweeping with his victorious fleet the waters of the Mediterranean : the name of Buonaparte stirred up everywhere wrath and terror and despair : thrones were tottering, dynasties crumbling away, and governments shifting and changing like the chance combinations of the kaleidoscope. Poor Sir John Moore was taking his rest in his warrior's grave, beneath the walls of Corunna. Marengo, Trafalgar, and Austerlitz were " household words " then ; and a little later, Talavera, Salamanca and Vittoria, with other names no less famous and inspiring, were the daily theme when men met for business, for worship, and for social intercourse. It was the old " war-time,"—as it came to be called long afterwards, when peace

had once more waved her olive-branch over the carnage-weary, exhausted nations ;—the war-time, when every man knew that he might be called to leave hearth and home, to do righteous battle for king and faith and fatherland ; when the spirit of patriotism was rampant in the breasts of those who, but a few years later, were infuriated with the policy of their own rulers, and quite ready to fan the smouldering fires of anarchy and discontent, that, once expanded into flame, must have spread far and wide over the land, in the form of an unscrupulous and impolitic revolution.

Such were the times in which Arnold learned from his affectionate preceptress the first elements of knowledge ; in which he played, no doubt, like other children of that day, at sieges, and battles, and maritime engagements ; in which he studied at Warminster, and at Winchester ; in which he saw, as things of course, men-of-war riding gallantly out of harbour, or coming back with the flag of victory hoisted high, and the great cannon booming along the rocky shores of the Isle of Wight ; as the proud vessels swept over the blue waters of the Channel, to bring back the conquerors, the wounded and the dying, to their native soil.

His earliest associations were of the sea, of soldiers, and of sailors ; and, as he says himself, “he was familiar from a child with boats and ships, and the flags of half Europe ;” which, he goes on to remark, gave him “an instinctive acquaintance with geography,” and taught him much also of the nature of nautical craft and nautical technicalities, which boys who are born and bred in the inland counties generally fail to acquire. He counted both the sea and mountains as “great points in education ;” an acquaintance with the latter he was inclined to believe almost indispensable for the development of certain powers, and certain influences ; and in after life, we find him marvelling greatly at the ignorance of some Rugby boys, who at seventeen or eighteen were deficient in common geographical and maritime information, and which he attributes to two causes :—to their never having seen the sea, and to their never having been in London : “and it is surprising,” he says in a letter dated 1829, “how the first of these disadvantages interferes with their understanding much



of the ancient poetry ; while the other keeps the range of their ideas in an exceedingly narrow compass."

He felt as strongly as any man the deep and wide interpretation which a sound mind gives to the momentous word EDUCATION ; he knew, none better, that there are schools which are not institutions,—schoolmasters, who are not living, speaking men ;—books, whose mysterious leaves never issued from mortal press, whose teaching is fresh and pure from the Mighty Master of the Universe !

---

In 1811, in his sixteenth year, he was elected, "against several very respectable candidates," a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. "He came to us," says Mr. Justice Coleridge, "in Lent term, a mere boy in appearance, as well as in age ; but we saw in a very short time that he was quite equal to take his part in the discussions of the common-room ; and he was, I rather think, admitted by Mr. Cooke at once into his senior class."

Corpus Christi is a College small in numbers, and without architectural pretensions ; but among its eminent men occur the names of Jewell, Hooker, Coleridge, Professor Buckland, and others remarkable for ability and worth ! And now Corpus, with a mournful pride, may add to the list of her dearest and most illustrious sons, the revered name of "Arnold of Rugby !"

In 1815, he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, and in the same year, and in 1817, he took the Chancellor's prize for the two University Essays, Latin and English !

How deeply, how entirely he loved Oxford ; with what fondness he ever recurred to his old haunts, and his old habits there, those who knew him best and longest can bear faithful witness. How often in his letters, in his common converse, he expatiated again and again on the beauties of Bagley Wood, and Shotover Hill ! Amid the level and monotonous scenery of Rugby, his heart yearned for certain well-known nooks, special pretty fields, and wild streams in the country round Oxford ; and even on the banks of his own beloved Rotha, with Fairfield in full view, and old Loughrigg close at hand,

his affections clung to that oft-quoted Bagley Wood, and to the many familiar beauties in the neighbourhood of the University.

And when the great heresy of Newmanism arose, and spread throughout Oxford, he beheld with bitterest sorrow, and most vehement indignation, the development of principles which he held to be utterly subversive to the cause of truth, and most mischievous and fatal in their influences on the National Church of his country. Newmanism (or, as it afterwards came to be called, Puseyism and Tractarianism) would have called forth his conscientious protest, wherever it might have arisen ; but that its pernicious seeds should first take root and flourish in his own beloved and honoured Oxford, added the climax to his grief, and excited his most indignant denunciations. And it was the dream of his early manhood, and the cherished hope of maturer years, that in the decline of life he might be permitted to hold office there, and, amid old scenes and old associations, plan and carry out his long-pondered schemes of usefulness for his "ancient and magnificent University ;" and there, in comparative retirement, alternating with his mountain home in the North, enjoy that repose which a life of arduous effort and advancing age would surely demand.

His fellow-student and beloved friend, Mr. Justice Coleridge, in his valuable contribution to Canon Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold," tells us that he was always ready to take part in the discussions of the common-room ; that he was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument ; fearless too in advancing his opinions, which even then seem considerably to have startled his contemporaries. "But," continues the same authority, "he was ingenuous and candid, and though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions, might have seemed to betoken presumption, yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke relieved him from that imputation ; he was bold and warm, because, so far as his knowledge went, he saw very clearly and he was an ardent lover of truth ; but I never saw in him, even then, a grain of vanity or conceit."

From the same impartial and authentic source we learn that, during his curriculum, he greatly preferred the philosophers and historians to the poets of antiquity; his passion was for Aristotle and Thucydides. For the former he seemed to entertain a personal affection; his tone was deeply tinged with the ideas, the expressions, and the maxims of the "dear old Stagirite;" and though much inclined, when he was selecting his son's University, to choose Cambridge, he could not make up his mind to send him where he would lose Aristotle, and accordingly decided on Oxford. Almost equal in his regard was Thucydides; he used him as a constant text-book, and knew thoroughly the contents of every individual chapter: and next in order came Herodotus, whom in after years he continued to enjoy with even more than youthful relish. Indeed, he was to the last, true to his favourite authors, as he was faithful to his early friends. Aristotle and Thucydides never lost their place in his affections; but as he grew older he learned to estimate at their real value those grand productions of the ancient poets, which, at this early period, he rather unduly overlooked. In his correspondence of the year 1833, he writes thus:—"You will be amused when I tell you that I am becoming more and more a convert to the advantages of Greek and Latin verse;"—which he had once regarded as "one of the most contemptible prettinesses of the understanding." But even after he had become a convert to the utility of verse exercises, he always felt his deficiency in their composition or correction, whilst he was remarkable for the force, vigour, and simplicity of his Latin prose.

The Greek tragedians he thought on the whole over-rated, though he constantly read portions with the keenest relish;—the second-rate Latin poets he seldom used;—Tibullus and Propertius, with a few others—never! And speaking of these, in the last year of his life, he says, "Of all useless reading, surely the reading of indifferent poets is most useless!"

But to return to his Oxford life. In 1812 he competed for the Latin verse prize, but without success: in common with

other under-graduates of his college, he sometimes wrote English verse; and some poems of his, written about this time, are said to be "neat and pointed in expression, and just in thought, but not remarkable for fancy or imagination." Some years afterwards he told Mr. Justice Coleridge that he continued the poetical effusions "on principle;" because he thought it a useful and humanising exercise. But though himself no poet, he was far from insensible to poetic beauty. The first edition of Wordsworth's poems were introduced in the circle to which Arnold belonged; and, though the voice of criticism was then loud against them, he and his fellow-students were not slow to receive an abiding impression of their truth and excellence, and to become earnest disciples of the poet's school of philosophy.

Afterwards, as we shall see, Arnold and Wordsworth became intimate friends; their families were united in the closest friendship:—politics, philosophy, and literature, were discussed between them, in their almost daily walks, and their hearty enjoyment of each other's society was by no means marred, because on some points they could only agree to differ.

There is the steep shady lane, leading up to Rydal Mount, unaltered since the days when the poet and his friend walked beneath the overshadowing trees, and listened to the musical ripple of the Rotha; or to the deeper murmur of the "Forces" in Rydal Park! There are the solemn mountains, rising peak after peak into the silent sky—calm and grand and solitary!—there are the old stone walls, so beautifully mantled with the subdued tints of dark mosses, tender lichens and delicate ferns!—there is the little chapel where Arnold worshipped and sometimes preached!—all is unchanged, for change visits but seldom the lovely vale of the Rotha; all is bright and glowing in the long sweet summer-day: but Wordsworth lies in his grassy grave, in the quiet churchyard at Grasmere, and Arnold sleeps till the morning of the Resurrection in the chancel of his own Rugby-chapel!

It must have been a pleasant circle, that knot of young men at Corpus, so familiar with each other, so frank, so cordial, and so unceremonious in their common and most

genial intercourse. Poetry, history, philosophy, logic, and all the political and ecclesiastical questions of the day, were in turn mooted and debated as occasion arose. Ever and anon came the exciting news of Wellington's victories; and then the storming of Badajoz, the daring deeds of Salamanca and Vittoria, and the fierce guerilla conflicts in the wild passes of the Pyrennees, with every detail of march, countermarch, advance and retreat, disposition of troops, and commissariat blunders, were discussed with all the vehemence of youth and patriotism, in the common-room, or in the smaller circle of a private breakfast-party, or a pedestrian expedition to Shotover or Bagley Wood.

In those days religious controversy occupied but little ground among the young Oxonians; and we are told, by one whose opinion is unquestionable, that the regular theological studies of the University were "deplorably low!" Still there were in the different colleges some earnest and serious minds,—and among them Arnold,—who were diligent readers of Barrow, Hooker and Taylor.

He was naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind, anxiously and distressingly so;—one of those in whom the organ of causality is very largely developed. His conscientiousness was extreme; and in a person of weaker judgment, and of less vigorous understanding, might have resulted in mere irresolution and morbid restlessness. Previous to his ordination, he was harassed by doubts on certain points of the Articles;—doubts that were by no means the ignoble offspring of a carping, cavilling spirit; but the almost inevitable sequence of a strong and active tendency to intellectual enquiry, in a mind, powerful indeed, but not yet matured or sobered by actual contact and conflict with the practical realities of life. He had other doubts besides, that for a time deeply overshadowed his path; but these are better considered in tracing the sources of that full and perfect faith, which gladdened his heart from manhood to the grave, and belong more especially to a forthcoming chapter.

We do not hear or read of any juvenile indiscretions in Arnold's University days; the buoyancy of his healthy frame and youthful spirit seem to have expended themselves in

wholesome physical exercise, such as walking, bathing, and the like. And his walks were not mere strolls, but what he graphically called "skirmishes across the country;"—pedestrian steeple-chases in fact,—when the road was deserted, and fences, ditches, and the common impediments of all such eccentric deviations from the beaten track, not avoided, but sought out and triumphantly surmounted.

The Attic Society, a small circle of debaters, had been formed in Oxford, and Arnold was among the earliest members; but he is spoken of as an embarrassed speaker; and perhaps, considering his early years,—eighteen or nineteen at the utmost,—it was quite as well that he should be so. Certainly in this day, when excess of assurance is rather too prevalent among the members of the rising generation, we are in no wise disposed to regard with censure the over-modesty and bashfulness of their predecessors.

At Oriel he found a coterie, whose names are now high in the horizon of the ecclesiastical and literary world. Copleston, Davidson, Whateley, Keble, Hawkins and Hampden, were some of those with whom he there became acquainted. With Dr. Hawkins, and Dr. Whateley, now Archbishop of Dublin, he formed a strong and life-long friendship; and with regard to Keble, he never ceased to deplore the suspension of intercourse, which thorough difference of opinion, on points which both held to be essential, had caused between them. His feelings towards his friend were always of the most affectionate character, and he constantly hoped for the renewal of that intimacy, which disagreement on points so vital had unhappily interrupted. Had Dr. Arnold lived a few weeks longer, the two so long separated, and yet so sincerely attached, would have met in the peaceful seclusion of Arnold's Westmoreland home; but the time of meeting arrived, and one of the twain had passed into that higher region, where all the difficulties of finite nature are resolved in the clear light of the Eternal Truth; where the clouds and shadows of mortality melt away for ever in the clear, calm radiance of the City that needs no candle, nor light of the sun or of the moon;—where they know, even as they are known!

I will close this chapter with an extract from the letter

of Mr. Justice Coleridge, already quoted, and published in full in Stanley's invaluable and comprehensive work :—

“ At the commencement a boy—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic and simplicity : in mind vigorous, active and clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge ; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy and history ; with less of imagination than reasoning power ; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement ; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased, and entirely free from bitterness : fired, indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong ; somewhat too little deferential to authority ; yet without any real inconsistency, loving what was good and great in antiquity, the more ardently and reverently because it was ancient ; a casual or unkind observer might have pronounced him somewhat too pugnacious in conversation, and too positive. I have given, I believe, the true explanation : scarcely anything would have pained him more than to be convinced that he had been guilty of want of modesty, or of deference where it was justly due ; no one thought these virtues of more sacred obligations. In heart,—if I can speak with confidence of any of the friends of my youth, I can of his, that it was devout and pure, simple and sincere, affectionate and faithful. . . . Arnold's friendship has been one of the many blessings of my life. I cherish the memory of it with mournful gratitude, and I cannot but dwell with lingering fondness on the scene, and the period which first brought us together. Within the peaceful walls of Corpus I made friends, of whom all are spared me but Arnold—he has fallen asleep ; but the bond there formed, which the lapse of years and our differing walks in life did not loosen, and which strong opposition of opinions only rendered more intimate, though interrupted in time, I feel not to be broken—may I venture without unreasonable solemnity to express the firm trust, that it will endure for ever in eternity.”

## CHAPTER II.

## LITERATURE.

FOR four years Arnold remained at Oxford, taking private pupils, and reading both deeply and widely in the University Libraries. During this period he acquired an immense amount of information, and to his latest days spoke gratefully of the advantages he had enjoyed, and sought always to recommend them to others. The number of MSS. which remain as interesting relics of this early stage of his manhood, show how careful a reader he was. "Yet," says Canon Stanley, "they are remarkable rather as proofs of industry than of power; and the style of his compositions, both at this time and for years later, is cramped by a stiffness and formality, alien alike to the homeliness of his first published works, and the vigour of his later ones."

And this may help to encourage those, who, toiling up the steep ascents of learning and literature, feel so often, and with so keen a pain, the roughness, the weakness, or the dulness of their most careful and strenuous attempts at composition. It is a trite but apt saying, that "Rome was not built in a day." Neither was Dr. Arnold at one-and-twenty the clear-sighted, keen-judging, polished historian and critic of Rugby celebrity!

But, be it remembered, he was **INDUSTRIOUS**: and though mere industry may exist where there is but small power—power of itself is of little avail, and is certain to rust away, where the more ordinary, homespun commodity of industry is non-resident. The finest machinery, unworked and unoiled, soon becomes incomparably less valuable than the commoner workmanship, which day by day does its appointed task, and is kept in proper order.

Arnold was not content with his first-class honours, his fellowship, and his already acquired store of erudition;



he worked on earnestly and indefatigably, seeking Knowledge not only in her peculiar and accustomed haunts, but all along the dirty wayside of common, everyday life, and seizing and appropriating also the merest trifles and the slightest hints, that would have been unregarded by a mind less bent on improvement, and less earnestly anxious for self-culture.

His plan, which he subsequently recommended in his lectures, was to acquaint himself thoroughly with some *one given period*,—say for instance the fifteenth century;—gathering information of all kinds, from all sources, and from the history of divers countries, synchronizing as he proceeded and as he accumulated the facts; and taking for this fifteenth century Philip de Comines as a text-book. The first volume which he took out of the Oriel Library, after his election, was Rymer's *Fœdera*!

In his MSS. from 1815 to 1818 are recorded his thoughts on Thucydides, Livy, and Gibbon, and his views of St. Paul's Epistles, and Chrysostom's Homilies; and in these early expressions of feeling may be traced, more or less in embryo, the startling opinions and sound judgments of his riper years. And when time for study was necessarily limited, we are told he had "a remarkable facility for turning to account spare fragments of time;"—a very valuable facility, be it remarked, and one that from its rich results inclines one to believe that, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves," may be as sage an aphorism as the old proverbial axiom about the pence and the pounds!

From the precious stores of his youth, he was wont in his later days to draw materials for his great works; and the years spent at Oxford, between taking his degree and settling at Laleham, he used to call his "golden time." Undoubtedly he enjoyed great advantages: but they were by no means peculiar to himself. His experience differs from the majority of men, chiefly in this,—that while they, for the most part, neglect, or only partially avail themselves of their privileges, he made the very most of, and treasured with the utmost care, all the opportunities which the course of Providence placed at his disposal. His standard always rose before him, and "Excelsior" was ever in his mind.

In the midst of his arduous labours at Rugby, he lamented often the impossibility of finding leisure for personal study; and in October, 1835, he writes:—

“Meanwhile I write nothing, and read barely enough to keep my mind in the state of a running stream, which I think it ought to be, if it would form or feed other minds: for it is ill drinking out of a pond whose stock of water is merely the remains of the long-past rains of the winter and spring, evaporating and diminishing with every successive day of draught.”

And this very striking simile seems to have been constantly present to his imagination; for nearly four years later we find the recurrence of the same idea, in a letter to one of his former pupils, who was engaged in the work of tuition:—

“You need not think that your own reading will now have no object, because you are engaged with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge tells immediately upon them, and indeed I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once become *stagnant*, it can give no fresh draught to another mind: it is drinking out of a *pond*, instead of from a spring. And whatever you read tends generally to your own increase of power, and will be felt by you in a hundred ways hereafter.”

On the 20th of December, 1818, he was ordained deacon at Oxford. Difficulties, as we have already remarked, presented themselves to his mind, and he feared to put down by main force—as he was strongly advised to do—these distressing objections, lest he should thereby violate his conscience for the sake of worldly interest; for in his case, to doubt was to jeopardize his dearest plans, and to shadow his most deeply cherished aspirations. Gradually, as his judgment strengthened, and as his mind was pervaded by a healthier tone, these scruples disappeared, and after the year 1820 returned no more.

He settled at Laleham, near Staines, with his mother, his sister Susannah, and the affectionate preceptress of his early childhood, Miss Delafield, who had first tilled the promising soil, that was one day to bring forth the choicest fruits a

hundredfold. For a short time, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. Buckland, and afterwards independently by himself, he received seven or eight young men as private pupils in preparation for the Universities. He began by making himself generally useful: even then, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," seems to have been, practically at least, his maxim. He did not relish the idea of attending the Sunday-school; but, very shortly after taking up his abode at Laleham, he tells his friend, the Rev. John Tucker, that he has it entirely in his own hands, so attend it he "*must and will!*" He soon began to visit the poor, and to assist Mr. Hearn, the curate of the place, in the workhouse, as well as in the parish church; and we find him excusing himself on the score of letter-writing, because lately he had had the additional work of a sermon to compose every week.

While his heart still yearned after "dear old Oxford," and his beloved haunts of "Bagley Wood, and the pretty field, and the wild stream that flows between Bullington and Cowley Marsh," he became insensibly more and more attached to Laleham and its pleasant localities. He always seemed to attach importance to the character of the scenery by which he was surrounded; yet, while he displayed the keenest appreciation of the truly beautiful and romantic, and while he invariably looked upon a landscape with the eye of a painter, and the soul of a poet, he had the sound sense to make the best of his rural advantages, whatever they might be. At the close of the letter already quoted, where he expresses a hankering after his Oxford haunts, he writes thus:—

"Well! I must endeavour to get some associations to combine with Laleham and its neighbourhood; but at present all is harsh and ruffled, like woods in a high wind; only I am beginning to love my own little study, where I have a sofa full of books as of old, and the two verse-books lying about on it, and a volume of Herodotus, and where I sit up and read and write till twelve or one o'clock."

In order to describe fully his feelings towards his new home, and his new work, in this the first year of his residence, it may be as well to transcribe part of a letter, dated

November 29th, 1829, and addressed to his intimate friend, J. T. Coleridge, afterwards Mr. Justice Coleridge:—

“ . . . . Buckland is naturally fonder of the school, and is inclined to give it the greatest part of his attention; and I, from my Oxford habits, as naturally like the other part of the business best; and thus I have extended my time of reading with our four pupils in the morning before breakfast, from one hour to two. Not that I dislike being in the school-room, but quite the contrary: still, however, I have not the experience in the sort of work, nor the perfect familiarity with my grammar, requisite to make a good master, and I cannot teach Homer as well as my friends Herodotus and Livy, whom I am now reading, I suppose, for the fiftieth time. . . .

*November 30.*—I was interrupted last night in the middle of my letter, and as the evening is my only time for such occupations, it cannot now go till to-morrow. You shall derive this benefit, however, from the interruption,—that I will trouble you with no more details about the trade; a subject which I find growing upon me daily, from the retired life we are leading, and from my being so engrossed by it. There are some very pleasant families settled in this place besides ourselves; they have been very civil to us, and in the holidays I dare say we shall see much of them; but at present I do not feel I have sufficient time to make an acquaintance, and cannot readily submit to the needful sacrifice of formal visits, which must be the prelude to a more familiar knowledge of any one. As it is, my garden claims a good portion of my spare time in the middle of the day, when I am not engaged at home, or taking a walk; there is always something to interest me even in the very sight of the weeds and litter, for then I think how much improved the place will be when they are removed; and it is very delightful to watch the progress of any work of this sort, and observe the gradual change from disorder and neglect, to neatness and finish. In the course of the autumn I have done much planting and altering, but these labours are over now, and I have only to hope for a mild winter as far as the shrubs are concerned, that they may not all be dead when the spring comes. Of the country around us, especially on the Surrey side, I have explored much: but not nearly so much as I could wish. It is very beautiful, and some of the scenes at the junction of the heath-country with the rich valley of the Thames are very striking. Or, if I do not venture so far from home, I have always a resource at hand, in the bank of the river up to Staines; which, though it be perfectly flat, has yet a great charm from its entire loneliness, there being not a house anywhere near it; and the river

here has none of that stir of boats and barges upon it, which makes it in many places as public as the high road. . . . Don Juan has been with me some weeks, but I am determined not to read it; for I was so annoyed by some specimens that I saw in glancing over the leaves that I will not worry myself with any more of it." . . .

A few weeks previous to this date, he had received the offer of a Mastership at Winchester, which he declined without any hesitation. He did not think himself qualified for the situation, neither did he believe it would be to him otherwise than disagreeable. Moreover, he was perfectly contented with Laleham and its prospects, and quite inclined to regard it as his settled and permanent home for life.

On the 11th of August, 1820, he married Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire, and sister of one of his earliest school and college friends, Trevenen Penrose. He soon began to feel himself bound to Laleham by many ties; the next eight years of his life were spent here in peace and great retirement; the routine of his course being varied only by the short tours with which he recreated himself during his vacations.

Here, also, were born six of his children. Four others were added to his family at Rugby; but one of these died in 1832, when only a few days old. About this time (1820) the perplexities and intellectual doubts, from which he had suffered so much, and which he described as the "severest of earthly trials," passed away for ever.

Whatever may have been his spiritual state previous to this era, it is certain that from that time forward he was devoted, heart and soul, to the service of his Master and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Whatever may have been the belief that he conscientiously adopted, he was willing and ready to present himself "a living sacrifice, acceptable unto God."

There were henceforth no dead truths in his soul;—his faith in the Lord Jesus became a living, animated faith; penetrating into the commonest actions of his life; influencing all his opinions and thoughts and feelings; colouring and modelling his whole being, and inscribing upon the meanest of his possessions and employments, "*Holiness unto the Lord.*"

But with him nothing was poor, or mean, or common;

baser metal in his hands was transmuted into pure gold; worthless pebbles became priceless gems, and the merest dross was changed into precious treasure; because all that he said, or felt, or did, bore reference to the Christian life and conversation. A sincere desire to glorify God purifies and brightens the most ordinary actions of daily existence. Even as a subtle tincture dropped into a large vessel full of water impregnates the whole mass of fluid, so the silent working of the life that is hid with Christ in God consecrates and beautifies the coarsest and most stereotyped events that rise up as mere matters of course in the beaten track of our diurnal paths.

Most eminently was it so with him, and most earnestly did he strive to impress upon the young minds over whom it pleased God to give him so great and so abiding an influence, that One was their Master, even Christ, and that to Him must be yielded the joyful obedience of the heart, in the smallest as well as in the most momentous matters.

There is one point, which deserves above all others to be specially noted in this brief mention of his religious belief and experience, inasmuch as it is the key to his whole character; the basis of all that excellence and moral grandeur which so eminently distinguished him among his contemporaries, and this one point is,—his fervent, intense affection towards our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! In the family, in the school, in the pulpit, in the rough hustling and clashing of the outer world, this was always his stronghold, his foundation stone, and his never-failing source of strength and patience and wisdom. With him, Christ was all, and in all!—all joy, all love, all knowledge, and all truth, and in all events and actions of his ordinary life, as well as in all the hopes and the fears, the struggles and the triumphs, of his spiritual life.

It was his delight to speak of Him whom he so earnestly loved; to remember that Jesus, exalted far above all principalities and powers, sat at the right hand of God the Father, in glory everlasting, yet wearing, nevertheless, the human lineaments, that faded from the aching gaze of the disciples, who saw their Lord taken up out of their sight,—to recal the promise, that in like manner He shall come again, and to

treasure up the precious assurance that Christ, our High Priest and our Forerunner, ever liveth to make intercession for all who come unto the Father by Him.

He loved to dwell on the earthly life of his beloved Master, to retrace its events, to draw attention to its purity and its moral loveliness, to contemplate the great work for which he was made flesh, and for which He sojourned among fallen men, and for which He lived and suffered, and died and rose again.

In one of his sermons he says :—

“ Where can we find a name so holy as that we may surrender our whole souls to it, before which obedience, reverence without measure, intense humility, most unreserved adoration, may all be duly rendered? One Name there is, and One alone ;—one alone in Heaven and earth,—not truth, not justice, not benevolence, not Christ's mother, not his holiest servants, not his blessed sacraments, nor his very mystical body the Church, but Himself only who died for us, and rose again, Jesus Christ both God and man.”

And in another sermon from Ephes. vi. 13, he says :—

“ This is their privilege who have learnt in sincerity to know the Lord Jesus Christ, and the power of his death, and the glory of His resurrection. There is our corner-stone, which never can be shaken, that fact better proved than any other recorded in history—that He, whose words and whose life displayed the wisdom of God, and the goodness of God, overcame death to display the power of God also ; that goodness and wisdom, through the power of God, are too mighty to be lost for ever in the grave. . When dwelling on his words, who spake as never man spake, when looking on his actions who went about doing good, when our spirits are moved in complete union with his Spirit, and we feel that it is good for us to be with Him in life or in Death, that with Him we would venture our every hope, and submit to his guidance our every affection and desire ; then it is that we can enter somewhat into the joy of those words, worthy indeed to be proclaimed by an angel's voice, which tells us that the Lord is risen ! From the darkness of that grave, in which all else on earth is lost to our view, He is risen and ascended to the eternal light beyond it. And then we turn with thankfulness and joy unutterable to our own promised share in his triumph ; that He is gone to prepare a place for us ; that He will come again and receive us unto Himself ; that where He is, there may we be also.”

And these and many similar passages were not mere expositions of an orthodox faith; they were not bare truths preached to others from the pulpit, and given by the theological scholar to the world at large; but they were the very breathings of his soul, the escapement of some of those thoughts and feelings which were the true centre of his inner life, and which, as the epistle of Christ Himself, were legibly inscribed on his walk and conversation before all men. The sermons above quoted were, however, not preached in his Laleham days; and perhaps at this period of his life his religious character was not so fully developed as afterwards, when mind and body had alike attained their utmost force and energy; but the principles were all there, and not as mere seeds; but as plants, vigorous and thriving, striking their roots deeply and widely into his whole nature, and bearing already fruit meet for the granary of the Kingdom.

They were calm quiet years,—those nine years of peaceful life on the banks of the Thames;—a season of sweet repose, in which his intellectual powers grew to their full maturity. Unheeded and comparatively unknown, the mighty mind, in its happy seclusion, was increasing in stature, and growing in strength and in wisdom. The judgment was gradually ripening, and the appreciation of men and of things was becoming keener and juster as the uneventful months rolled on.

He knew it not, but surely and silently he was making ready for the arduous toils to which God, in his providence, was about to call him; all unwittingly he was arming himself for the warfare in which he was ere long to engage; and not only his spiritual, but his moral and intellectual forces, were gathering nerve and muscle and sinew. And this quiet time was given by God, that the soul might grow in grace, and the intellect in strength; that the moral faculties might receive due development, and that, from the inexhaustible treasury of truth and knowledge, precious stores might be appropriated, and made richer and stronger in the new soil into which they were transplanted. It was a time in which the sap was rising, and the buds were bursting, on the vigorous stock from which they sprang: the beautiful



blossoms were expanding day by day ;—by-and-by the ripe fruit would hang heavily on the laden branches.

And this should teach us to rest contented, if, aspiring to stand foremost in the ranks of those who fight the great battle of Life, we find ourselves borne away from the charge and the *mêlée*, and forced to sit passively in the shade, and in the stillness, hearing only the faint and indistinct echoes of the warfare that is raging far, far away. "There is a time for every purpose, and for every work." God in his Infinite wisdom meets the spirits of those to whom He will entrust great things, in many various ways : and very often He seems to give them a position and a training which human sagacity would pronounce to be in no way preparative for the arena wherein they are shortly to appear, and fight, and struggle, and conquer before the eyes of a dogmatical and censorious world ! But :—"He doeth all things well." God sees not as man sees ; the finite cannot comprehend the mind of the Infinite : human reason, however deep and sound, must lay aside its logic here, and with the simplicity of a child receive into its innermost recesses the belief that God's training is the only training that is worth anything, and so in quietness and confidence wax strong exceedingly ! In after years, amid wider usefulness, but much painful misapprehension, he looked back almost with regret on that sweet and pleasant page of his life which was closed to open no more. Fondly he remembered to the last his happy Laleham days, and often he revisited it ; for not only was he bound to it by reason of the memory of his own domestic joys, and of the deep tranquillity of those nine years of peace ; but it was endeared to him as the sacred ground where his dead were laid to rest ;—where he came from the busy turmoil of maturer life, to gaze on the quiet graves of child and mother, and sister and aunt !

At Laleham, as at Rugby, his deeply-rooted sense of the responsibility he incurred in guiding and guarding those committed to his charge, weighed heavily on his mind ; and so strong were his conscientious scruples on the score of companionship, that he would decline additional pupils, while any remained under his care whom he did not feel quite justified in removing, and whose influence he yet dreaded, as prejudicial

to others. In 1821, a friend applied to him for advice in a difficult case of dealing with an unsatisfactory pupil; and in the letter of reply the following remark occurs:—

“I would be as patient as I possibly could with irresolution, unsteadiness, and fits of idleness; but if a pupil has set his mind to do nothing, but considers all the work as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, I have made up my resolution that I will send him away without scruple: for, not to speak of the heartless trouble that such an animal would give to myself, he is a living principle of mischief in the house, being ready at all times to pervert his companions; and this determination I have expressed publicly, and if I know myself I will act upon it, and I advise you most heartily to do the same.”

And writing to a parent, he says:—

“I regret in your son a carelessness, which does not allow him to think seriously of what he is living for, and to do what is right, not merely as a matter of regularity, but because it is a duty. I trust you will not think that I am meaning anything more than my words convey, or that what I am regretting in your son is not to be found in nineteen out of every twenty young men of his age; but I conceive that you would wish me to form my desire of what your son should be, not according to the common standard, but according to the highest,—to be satisfied with no less in him, than I should have been anxious to find in a son of my own. He is capable of doing a great deal; and I have not seen anything in him which has called for reproof since he has been with me. I am only desirous that he should work more heartily,—just, in short, as he would work if he took an interest of himself in his own improvement. On this of course all distinction in Oxford must depend: but much more than distinction depends on it; for the difference between a useful education, and one which does not affect the future life, rests mainly on the greater or less activity which it has communicated to the pupil's mind; whether he has learned to think or to act, and to gain knowledge by himself, or whether he has merely followed passively so long as there was some one to lead him.”

It was the testimony of one\* who was his pupil at

\* Rev. B. Price.

Laleham, and afterwards assistant master at Rugby, that—

“ Every pupil was made to feel there was a work for him to do, —that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life : a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy ; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprung up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in the world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality ; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value, both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual. Thus pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated, none felt that he was left out, or that because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuits of usefulness. This wonderful power of making his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth ; he possessed it eminently at Rugby : but, if I may trust my own vivid recollections, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham. His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence, which stirred within them ; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world, whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value ; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too in their measure could go and do likewise.

“ In the details of daily business, the quantity of time that he devoted to his pupils was very remarkable. Lessons began at seven, and, with the interval of breakfast, lasted till nearly three ; then he would walk with his pupils, and dine at half-past five. At seven he usually had some lesson on hand ; and it was only when we were all gathered up in the drawing-room after tea, amidst young men on all sides of him, that he would commence work for himself, in writing his sermons or Roman History.”

Between 1821 and 1827, he contributed articles on Roman History to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. They commenced with the times of the Gracchi, and terminated with a striking and spirited sketch of the reign of M. Ulpian Trajanus Crinitus.

In 1825, he first became acquainted with Niebuhr's History of Rome; and, for the sake of studying it, learned the German language. His researches in this direction seemed to have disclosed to him a new world of fact, thought, and reasoning, and he declared after his first perusal of Niebuhr's volumes that it was a work of such extraordinary ability and learning, that it opened wide before his eyes the extent of his own ignorance. He immediately resolved to defer his projected History, till he had thoroughly investigated and re-considered the whole subject. At first he found difficulty in receiving *the whole* of Niebuhr's conclusions; but, as time passed on, first one and then another apparent discrepancy disappeared, and he came at last to the determination, "never to differ from him without a full consciousness of the probability that further enquiry might prove him to be right." Speaking of his early study of Niebuhr's writings, he says:—"It has abundantly overpaid the labour of learning a new language;"—a speech that makes one think of the man who learned Portuguese, purely for the sake of reading the *Lusiad* of Camoens in the original! And it may not be amiss in this place to reckon up the different languages which, like a very Lavengro, he delighted to acquire. Latin and Greek were mere matters of course; French could not fail to come in due course; German was studied, first for the sake of Niebuhr, afterwards for its own merits, and he always placed it in the very highest rank of modern languages. "I forget," he wrote to a former pupil, in 1835, "whether you learnt any German here; but I think it would be well worth your while to learn it without loss of time. Every additional language gained is like an additional power, NONE MORE SO THAN GERMAN!"

In the winter of 1834 or 35, we find him studying Hebrew, with a learned Israelite for his preceptor—*i. e.*, learned in Rabbinical writings; for the erudition of the Jewish tutor went so far and no farther. In the autumn of 1836, he requests his

friend, the Archbishop of Dublin, to procure for him and send him "a good Erse Grammar." Two or three years later he did his best to find a Provençal Grammar, but was unsuccessful, being told there was no such thing in existence. Borrow's Lavengro, it will be remembered, on one or more occasions, found himself in a similar position: he too desired to study curious languages, which the science of the grammarian had so far eschewed, and he bethought himself of procuring a Bible in the desired tongue; and by collating it with an English version he managed to obtain a considerable insight into the unclassified language.

A few months later, he was making enquiry about the language of the Principality; in his last years he endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of the Sanscrit and Slavonic; and a very few weeks before his death he was busily occupied with the specialities of a Basque Grammar. We have omitted both Spanish and Italian in this somewhat original catalogue of strange tongues; but that he was unfamiliar with neither, his ultramontane expeditions and his literary references abundantly declare.

Very early in his married life, he introduced Mrs. Arnold to the beauties of his well-beloved Herodotus, reading it to her in the evening, and translating as he proceeded. This was not, however, his first rendering of his favourite to feminine ears; for in his youth he had delighted to sit by the couch of his invalid sister, Susannah, and construe for her especial benefit and his own unmistakable enjoyment, book after book of the history. Long afterwards, in the precious retirement of his north country home, he used to amuse his children with reading to them his favourite stories from Herodotus—the very same stories into which he had entered with so much delight in his own juvenile days, and which continued to afford him no small amount of gratification to the latest years of his life.

Various political questions began now to be mooted in his mind, and from time to time he touched upon them in his correspondence. To the Rev. John Tucker he thus expressed himself on the subject of slavery:—

"Laleham, February 22, 1824.

" . . . . . The West India question is thorny ; but I suppose the Government may entrench upon individual property for a great national benefit, giving a fair compensation to the parties, just as is done in every Canal Bill. Nay, I cannot see why the right of the planters are more sacred than those of the old despotic kings, and feudal aristocracies, who were made to part with many good things which they had inherited from their ancestors, because the original tenure was founded on wrong ; and so is all slavery, all West Indian slavery at least, most certainly."

In 1825 he visited Italy. The vale of the Arno disappointed him, and Florence itself he considered miserably inferior to Oxford. In a letter, written after his return, he tells the Rev. Mr. Tucker that "the vale of Florence looks quite poor and dull in comparison of our rich valleys, from the total want of timber ; and in Florence itself there is not a tree ; in short, I never was so disappointed in any place in my life. My favourite towns were Genoa, Milan, and Verona. The situation of the latter, just at the foot of the Alps, and almost encircled, like Durham, by a full and rapid river, the Adige, was very delightful."

His love of flowers was gratified in the neighbourhood of the Apennines ; the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, profusely wreathing the hedges, and the wild broom of the mountains, he remembered and reverted to, when once more restored to his peaceful Laleham home. And during this tour he first made acquaintance with Lake Como, and its indescribably beautiful scenery. In his journal, dated July 25th, 1825, occurs the following entry :—

" *On the cliff above the Lake of Como.*—We are on a mule-track that goes from Como along the Eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule-track is obliged to be cut out of their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow ; but just where we are it is quite lonely ; and I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake,—the one just above me, and the other just below me,—and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their

white sails, are enlivening the lake, and about half a mile on my right : the rock is too steep for anything to grow on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses, and further still, there is a little low point running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same,—villages and mountains, trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite.

"*On the edge of the Lake of Como.*—We have made our way down to the water's edge to bathe, and are now sitting on a stone to cool. No words can describe the beauty of all the scenery : we stopped at a walk, at a spot where a stream descended in a deep green dell from the mountains, with a succession of falls ; the dell so deep that the sun could not reach the water, which lay every now and then resting in deep rocky pools, so beautifully clear that nothing but strong prudence prevented us from bathing in them ; the banks of the dell, all turf and magnificent chestnuts, varied with rocks, and the broad lake, bright in the sunshine, stretched out before us."

In the following year (1826) he visited Scotland during the summer vacation, and was forcibly struck with the cheapness of education in that part of the kingdom ; but, though convinced that the advantages of the Edinburgh system were very considerable, and in many respects worthy of adoption, or of blending with our own educational institutions : he yet held stoutly to his opinion, that "in the most favourable cases there was no comparison between what Oxford and Cambridge could do for a man, and what he could gain in Edinburgh."

He had begun by this time to wish for reformation in ecclesiastical affairs : that which he was to do, and that which he so earnestly desired to do, seemed already stirring within him ; and as glimpses of the truth, and convictions of the urgent needs of the Church, and of our social and political institutions, rose before him, the strong and ardent wish to serve effectually those who required faithful, fearless, disinterested service, was gradually developed and strengthened, till it clothed itself in written language.

In the same year (1826) he writes :—

“ I hope to be allowed before I die to accomplish something on Education, and also with regard to the Church,—the last indeed even more than the other, were not the task, humanly speaking, so hopeless. But the more I think of the matter, and the more I read of the Scriptures themselves, of the history of the Church, the more intense is my wonder at the language of admiration with which some men speak of the Church of England, which certainly retains the foundation sure, as all other Christian societies do, except the Unitarians, but has overlaid it with a very sufficient quantity of hay and stubble, which I devoutly hope to see one day burnt in the fire. I know that other churches have their faults also ; but what have I to do with them ? It is idle to speculate in *alienâ republica* ; but to reform one's own is a business which nearly concerns us.”

Now, it must not be supposed, from these and from many similar opinions, that he was a bad or a half-hearted Churchman ! On the contrary, he loved and clung to the Establishment, in which he had been nurtured, and which he preferred to all other sections of the universal church. He had no leaning to dissent ; and while he respected and contended for the due acknowledgment of the rights and claims of nonconformity, he formed an estimate of dissenters in general which, at first sight, seems rather unfair. After finding fault with the illiberality of the church party in 1835, he goes on to say :—“ I grant that the dissenters are, politically speaking, nearly as bad, and as narrow-minded ; but then they have more excuse, in belonging generally to a lower class in society, and not having been taught Aristotle and Thucydides.” But what might sound invidious, if not positively unjust, in 1859, comes tolerably near the truth in 1835. Most certainly, twenty-four years ago, dissenters did not generally receive or appreciate the liberal education which, in common with their brethren of the Establishment, they now value and enjoy ; neither had nonconformity penetrated the higher ranks as it has latterly done. Dr. Arnold, had he lived to this day, would undoubtedly have formed a very different estimate of dissent and dissenters, but he would never have joined their ranks : had it pleased God to spare him to old age, he would have gone down to the grave a faithful, loving son of the Church he loved so deeply, and for whose honour and welfare his highest aspirations and his



saddest misgivings were ever excited. The Church of England has had no truer, souter champion; it is much to be feared she will never see his like again!

I cannot close this chapter better than by presenting an extract from a letter which Dr. Arnold wrote to Mr. Blackstone in 1827:—

“ I have long had in my mind a work on Christian politics, on the application of the gospel to the state of man as a citizen, in which the whole question of a religious establishment, and of the education proper for Christian members of a Christian commonwealth, would naturally find a place. It would embrace also an historical sketch of the pretended conversion of the kingdoms of the world to the kingdom of Christ in the fourth and fifth centuries, which I look upon as one of the greatest *tours d'adresse* that Satan ever played, except his invention of Popery. I mean that by inducing kings and nations to conform nominally to Christianity, and thus to get into their hands the direction of Christian society, he has in a great measure succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and in ensuring the ascendancy of his own. One real conversion there seems to have been, that of the Anglo-Saxons, but that he soon succeeded in corrupting; and at the Norman conquest we had little, I suppose, to lose even from the more direct introduction of Popery and worldly religion which came in with the Conqueror.”

## CHAPTER III.

## OPENING PROSPECTS.

IN the spring of 1827, we again find Dr. Arnold a traveller on the Continent, proceeding through France to visit, for the first time, the mistress of the ancient world. In his journal he finds just fault with the French blacksmiths, and declares "they all do their work so ill, that they generally never fail to find something left for them by their predecessors' clumsiness;" and when fairly in the provinces, and quite removed from the influence of the Court, he remarks on the total absence of gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen.

The following paragraph was written at Joigny, April 6th, 1827:—

"I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and then liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country, and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement. There seem great elements of good amongst the people here—great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He, who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in his Son, in whom there is neither Englishman nor Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek; but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favourably and feel kindly towards those amongst whom I am travelling; inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they, too, call themselves after His name."

It were needless, in a volume of such humble pretensions as the present, to enter into any description of scenes and places visited during this and subsequent tours. It would even be superfluous to make copious extracts from the already published "Travelling Journals" of Dr. Arnold; for, though the whole is highly graphic, and most beautifully touched with the peculiar colouring, minds like his give to the simplest

account of mere geographical feature, to common cause and effect, and to the mere aspect of the ruins of a buried empire; the bare information is substantially the same with that so abundantly communicated by our best and most reliable tourists. Here and there, however, entries occur, so entirely significant of the writer's character and sentiments, as to render their transcription a matter of real necessity, if we would aim at giving anything like a correct portrait of this remarkable, and truly great man.

By the borders of the Ciminian Lake, by Ronciglione and Monterossi, and over the desolate Campagna, he travelled on, with the blue Mediterranean streaking the distant horizon, the Alban hills looming afar off, and finally Rome itself! The journal of that day closes thus:—

“ It began now to get dark, and, as there is hardly any twilight, it was dark soon after we left La Storta, the last post before you enter Rome. The air blew fresh and cool, and we had a pleasant drive over the remaining part of the Campagna, till we descended into the valley of the Tiber, and crossed it by the Milvian Bridge. About two miles further on we reached the walls of Rome, and entered by the Porta del Popolo.”

At Rome he formed that friendship with Chevalier Bunsen, which time and further intercourse tended only to strengthen and confirm, and which remained unbroken and unchanged, till one of the twain was called away from the heat and burden of the day, to enter into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Chevalier Bunsen was one of the very few, perhaps the only one, who entirely understood, and without reserve sympathized in all Arnold's feelings; who comprehended his scruples, shared his hopes and fears, and longed with an equal intensity for reform in those quarters, where the honour and welfare of Christianity was most concerned. When exposed on all sides to misconstruction and misconception; when grave charges and ridiculous slanders were freely propagated by those who were forced to rouse themselves from their long undisturbed slumbers, to stand up for the defence of venerable evils, time-honoured abuses, and ignorances and negligences that were alike pleasant and profitable; when the friends of youth grew cold, and he was left to fight the great

battle of Christian reform very nearly single-handed, he could always turn to Bunsen, sure of finding himself understood, appreciated, and encouraged to proceed.

His estimate of the Chevalier is best given in his own words. Writing to him in 1835, he says :—

“ I think you can hardly tell how I prize such true sympathy of heart and mind as I am sure to find in your letters ; because I hope and believe that it is not so rare to you as to me . . . . I find in you that exact combination of tastes which I have in myself for philological, historical, and philosophical pursuits, centring in moral and spiritual truths . . . . Oh ! how heartily do I sympathize in your feelings as to the union of philological, historical, and philosophical research, all to minister to divine truth ; and how gladly would I devote my time and powers to such pursuits, did I not feel as much another thing in your letter,—that we should abide in that calling which God has set before us. And it is delightful, if at any time I may hope to send out into the world any young man willing and trained to do Christ’s work, rich in the combined and indivisible love of truth and of goodness.”

And in a letter to the Rev. J. Hearn, dated November 23rd, 1838,—more than eleven years after their first intercourse at Rome,—he speaks thus of his beloved and time-tried friend :—

“ I could not express my sense of what Bunsen is, without seeming to be exaggerating ; but I think if you could hear and see him, even for one half-hour, you would understand my feeling towards him. He is a man in whom God’s graces and gifts are more united than in any other person whom I ever saw. I have seen men as holy, as amiable, as able ; but I never knew one who was all three in so extraordinary a degree ; and combined with a knowledge of things, new and old, sacred and profane, so rich, so accurate, so profound, that I never knew it equalled or approached by any man.”

In company with the Chevalier, then Prussian minister at the Court of Rome, and the successor of Niebuhr, Dr. Arnold made his first inspection of the Eternal City. From the house of his friend he looked down upon the Forum, with the lofty pillars of its forsaken temples ; the Palatine Mount covered with the gray ruins of the glorious palace, “ where

the Cæsars dwelt ;” the Aventine, with its white houses and leafy gardens ; the Colosseum,—that grand relic of an antique world, where once the dying gladiator heard the shouts of the pitiless multitude, and where Christian blood was poured forth for the faith once delivered unto the saints ; on the wide lonely Campagna ; the richly wooded Alban hills, where, on the Pincian Mount, Claude once lived and painted ; and on Frascati and Albano, then glittering in the rich sunlight of an Italian evening. A few extracts from the journal are here subjoined ; they bear rather on the thoughts and feelings excited by surrounding objects than on the mere delineation of the scene itself, and are therefore too important to be omitted.

“ We passed on to the Arch of Titus. Amongst the reliefs there is the figure of a man bearing the golden candlestick from the Temple at Jerusalem, as one of the spoils of the triumph. Yet He who abandoned his visible and local temple to the hands of the heathen, for the sins of his nominal worshippers, has taken to Him his great power, and has gotten Him glory by destroying the idols of Rome as He had done the idols of Babylon ; and the golden candlestick burns and shall burn with an everlasting light, while the enemies of his holy name, Babylon, Rome, or the carcase of sin in every land, which the eagles of his wrath will surely find out, perish for ever from before Him. Such was my first day in Rome ; and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey.”

After visiting some of the churches of Rome :—

“ I care very little for the sight of their churches, and nothing at all for the recollection of them. St. John at the Lateran is, I think, the finest ; and the form of the Greek cross at St. Maria degli Angeli is much better for these buildings than that of the Latin. But precious marbles, and precious stones, and gilding, and rich colouring, are to me like the kaleidoscope, and no more ; and these churches are almost as inferior to ours, in my judgment, as their worship is to ours. I saw these two lines painted on the wall in the street to-day, near an image of the Virgin :—

‘ Chi vuole in morte aver Gesù per Padre,  
Onori in vita la sua Santa Madre.’\*

\* Who wishes in death to have Jesus for a Father,  
Let him honour in life his holy Mother.

I declare I do not know what name of abhorrence can be too strong for a religion which, holding the very bread of life in its hands, thus feeds the people with poison. I say the bread of life; for in some things the indestructible virtue of Christ's gospel breaks through all their pollutions of it; and I have seen frequent placards also,—but printed papers and not painted on the walls, and therefore perhaps the work of some good individual. 'Iddio ci vede.'—'Eternità.'\* This is a sort of seed scattered by the wayside which certainly would not have been found in heathen Rome . . . . I fear that our countrymen, and especially our married countrymen, who live long abroad, are not in the best moral state, however much they may do in science and literature; which comes back to my old opinion, that such pursuits will not do for a man's main business, and that they must be used in subordination to a clearly perceived Christian end, and looked upon as of most subordinate value, or else they become as fatal as absolute idleness. In fact, the house is spiritually empty, so long as the pearl of great price is not there; although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge."

May, 1827.

" . . . . I feel at leaving Rome very differently from what I ever felt at leaving any other place not more endeared than this is by personal ties, and when I last see the dome of St. Peter's, I shall seem to be parting from more than a mere townful of curiosities, where the eye has been amused and the intellect gratified. I never thought to have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum."

He returned by way of Parma and Placentia, and along the great plain of Lombardy to Como. The Po, he averred, was uncivil, and first of all broke down the bridge of Placentia, and obliged them to go round by Pavia, and then made such a flood, that there was no landing at the usual place, and so entailed upon them a further voyage of nearly a mile up the river. He spent a morning in the library at Parma, collating Thucydides; and he noted particularly the beauty of the fire-flies, which displayed themselves just before entering Placentia.

\* God sees us.—Eternity.

Como was revisited, and its lovely scenes once more re-traced, and with increased pleasure. Again he sat under the shadow of the chestnut trees, looking down on the pellucid water, the white fairy-like sails, the village of Tomo on its tiny peninsula, and the snowy houses, with their terraces and their vines, nestling on the woody shore. Speaking of this second visit to the Lake of Como, he writes :—

*“ May 19th, 1827.— . . . . How strange to be sitting twice within two years in the same place, on the shores of an Italian lake, and to be twice describing the self-same scenery. But now I feel to be taking a final leave of it, and to be viewing the inexpressible beauty of these lakes for the last time. And I am fully satisfied ;—for their images will remain for ever in my memory, and one has something else to do in life than to be for ever running about after objects to delight the eye or the intellect. ‘ This I say, brethren, the time is short, and how much is to be done in that time ! ’ May God who has given me so much enjoyment, give me grace to be duly active and zealous in His service ; that I may make this relaxation really useful, and hallow it as His gift, through Jesus Christ. May I not be idle, or selfish, or vainly romantic ; but sober, watchful, diligent, and full of love to my brethren.”*

In August, 1827, Dr. Wooll resigned the head-mastership of Rugby School, and, strongly urged by those whose opinions he highly valued, Dr. Arnold came to the resolution of offering himself as a candidate for the vacant post. Rather late in the day he entered on the contest, and the canvass was already so far advanced as to leave but small hopes of success. His testimonials were few, but emphatic ; and it was predicted by Dr. Hawkins,—now Provost of Oriel—“ that if Mr. Arnold were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.” And abundantly has his prediction been fulfilled.

This letter produced a strong impression on the trustees, who to their credit be it spoken—had resolved that merit alone should determine their choice ; and the other testimonials expressed so much confidence in his qualifications, and peculiar suitability for the situation, that he was elected to it in December of the same year. After thanking Dr. Hawkins

for the interest he had exerted on his behalf, he goes on to say :—

“ I confess that I should very much object to undertake a charge in which I was not invested with pretty full discretion. According to my notions of what large schools are, founded on all I know, and all I have ever heard of them, expulsion should be practiced much oftener than it is. Now I know that trustees in general are averse to this plan, because it has a tendency to lessen the numbers of the school, and they regard quantity more than quality. In fact, my opinions on this point might perhaps generally be considered as disqualifying me for the situation of master of a great school : yet I could not consent to tolerate much that I know is tolerated generally, and therefore I should not like to enter on an office which I could not discharge according to my own views of what is right. I do not believe, myself, that my system would be in fact a cruel or a harsh one, and I believe that, with much care on the part of the masters, it would be seldom necessary to proceed to the *ratio ultima*; only I would have it clearly understood, that I would most unscrupulously resort to it, at whatever inconvenience, when there was a perseverance in any habit inconsistent with a boy's duties.”

In a letter written to the Rev. George Cornish, while the result was yet doubtful, he says :—

“ If I do get it, I feel as if I could set to work very heartily ; and, with God's blessing, I should like to try whether my notions of Christian education are really impracticable,—whether our system of public schools has not in it some noble elements, which, under the blessing of the Spirit of all holiness and wisdom, might produce fruit even to life eternal. When I think about it thus, I really long to take rod in hand ; but when I think of the perfect vileness which I must daily contemplate, the certainty that this can at best be only partially remedied ; and the greater form and publicity of the life which we should there lead, when I could no more bathe daily in the clear Thames, nor wear old coats and Russia duck trowsers, nor hang on a gallows, nor climb a pole, I grieve to think of the possibility of a change ; but as there are about thirty candidates, and I only applied very late, I think I need not disquiet myself.”

To another valued friend, the Rev. J. Tucker, he writes in answer to congratulations on his election :—

“ For the labour I care nothing, if God gives me health and strength as He has for the last eight years. But whether I shall



be able to make the school what I wish to make it—I do not mean wholly or perfectly, but in some degree—that is an instrument of God's glory, and of the everlasting good of those who come to it,—that indeed is an awful anxiety."

In January, 1828, he and Mrs. Arnold visited Rugby, and received on the whole favourable impressions; yet at the same time foreseeing many difficulties in general management, before affairs could be satisfactorily brought into train, and his own ideas carried into action. Before standing for Rugby, he had offered himself as a candidate for the historical professorship of the London University, indulging, as he avers, "in various dreams of attaching himself to that institution, and trying as far as possible to influence it." But in Rugby he felt there was a fairer field, and greater advantages, and he contemplated with ever-increasing hope and satisfaction the great work to which he was called.

Yet it cost him "a severe pang" to leave Laleham; he had accustomed himself to think of it as a home for life, and nine years' residence had endeared to him many persons and places and things, from which he was about to sever himself, to a great extent,—it might be entirely and for ever; for so uncertain are the issues of mortal life, that no man, leaving old haunts, and bidding farewell to familiar scenes and faces, can assure himself of returning thither in the time to come. He looked with tender regret on his secluded garden, with its "Campus Martius," where he had joined in the sports of his pupils, with all the light-heartedness and joyousness of boyhood itself; on the silvery Thames, in whose clear waves he had delighted to bathe daily; and on the very trees which grew thick and wild near the home where it pleased God to give him, as he himself says, a life "of as unruffled happiness as could ever be experienced by man."

In the April of this year (1828) he took his degree of B. D.; and in the following June, on Trinity Sunday, he received priest's orders from Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London. Subsequently, in November of the same year, he took his D.D. degree.

Before the calm life of Laleham was exchanged for the turmoil and responsibilities of Rugby, another little one was

added to Dr. Arnold's already numerous family. On the 7th of April, 1828, his sixth child and fourth son was born. Of the approaching migration he speaks thus :—

“ Without any affectation I believe that John Keble is right, and that it is good for us to leave Laleham, because I feel that we are getting to regard it as too much of a home. I cannot tell you how we both love it, and its perfect peace seems at times an appalling contrast to the publicity of Rugby. I am sure that nothing could stifle this regret, were it not for my full consciousness that I have nothing to do with rest here, but with labour; and then I can and do look forward to the labour with nothing but satisfaction, if my health and faculties be still spared to me.”

Immediately after taking full orders, he set out on a tour through Rhine-land, willing no doubt to brace his mind by the tonic of travelling, ere the time came for the final wrench of leaving Laleham, and the consequent transplantation of duties and interests into an unexplored and untried soil.

In his journal he describes how, descending from the long stretches of table land which lie between Aix and Cologne, the valley of the Rhine lay before him, with the city of Cologne and all its towers, the Rhine itself, the Seven Mountains, and a boundless sweep of country beyond the river, bursting full and suddenly on the view :—

“ To be sure,” he writes, “ it was a striking contrast to the first view of the valley of the Tiber from the mountain of Viterbo; but the Rhine in mighty recollections will vie with anything; and this spot was particularly striking. Cologne was Agrippa's colony, inhabited by Germans brought from beyond the river to live as the subjects of Rome; the river itself was the frontier of the empire—the limit as it were of two worlds, that of Roman laws and customs, and that of German. Far before us lay the land of our Saxon and Teutonic forefathers—the land uncorrupted by Roman or any other mixture; the birthplace of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen; of the soundest laws, the least violent passions, and the fairest domestic and civil virtues. I thought of that memorable defeat of Varus and his three legions, which for ever confined the Romans to the western side of the Rhine, and preserved the Teutonic nation—the regenerating element in modern Europe—safe and free !”

Another extract, dated July, 1828 :—

“There is something almost affecting in the striking analogy of rivers to the course of human life, and my fondness for them makes me notice it more in them than in any other objects in which it may exist equally. The Elbe rises in plains, it flows through plains for some way, then for many miles it runs through the beautiful scenery which we have been visiting, and then it is plain again for all the rest of its course. Even yet, dearest, and we have reached our middle course in the ordinary run of life: how much more favoured have we been than this river; for hitherto we have gone on through nothing but a fair country; yet so far like the Elbe, that the middle has been the loveliest. And what, if our course is henceforth to run through plains as dreary as those of the Elbe, for we now are widely separated, and I may never be allowed to return to you. Then the river may be one comfort; for we are passing on as it passes, and we are going to the bosom of that Being who sent us forth, even as the rivers return to the sea, the general fountain of all waters. Thus much is natural religion,—not surely to be despised or neglected, though we have more given us than anything which the analogy of nature can parallel. For He who trod the sea, and whose path is in the deep waters, has visited us with so many manifestations of his grace, and is our God by such other high titles, greater than that of creation, that to him who puts out the arm of faith and brings the mercies that are round him home to his own particular use, how full of over-flowing comfort must the world be, even when its plains are the dreariest and loneliest! Well may every one of Christ's disciples repeat to Him the prayer made by his first twelve,—‘Lord increase our faith!’ and well may he wonder, as the scripture applies such a term to God, that our faith is so little. Be it strengthened in us, dearest wife, and in our children, that we may be all one, now and evermore, in Christ Jesus.”

Meanwhile preparations were already commencing at Laleham for the approaching transference of the family possessions to their new habitat at Rugby, and the head of the household had no sooner returned from his brief German tour than he found himself involved, for the first time, in all the mysterious confusion of a regular “fitting,” when he, in his own proper person, was expected to be the presiding genius. He writes :—

"We are all in the midst of confusion ; the books all packed, and half the furniture ; and on Tuesday, if God will, we shall leave this dear place, this nine years' home of such exceeding happiness. But it boots not to look backwards. Forwards, forwards, forwards, should be one's motto !"

To another friend, he says :—

"We do not move till Tuesday, when we go, fourteen souls, to Oxford, having taken the whole coach ; and on Wednesday we hope to reach Rugby, having in like manner secured the whole Leicester coach from Oxford to Rugby. Our goods and chattels, under convoy of our gardener, are at this time somewhere on the Grand Junction Canal, and will reach Rugby, I hope, this evening. The poor house here is sadly desolate ; all the carpets up, half the furniture gone, and signs of removal everywhere visible. And so ends the first act of my life, since I arrived at manhood. . . . The Rugby prospect I contemplate with a very strong interest : the work I am not afraid of, if I can get my proper exercise ; but I want absolute play like a boy, and neither riding nor walking will make up for my leaping-pole and gallows, and bathing when the youths used to go out with me, and I felt completely for the time a boy as they were. . . . I believe I am going to publish a volume of sermons. You will think me crazed, perhaps ; but I have two reasons for it, and chiefly the repeated exhortations of several individuals for the last two or three years ; but these would not alone have urged me to it, did I not wish to state for my own sake what my opinions really are, on points where I know they have been grievously misrepresented. Whilst I lived here in Laleham my opinions mattered to nobody ; but I know that, while I was a candidate for Rugby, it was said in Oxford that I did not preach the gospel, nor even touch upon the great doctrines of Christianity in my sermons ; and if this same impression be prevalent now, it will be mischievous to the school in a high degree. Now, if what I really do preach be to another man's notions not the gospel, I cannot help it, and must be content to abide by the consequences of his opinion ; but I do not want to be misunderstood, and accused of omitting things which I do not omit."

One more extract we make of this portion of his correspondence ; for his own words form the most appropriate comment on the close of what may be termed his private life, and the commencement of a new and very important era.

Rugby, August 16, 1828.

“ . . . . If I can do my work as I ought to do it, we shall have every reason to be thankful for the change. I must not, it is true, think of dear old Laleham, and of all that we have left there, or the perfect peace of our eight years of wedded life passed there together. . . . . To me, altogether, Laleham was so like a place of premature rest, that I believe I ought to be sincerely thankful that I am called to a scene of harder and more anxious labour. . . . . The boys come back next Saturday week. So here begins the second act of our lives. May God bless it to us, and make it help forward the great end of all !”

## CHAPTER IV.

## RUGBY.

BEFORE entering on a detailed account of Dr. Arnold's life and labours at Rugby, it may not be counted as a digression if in this place I give a slight sketch of the town, of the public school, and of its neighbourhood; for there will be many readers who, knowing nothing of this part of Warwickshire, cannot fail to find unintelligible, or at least obscure, frequent allusions to the history and constitution of Rugby School, and to the character of the surrounding country.

The town lies on the summit of a tract of table-land, rising from the southern banks of the Avon, which flows at the distance of about a mile. In Domesday Book it is called Rocheberie, and afterwards, down to the reign of Elizabeth, Rokeby. Nothing is known of its history previous to the time of Edward the Confessor; but antiquarians assign to it a still remoter origin. Little remains, however, in support of their assertions, beyond the existence of certain tumuli in the immediate vicinity of the town, and the vestiges of earthworks formerly apparent, but now no longer discernible. The descent of the manor may be traced from the Conquest, and there was formerly a small castle at Rugby, which stood about a mile and a half to the north of the church, and some traces of the earthworks may yet be perceived. It is probable that this castle consisted only of a single square tower, and there is little doubt but that it was one of those small fortresses hastily erected in the turbulent reign of Stephen, and demolished under the rule of his successor, the first Plantagenet.

At the present time, and for the last century or two, the town owed, and still continues to owe, its chief importance to its public school. It has no manufactures, few historical associations, and in its general features resembles most other respectable country towns, particularly those in the midland

counties; but Rugby in the half-year, and Rugby during the vacations, are as remote from each other as the West-end in the height of the season, and the same aristocratic locality in the months of September and October. The life of Rugby is its school. Its population is increased by persons who are desirous of obtaining for their children the superior educational advantages to be derived from a residence in the town and its neighbourhood. The demands created by this influx of inhabitants, by the requirements of the masters and their families, and, last but not least, by the extravagancies of the boys themselves, cause a very brisk and steady trade; so that were Rugby School to cease from the face of Warwickshire, Rugby town would be under the necessity of emigrating or of finding itself compelled to encounter the unpleasant inquisitions of the "Bankrupts' Court."

Within two miles of Rugby there is a hamlet called Brownsover; it is in the parish of Clifton, and in the hundred of Knightlow, and stands on high ground near the confluence of the Avon and the Swift. Here, in the early part of the sixteenth century, was born Lawrence Sheriff, the man to whom Rugby owes most of her importance, and all her celebrity.

Good Master Sheriff became, in process of time, a citizen and merchant of London, and he prospered and increased his substance; but he remembered, always with partiality and affection, the home of his childhood and early youth, and at last afforded substantial proof of his kindly recollections of the little insignificant market town, eighty-three miles away from the busy metropolis, where he so successfully plied his commerce, and appreciated to the full all the glory and pageantry of the virgin queen, and her obsequious Court.

In a deed, bearing date July 22nd, 1569, ix. of Elizabeth, certain premises are conveyed on trust to trustees, that after the death of the said Lawrence Sheriff the profits therefrom accruing may be expended on the building of a school-house, and near thereto, four convenient distinct lodgings for four poor men to lodge in, and to be called the almshouses of Lawrence Sheriff. In addition to this endowment of property in the parish of Clifton, there was a subsequent bequeathal of about

eight acres of land in Conduit Close,—now forming a part of Lamb's Conduit-street, and its vicinity; and though for many years the income arising from these estates was inconsiderable, not exceeding even in 1780 a rental of £116 per annum, the metropolitan portion of the property had so increased in value during the last half-century, that the revenues of the school founded by the good merchant for the children of Rugby and Brownsover and its neighbourhood have been augmented to upwards of £5,000 per annum. The school is under the superintendence of twelve trustees, who appoint the Head Master with a fixed salary of £113 6s. 8d., a house, and some land, and an annual payment for every boy on the foundation, of £16 5s., from which latter sum he pays £6 6s. to the assistant classical masters; £2 2s. to the masters of modern languages, and £1 11s. 6d. to the mathematical masters. The assistants also receive from the trustees permanent salaries.

Three exhibitioners are elected annually by the trustees, on the report of the university examiners. These exhibitions are worth £60 a-year, and may be held for seven years at any college in either university, provided the exhibitioner continues to reside at college for that length of time, for they are vacated immediately by non-residence. One scholar is also elected every year by the masters themselves, upon their own examination. This scholarship is limited to boys under fourteen and a-half at the time of their election, and is of the value of £25 per annum, tenable for six years if the scholar remains so long at Rugby. But these scholarships are not to be considered in the same light as the exhibitions; they arise only from the subscriptions of individuals, and are not a permanent part of the school-foundation.

Any person who has resided for the space of two years at Rugby, or at any place in the county of Warwick within ten miles of it, or in the adjacent counties of Leicester and Northampton to the distance of five miles from it, is entitled to send his sons to receive their education at the school, without payment. But if a parent lives out of the town of Rugby, his son must lodge at one of the regular school boarding houses, and the expenses of his board are the same as



those incurred by a boy not on the foundation. Boys who have this right to the advantages of the institution are called foundationers, and their number is not limited. The number of boys *not* on the foundation is restricted to 260.

The boys are arranged in nine, or practically in ten classes, succeeding each other in the following order, beginning at the lowest:—first form, second form, third form, lower remove, fourth form, upper remove, lower fifth, fifth and sixth forms.

The general school-hours are, or at least were in Dr. Arnold's time, as follows:—

*Monday.*—First lesson, seven to eight. Second lesson, quarter-past nine to eleven. Third and fourth lessons, quarter-past two to five.

*Tuesday.*—First and second lessons as on Monday, eleven to one composition. Half-holiday.

*Wednesday.*—As on Monday.

*Thursday.*—As on Tuesday.

*Friday.*—As on Monday.

*Saturday.*—As on Tuesday and Thursday, except that there is no composition from eleven to one. There are, however, various other lessons at additional hours, for different classes, which it is not necessary to specify.

The school stood originally opposite the parish church; it was removed to the south-side of the town between 1740 and 1750. In 1777 the average number of pupils was computed to be about 70. Under the mastership of the Rev. Thomas James, D.D., appointed 1779, the school increased in repute; the number of scholars amounted to 260. Dr. Inglis succeeded Dr. James, and in 1807 the Rev. John Woolf, D.D., Arnold's immediate predecessor, was elected to the vacant office. Under his rule, in 1808-9 the schools and the Headmaster's house were rebuilt in their present collegiate style, and the number of boys increased to 380, though great fluctuations subsequently took place.

The chapel, the schools, the school-house, and the headmaster's residence, with its round towers and turrets, form a splendid range of buildings in the Tudor style of architecture. The principal entrance is a square gateway tower with octa-

gonal turrets at the angles, through a richly groined archway, above which is a beautiful oriel window, looking upon the spacious quadrangle, of which two sides are cloistered. The school-rooms are lofty, and the "great school," in which all the boys, whether of the school-house, the boarding-houses, or the town, assemble every morning at seven o'clock for prayers, is of large dimensions and stately elevation. At one end is an organ; at the other, high above the heads of masters and pupils, the names of all those young men who have distinguished themselves by attaining the rank of exhibitioners. I forget when the list commences; but when I saw it in August, 1858, it was carried up to the preceding year.

Here, also, the annual speeches are made, and the prizes distributed, and here, as in all the other schools, the solid oaken tables are deeply carved with the names of successive generations of pupils. The wonder is how the tables are preserved from utter demolition; they seem to endure almost as much, though not such violent, hacking as a butcher's block; for every boy is licensed to *write* his name when he has been one year in the school, and to *cut* it when he has been a scholar for eighteen months; and, judging from appearances, every boy with true English propensity takes advantage of the regulation, and carves his name accordingly.

Then there is the great dining-hall, where the boarders in the school-house take all their meals,—save and except the privileged "Sixth," who are required only to dine in public—where evening prayers are always read. There are also small studies, VERY small apartments, about 6 feet by 4 feet, where the school-house boys keep their own particular property, and where they are supposed to retire for the undisturbed preparation of the next day's lessons. The passages upon which these studies open are long, low, and slightly arched; and at the end of each is a fire-place, which is intended to convey warmth to the whole range of cells. The dormitories are spacious and lofty, and on the whole have a comfortable appearance.

The ground attached to the school, with its "big side" and "little side," and its incomparable cricket ground, sacred to "the eleven," is very extensive. Enormous elm-trees

shadow the wide expanse of the school-field, which the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" has rendered classical soil. Any one who has ever read that most delightful and spirited narrative, cannot fail to regard with reverential admiration the spot where such goals have been kicked at football, where such heroes have played their part, and where combats rivalling the encounters of Trojan and Grecian worthies have taken place and have been recorded in the annals of fame. All honour to the elm-shaded school-field of Rugby! It holds its own, no less than the grey battlemented pile, that looks down with such stately pride on the well-trodden green-sward! It is a Campus Martius that has done, and will do, as good service to the physical frames of the rising generation, as real downright study and toil on the hallowed fields of literature and science has done for their mental constitution. And who will say that the first result has not largely conduced to the accomplishment of the second? Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but in a general way the boy who plays most heartily at cricket, foot-ball, and hare and hounds, and fights manfully in a righteous cause, is the one most likely to enter heart and soul into his destined work, and to take his stand upon the great arena of Life with courage and vigour and earnestness.

One thing more is still to be noted before we proceed to dismiss the school-buildings altogether; and this is, the "Arnold Library," over the writing-school, adjoining the old tower-library, built as a fitting memorial of him whose loved and honoured name has conferred on Rugby its fullest and most abiding lustre. This is, of course, a recent erection, and must not form a part of the picture which the reader will draw for himself of the scene where Dr. Arnold lived so long, where he laboured so patiently and so successfully, and where, when his great work was done, he passed away so peacefully, lying down to rest beneath the shadow of those walls that had so often echoed to the deep thrilling tones of a voice hushed for ever on earth.

It now remains only to give some description of the chapel. It was built in 1820, and is in the later pointed style of architecture; it is strengthened with ornamental buttresses,

and the east and west ends are decorated with crocketed pinnacles. On the apex of the gable is a cross, and the interior is fitted up like the choir of a cathedral. Within the last few years small transepts have been added.

All the windows, save one, are of painted glass, said to be for the most part in the Renaissance style. The great eastern window represents "The Wise Men's Offering," which Dr. Arnold regarded as a subject "strikingly appropriate to a place of education:" it was the first painted window in the chapel, and was brought by himself from the Continent;—from Germany, if I recollect aright. Four, if not five windows, were supplied with stained glass before his decease, entirely at his instigation, and in great part at his expense. Two more have since been added; one of which is his own memorial window, and will be noticed hereafter;—the other is the Crimean window, put up in memory of those Rugbæans who fell in the Russian war, their names being inscribed on a brass plate in the wall beneath.

There is a monument of white marble, by Chantrey, near the communion table, representing Dr. James sitting with a volume in his hand, and several folios at his feet. There is also, on the opposite side, a monument to the memory of Dr. Wooll. All mention of that of Dr. Arnold is reserved for the closing chapter of the book.

This digression—and it must be acknowledged that such it is—will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable to the general reader, who may never have visited Rugby, still less have imbibed the spirit of the place: and those who know school, and hall, and field, and chapel, far better than the writer of this brief description, will perhaps pardon all inaccuracies;—the result of derived information, and of a very brief visit to the place, which to them is almost sacred ground.

One more remark before we proceed to the further consideration of Dr. Arnold's life and character. The state of public schools had reached a climax, which rendered them more a crying evil than a benefit to the nation. The unchristian character of that which constituted the education of the upper classes of English society had become a great scandal; and religious men in vain denounced the inutility and

mischievous tendency of the whole system. Canon Stanley in his "Life of Arnold," justly remarks:—"A complete reformation or a complete destruction of the whole system, seemed to many persons sooner or later to be inevitable." In this as in all other difficult crises, the first step was the most impracticable. Who would come forward, and, for the sake of the public good, incur the whole weight of odium, slander, and misconstruction, which is sure to be cast on the most prudent and disinterested reformer? A great work was to be done;—educational Christendom called loudly for a champion, and he must needs be the Bayard of the nineteenth century:—a chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*!" At this juncture Arnold came forth from his peaceful Laleham retirement, and entered upon the awful responsibilities, and the difficult duties of the Head Master of Rugby School.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE HEAD MASTER.

It is almost unnecessary to declare that Dr. Arnold, at the very outset of his Rugby career, encountered manifold and almost insurmountable difficulties. Opposition, either covert or manifest, met him wherever he endeavoured to check prevalent abuses, or to institute salutary reforms. There was the natural clinging to ancient errors and standing evils;—there was the usual amount of obstinate tenacity in upholding moral delinquencies that had been winked at, and allowed, till they had become as it were stereotyped;—and above all there was the moral obtuseness, that is almost universal with those who have indulged in sloth, sensuality, or unchecked sin of any nature, for a prolonged space of time. In entering upon his office Dr. Arnold found that all these obstacles to reform were to be combatted single-handed; but he had looked for toil and up-hill work, and for labour that at first-sight seemed well-nigh akin to that of the Danaides, and he was not discouraged. He was not the man to make one gigantic effort, and then lose heart, because to all appearances he had been as one beating the air; and it was not his way to rise up with spasmodic energy, and under the influence of that impulsive ardour, which belongs alike to the weakest and to the most powerful minds, make a sudden attack upon the enemy's citadel, and, failing immediate success, retire dispirited from the field!

Missionaries tell us, and our own good sense confirms it, that it is sorry work attacking idolatry, and convincing its adherents of their error, if no better god be given them than the wooden and clay deities which they have learned to despise; and it is equally futile applying the lever to moral and social abuses, without presenting, in place of the demolished structure, something fresh and sound and vigorous, which may occupy, and in time beautify, the vacant space. In the

one case, infidelity supervenes, or else the dethroned idols regain a surer footing than before. In the other, the evil is only shifted, not exterminated, and, like a snowball, gathers strength and magnitude by motion; so that in the end the last state of that society is worse than the first.

Dr. Arnold was too wise to set to work with battering-rams and twelve-pounders, and too honest to have recourse to sappers and miners. He made no proclamation of war; he issued no edicts, whose terror might force the enemy to a temporary and servile submission; but he entered upon his work as one armed with lawful and indisputable authority, as one who will never succumb and never temporize, and who yet comes to his post with a heart beating high with love and hope, and trust and generous forbearance.

He began at the beginning,—a mode of action which seems so natural as to be well-nigh unavoidable; but which, in reality, is only too unfrequently pursued. For the first time we see coming into full and visible action the grand and pure principle, which, from the very commencement of his Laleham life, influenced more and more strongly his least as well as his most important proceedings. He felt and declared that the Christian was not merely to live what is commonly called a religious life; but that his whole course was to be religion itself! and his starting idea at Rugby was the Christianizing of the whole mass. Not that he was so sanguine as to suppose it would ever be possible, in so large and varied and variable a community, to make every individual boy an earnest, consistent Christian; but he hoped, by raising the highest possible standard, to reach a much greater altitude than is generally sought for or attained in similar circumstances, and in the general course of things.

His great hope lay in making the school a place of really Christian education; and yet he did not attempt any decided increase of theological instruction; and it was not his wont to enter much into what is generally termed religious conversation; and his desire was to see the boys doing by themselves, that which many would have simply endeavoured to do for them. "Is this a Christian school?" was his indignant question, upon one occasion, when much bad feeling

had been displayed among the pupils—"I cannot remain here, if all is to be carried on by restraint and force; if I am to be here as gaoler, I will resign my office at once." At another time, when a rebellious spirit had been roused through several unavoidable expulsions, he stood up in the great school, and said, in that "deep, ringing, searching voice of his,"—"It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen!"

He invariably addressed the collected school as a fellow-worker, rather than as the Head Master. He made the experiment,—then a novel one,—of treating the boys as gentlemen and rational beings; and, by showing them respect himself, he taught them gradually to respect themselves and each other.

So long as a boy's veracity remained unimpeached, he placed absolute confidence in his assertions, and never allowed anything like repetition of affirmation or denial:—"If you say so, that is quite enough—of course I believe your word," would be the quick rejoinder, when any one attempted to adduce proof, or to make an emphatic asseveration. Hence there arose a strong feeling in the school, when his influence and his example began to make itself felt, that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie, he always believed one."

But, on the other hand, if falsehood were discovered, he punished it with severity; and in the higher forms, if it were persisted in, with expulsion. Flogging he was strongly averse to, reserving it for grave moral offences, such as lying, drinking, or indomitable idleness; but he did not think that corporeal punishment was calculated to degrade boys below the level of their proper humanity. His own words best express his meaning. In a "Letter on the Discipline of Public Schools," written in 1835, and published in the "Quarterly Journal of Education," he says—

"At an age when it is almost impossible to find a true, manly sense of the degradation of guilt or faults, where is the wisdom of encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? There is an essential inferiority in a boy as compared with a man, which makes an assumption of equality on his part at once



ridiculous and wrong; and where there is no equality, the exercise of superiority cannot in itself be an insult or a degradation. The *beau-ideal* of school discipline with regard to young boys would appear to be this,—that whilst corporeal punishment was retained on principle, as fitly answering to and marking the naturally inferior state of boyhood, morally and intellectually, and therefore as conveying no peculiar degradation to persons in such a state, we should cherish and encourage to the utmost all attempts made by the several boys as individuals to escape from the natural punishment of their age, by rising above its naturally low tone of principle. While we told them that, as being boys, they were not degraded by being punished as boys, we should tell them also, that in proportion as we saw them trying to anticipate their age morally, so we should delight to anticipate it also in our treatment of them personally—that every approach to the steadiness of principle shown in manhood should be considered as giving a claim to the respectability of manhood—that we should be delighted to forget the inferiority of their age, as they laboured to lessen their moral and intellectual inferiority. This would be a discipline truly generous and wise, in one word truly Christian—making an increase of dignity the certain consequence of increased virtuous effort, but giving no countenance to that barbarian pride which claims the treatment of a freeman and an equal, while it cherishes all the carelessness, the folly, and the low and selfish principle of a slave.”

“There has been no flogging yet,” he writes to a friend, just one month after he had entered upon his new office. “I chastise at first by very gentle impositions, which are raised for a repetition of offences: flogging will only be my *ratio ultima*, and *talking* I shall try to the utmost. I believe that boys may be governed a great deal by gentle methods and kindness, and appealing to their better feelings. . . . But of course deeds must second words when needful, or words will soon be laughed at.”

It was his custom to note in common reading, and to request his scholars to do the same, anything that was manifestly at variance with the spirit of Christianity, either in the relation itself, or in the judgment expressed by the writer. When speaking of the crimes of Cæsar, or of Buonaparte, his face would darken with indignation, and, says Canon Stanley, —“a dead pause followed, as if the acts had just been com-

mitted in his very presence." And on the other side, when instances of piety, of genuine nobility, or of real heroism, came under his notice, an almost involuntary expression of reverence or approbation would burst from his lips, as though he instinctively discerned and acknowledged the element of Christianity.

In the Sixth Form he held two lectures on the Old or New Testament during the week, and at the same time he gave instruction in the history of the early Church, or on the English Reformation ; but it was very rarely that he introduced controversial subjects, or referred to the existing parties of the day.

His mode of conducting scriptural lessons was reverent and earnest ; thus distinguishing the sacred writings from all mere human compositions : and it was always his aim to dispel the *vagueness* with which boys in general apprehend scriptural truths ; to bring home to them Christ's words and example, and at the same time to lead them to form their own opinions, and take nothing on trust from himself.

One who was his pupil at Rugby, says on this subject, " He seemed to have the freshest views of our Lord's life and death that I ever knew a man to possess. His rich mind filled up the naked outline of the gospel history. It was to him the most interesting **FACT** that has ever happened ; as real, as **EXCITING** (if I may use the expression), as any recent event in modern history of which the actual effects are visible."

And another pupil remarks, " that it was impossible to listen to his comments on the inspired writings, and not feel an absolute conviction that from the Word of God he sought to find his own rule of life, and his authority in all things temporal and spiritual."

During the administration of previous head masters, preaching in the chapel had not been considered an essential part of their duty, and during the first half-year of his residence at Rugby he only delivered, on the Sunday, short addresses to the pupils of his own house. But shortly afterwards he began to preach frequently, and when, in the autumn of 1831, the chaplaincy became vacant, he wrote to the trustees, applying for the situation, on the ground that he as head

master was the real and proper instructor of the boys, and that no one else could feel the same interest in them, or, from his situation, speak to them with so much influence. At the same time he declined the usual salary, considering himself already paid for his services.

His offer was accepted; and from that time to the close of his life he preached almost every Sunday in the school half-year. There are hundreds now living who recal, with mingled emotions of delight and sadness, that scene of his labours, which he so loved to occupy; where Sunday after Sunday, says one who loved and knew him well,\*—

“He stood there witnessing and pleading for his Lord the King of righteousness and love and glory; with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. . . . What was it that held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling? True there were always boys scattered up and down the school, who in heart and head were worthy to hear, and able to carry away, the deepest and wisest words there spoken. But these were a minority always, generally a very small one. What was it that held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless, childish boys, who feared the doctor with all our hearts, and very little else in heaven or earth; who thought more of our sets in the school than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby, and the public opinion of boys in our daily life, above the laws of God? We could not enter into half that we heard; we had not the knowledge of our own hearts, or the knowledge of one another, and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen, (aye, and men too for the matter of that) to a man who we FELT to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below; but the warning living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves, and one another. And so wearily, and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life; that it was no fool’s or sluggard’s paradise into which he had wandered by chance; but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no

\* “Tom Brown’s School-days,” page 167.

spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought, and stood there before them, their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boy's army; one who had no misgivings, and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out! . . . . Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there; but it was his *thoroughness* and undaunted courage, which more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master."

And another of his pupils delights to recal the simplicity and dignity of his manner of performing the services of the Church; how the Psalms, the Lessons, and the Gospel and Epistle of the day, were read, or rather repeated, with a beauty and a force that gave to his hearers fresh ideas of their meaning, and a new appreciation of their solemn import; to remember how he joined, as it were intuitively, in the musical parts of the service; for he was unmusical by nature. And how his whole countenance would light up at his favourite clause of the Te Deum, "which he loved so dearly:"—"When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

The festivals of the Established Church were held by him to be seasons of great importance, as affording opportunities of urging upon his hearers the special truths which those services are intended to convey. Advent was marked by an increased solemnity of tone and manner: the progress of human life, of the Christian Church, of the world itself, and the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, were naturally the themes on which he would dilate with unusual earnestness at that season. Easter-day was marked by a joyous and almost exulting strain in his sermons, for he regarded it as the birthday of Christ's religion, the uprising of the Sun of Righteousness from that darksome grave, nevermore to set on this world of sin and sorrow and death. But on Whit Sunday his tone was sad and subdued, for that day he counted

as the birthday of the Christian Church, whose errors and inertness he so bitterly deplored. "Easter Day," he said, "we keep as the birthday of a living Friend: Whit Sunday we keep as the birthday of a dead friend."

In a sermon preached on Trinity Sunday, he said—

"So as the natural year, divided according to the order of the Church, bears within it the shadow of that great Christian year of salvation, whose length is from Christ's resurrection to his coming to judgment, this day fitly corresponds with the beginning of the natural period of the history of the Church; that period in which we are still living. The particular festivals are over: the birth of our Lord, his circumcision, his temptation, his death, his resurrection, his ascension, the descent of the Holy Ghost, and all the mercies that God has shown us in our creation, our redemption, and in our sanctification, which were meant to be celebrated together in the great festival of Trinity Sunday,—all these are now over, so far as this year is concerned; and from this present day when the summer is not yet in his prime, on to the season of complete winter, the even tenor of the regular Sunday service is never interrupted. The Sundays are only marked by their distance from the last great festival of Trinity Sunday; in themselves they have no special mark or name. How like to that unmarked period of the Christian Church—unmarked, I mean, by any particular revelation, which has run on for so many centuries, and of which none can tell how far it is yet removed from the season of Christ's great advent."

And on All Saints' Day he delighted to revert to the memory of those who through faith and patience have inherited the promises, and entered into rest.

It was not his general custom to speak to the boys individually on the subject of the Lord's Supper, lest they should be induced to come out of deference or affection for himself; but he dwelt much in his sermons on the duty and the privileges of coming to the holy communion, and he was always ready to converse privately with those whose hearts were stirred to join with Christ's Church militant here upon earth, in partaking of this most blessed and touching ordinance; and those who from time to time spoke with him alone, on this and other momentous subjects, whether on the occasion of confirmation, or by reason of their own spiritual anxieties,

will never forget the gentleness, the clearness, and the tenderness with which he entered into their doubts, their fears, their hopes, or their struggling convictions.

He soon became familiar with every boy's face; and his keen eye and wonderful insight soon made him more or less acquainted with every boy's character and peculiarities. His pupils were sometimes fairly startled by remarks which betrayed how much he knew of their own opinions, and how well he was acquainted with their regular way of proceeding. Of course, he sometimes made mistakes; but, as a general rule, he discerned at a very early period of intercourse the bias of a boy's mind, and his inclinations to good or evil, reading their characters as if by a species of intuition, and in some cases pronouncing judgment, which the future rarely failed to confirm.

With the boarders in the school-house he was naturally more intimate than with the others, whom he saw only during the hours of study. There were generally from sixty to seventy boys in his own house—that is, the school-house, which communicates with the master's private residence, and, though under one roof, is for the most part separate and entire. He did not interfere much with the management of the house in general, and he vested in the Præpostors powers which some persons were inclined to condemn as altogether excessive and undesirable; but this authority, which was committed to the Sixth Form, he held to be a most powerful engine of moral good and indispensable discipline, and while he was a strenuous supporter of their just rule; he never failed to declare his severest displeasure against any who made an improper use of the powers and privileges accorded to them; and he always endeavoured to impress upon them the high responsibilities incurred by their position and influence, and to create in them a strong interest in the place and in the welfare of those around them, by speaking to them and of them as fellow-workers with himself, and sharers of his hopes and fears and difficulties.

Occasionally, during the first half-years of his mastership, and regularly at the commencement and close of every half-year afterwards, he made short addresses to the Sixth Form,

on their own duties, and on the general state of the school. At one of these seasons, after remarking on the work of the class, he concluded by saying :—

“ Speaking to you as to young men who can enter into what I say, I wish you to feel that you have another duty to perform, holding the situation that you do in the school : of the importance of this I wish you all to feel sensible, and of the enormous influence you possess in ways in which we cannot, for good or for evil on all below you ; and I wish you to see fully how many and great are the opportunities offered to you here of doing good,—good, too, of lasting benefit to yourselves, as well as to others ; there is no place where you will find better opportunities for some time to come, and you will then have reason to look back to your life here with pleasure. . . . The state of the school is a subject of congratulation to us all, but only so far as to encourage us to increased exertions ; and I am sure we ought all to feel it a subject of most sincere thankfulness to God ; but we must not stop here ; we must exert ourselves, with earnest prayer to God for its continuance. And what I have often said before, I repeat now ; what we must look for here is :—first, religious and moral principles ; secondly, gentlemanly conduct ; thirdly, intellectual ability.”

Nothing depressed him so much as to find the Sixth failing him, either in a personal point of view, or as regarded others ; and he once told them that they should feel like officers in the army or navy, whose want of moral courage would indeed be thought cowardice. He concluded one of his addresses by saying,—“ When I have confidence in the Sixth, there is no post in England which I would exchange for this ; but if they do not support me I must go.”

Expulsion, which he intended to be regarded as a severe punishment and lasting disgrace, was always pronounced publicly and with all due state ; but he only resorted to it in cases of gross and confirmed misconduct, and it was seldom inflicted. But frequently, when he thought that a boy's further continuance in the school was injurious to himself or mischievous with regard to his companions, he would request his removal ; and he was careful to draw a broad line of distinction between this kind of dismissal and regular open expulsion ; in his latter years indeed, he generally deferred

such cases till the regular breaking up for the vacations, in order that such removals might remain unnoticed.

To carry out this system, however, required something more than the mere qualifications of an ordinary head-master. It needed strength of character, large discrimination, unremitting watchfulness, prudence, fearlessness, and firmness and gentleness combined; and these characteristics Dr. Arnold united in a very extraordinary degree. After awhile it came to be acknowledged that his plan was a good and a successful one. If some objectionable pupils were removed, boys of better promise took their places; and parents who wished for their children the peculiar advantages, and yet dreaded the contamination, of a public school, were gradually convinced that they might confide their sons to the care of one who was determined at all risk, and at every loss, to keep clear and pure, so far as in him lay, the moral atmosphere of the place over which he presided. And his idea of a healthy moral atmosphere, be it remembered, was very different from that which is commonly entertained by many good and learned men, not equally gifted with his deep insight and broad views of the requisite foundation of true manliness of character. His idea embraced more than the mere absence of flagrant vice, and obvious coarse brutality; he would chase away from the precincts of the institution, idleness, meanness, tyranny, and systematic disobedience, and he strove earnestly and prayerfully, by precept and example, to imbue the young people under his rule with a strong principle of acting rightly for conscience' sake;—in a word, to lead them to speak, act, and feel as became Christian gentlemen and English youth.

He writes in 1837:—

“Of all the painful things connected with my employment, nothing is equal to the grief of seeing a boy come to school innocent and promising, and tracing the corruption of his character from the influence of the temptations around him, in the very place which ought to have strengthened and improved it. But in most cases those who come with a character of positive good are benefited; it is the neutral and indecisive characters which are apt to be decided for evil by schools, as they would be in fact by any other temptation.” And again:—“Our work here would be absolutely unendurable if



we did not bear in mind that we should look forward as well as backward—if we did not remember that the victory of fallen man lies not in innocence, but in tried virtue. I hold fast to the great truth, that ‘blessed is he who overcometh!’”

With regard to the assistant masters,—he delighted, and appeared to study in every way to increase their importance and responsibility. It pleased him when boys were sent to Rugby, not on account of his own reputation, but for the sake rather of one of his colleagues.

Few changes transpired, and little business was transacted, in which he did not consult them; and every three weeks he and they met and held a kind of committee upon the state of the school, and each was free to speak as he chose, and to propose any resolution not at variance with the fundamental laws of administration. It not unfrequently happened that he himself was opposed and outvoted.

It was his great joy to recognise in them capabilities of a superior order, and in matters where he believed their experience exceeded his own, he was always anxious to defer to their opinion; and, on the other hand, he sought with ever-increasing delight, to inspire them with his own broad, deep, lofty views of education and of life itself, and year by year the bond between him and his assistants strengthened and became closer; while they regarded him at once as their friend, their brother, their father, and their head.

When seeking a master he wrote thus:—

“What I want is a man who is a Christian gentleman, an active man, and one who has common sense, and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the schools; but yet, on second thoughts, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms; and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work to high scholarship; for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other. I should wish it also to be understood that the new master may be called upon to take boarders in his own house; it being my intention for the future to require this of all masters, as I see occasion, that so in time the boarding-houses may die a natural death.”

We now come to consider the intellectual system pursued by Dr. Arnold, and to give some outline of his general plan of instruction. He maintained at his first coming to Rugby, and always afterwards, that classical studies "should form the basis of intellectual teaching." He once said, "The study of languages seems to me as if it was given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth; and the Greek and Latin languages, in themselves so perfect, and at the same time freed from the insuperable difficulty which must attend any attempt to teach boys philology through the medium of their own language, seem the very instruments by which this is to be effected." He insisted strongly on original compositions, and attached great importance to the cultivation of a clear, expressive, vigorous style. For the themes of his scholars he uniformly chose those subjects which he believed would oblige them to study and to think for themselves. He thought it good for a boy to be thrown on his own intellectual resources: he did not think highly of the thousand-and-one schemes which of late years have been concocted for the express purpose of making a railroad to the Temple of Knowledge; and yet he was always ready with his aid and guidance when help was really required, and knew how to give the right amount of information at the right moment. It was his principle to awaken, if possible, the intellect of each individual boy. He never gave lengthy explanations; and when he questioned, he managed always to elicit such answers as would render apparent to themselves the exact point at which real definite knowledge became mere conjecture. He by no means held that it was necessary for children to understand all they learn. "It is a great mistake," he said on one occasion, "to think that they (young boys) should *understand* all they learn; for God has ordained that in youth the memory should act vigorously, independent of the understanding, whereas a man cannot usually recollect a thing unless he understands it."

When mistakes were made, it was not his wont to correct at once; but, by judicious questioning, or by giving the key to some information to be sought out and appropriated by themselves, he conducted to the desired result.

Among the many subjects for prose exercises the following may be mentioned :—"The difference between advantages and merits,—Conversation between Thomas Aquinas, James Watt, and Sir Walter Scott,—History of the time of Isaiah's prophecy,—Description of Oxford, such as Herodotus would write were he to return to life (Greek),—Of true miracles,—The good and evil which resulted from the Seven Years' War,—John xvi. 22."

For verse exercises :—"The Land's End,—The martyrdom of Polycarp,—The seven sleepers,—Ne plus ultra,—Sophonisba,—Gray's Hymn to Adversity,—Prometheus unbound,—Domus ultima." These are, of course, but the merest sprinkling from the many subjects which might be enumerated, and they are chosen almost at random from a short list appended to Canon Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*.

In translations he was strict in requiring the exact rendering of the original, and he was swift to detect on the instant any weakness or exaggeration of expression; insisting, too, not only on mere idiomatic English, but on a style conformable to the period or to the subject of the writer. Herodotus, he thought, should be rendered in the style and language of the chroniclers; Thucydides in that of Bacon or Hooker; while Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, and Tacitus, require a modern style, the perfection of the English language as we now speak and write it.

In translating Homer, he required his pupils to employ chiefly Saxon words, and the oldest and simplest of those of French origin; and for the tragedians, Saxon also, but mixed with words of foreign origin. He possessed himself remarkable powers of extempore translation, and he never considered a lesson thoroughly executed, unless the author and the age were adequately represented, as well as the language: and as years rolled on, and the same authors came again and again under his notice, they always brought with them renewed interest and enjoyment. The public and private orations of Demosthenes, his well-beloved Thucydides and Aristotle, and his old friend Herodotus, were always welcomed with an ever-increasing sense of pleasure and appreciation. In his later years a new world opened before him in the works of

Plato; and in 1835 he tells Mr. Justice Coleridge how they are reading Plato's "Phædon," which he supposes "must be nearly the perfection of human language."

He encouraged miscellaneous reading, and fostered the tastes of those who were disposed to pursue geological or other sciences. Modern history and languages, and mathematics, were introduced into the regular school-work; an innovation which, as it was the first attempt of the kind, met alternately with unlimited censure and exaggerated praise.

French and German were taught in the three higher forms; French only in the forms below; and, though quite aware that boys at a public school would never learn to speak French fluently, or even with pure accent, he yet held it to be in the highest degree advantageous to learn the language grammatically; and he believed that whenever they had occasion to speak it, as in going abroad for instance, they would be able to do it very rapidly. And "with regard to German," he says, "I can speak more confidently, and I am sure that there we do facilitate a boy's after study of the language considerably, and enable him with much less trouble to read those many German books which are so essential to his classical studies at the University."

He had always some difficulty in choosing a suitable author, as a text-book for his weekly lessons on modern history. Gibbon, who in many respects would have answered his purpose, he "*dared not*" use. "Russell's Modern Europe," though no favourite, served him for several years; and with a chapter of Russell he would cause his pupils to blend additional facts from Hallam, Guizot, or any other reliable historian who treated of the same period; while all possible geographical information was likewise brought to bear on the history of the country, or of the campaign then under discussion.

Dr. Arnold came to Rugby, as he says, full of plans for school reform; but he soon found that the reform of a public school was a much more difficult thing than he had imagined. And he remarks:—"With regard to one's work, be it school or parish, I suppose the desirable feeling to entertain, is always to expect to succeed, and never to think that you have succeeded." But that he did succeed, far beyond the ex-

pectation even of those who relied most upon him, is beyond dispute; and it is, perhaps, scarcely too much to say, that not Rugby alone, but the whole spring of public education throughout England, owes to him the impetus of life, and manliness, and piety which it has received during the last quarter of a century, and which may be mainly traced to those simple practical Christian principles which were formed and matured in the peaceful retirement of Laleham, and carried out so uncompromisingly, so skilfully, and so consistently, on that wide and busier field, upon which he took his stand when he first entered upon his office as Head Master of Rugby School.

## CHAPTER VI.

## TOIL AND TRAVEL.

WE now take up the thread of the narrative, dropped at the termination of the third chapter, and suspended awhile in order to give the reader clearer ideas of the actual scene of Dr. Arnold's principal labours, and to afford a deeper insight into those general principles on which his educational theory and practice were founded and built up.

To resume the course of events. On the 30th August, 1828, the school re-opened, and in all the vigour of manhood, and with the sanguine expectations and the brave resolves that were the characteristics of his healthy buoyant nature, he set to work upon the "grand experiment," which he inevitably contemplated with equal pleasure and anxiety.

"Here we are actually at Rugby," he writes on the day previous to the boys' return: "I cannot tell you with what deep regret we left Laleham, where we had been so peaceful and happy, and left my mother, aunt and sisters, for the first time in my life, except during my school and college absences. . . . But the things which I have had to settle, and the people whom I have had to see on business, have been almost endless; to me, unused as I was to business, it seemed quite a chaos; but, thank God, being in high health and spirits, and gaining daily more and more knowledge of the state of affairs, I get on tolerably well. Next week, however, will be the grand experiment, and I look to it naturally with great anxiety. I trust I feel how great and solemn a duty I have to fulfil, and that I shall be enabled to fulfil it by that help which can alone give the 'spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind:' the three great requisites, I imagine, in a schoolmaster. . . . You need not fear my reforming furiously,—there I think I can assure you; but of my success in introducing a religious principle into education I must be doubtful: it is my most earnest wish, and I pray God that it may be my constant labour and prayer; but to do this would be to succeed beyond all my hopes; it would be a happiness so great, that I think the world would yield me nothing comparable to it. To

do it, however imperfectly, would far more than repay twenty years of labour and anxiety."

Two days afterwards he records that he has entered twenty-nine new boys, and has yet four more to enter, and that he has commenced business by calling over the names, and going into chapel. "I can tell you," he adds, "how odd it seems to me, recalling at once my school-days more vividly than I could have thought possible."

After the lapse of a month, speaking of his new duties, he wrote thus :—

"It has been quite an engrossing occupation, and Thucydides and everything else has gone to sleep while I have been attending to it. Now it is become more familiar to me, but still the actual employment of time is very great, and the matters for thought which it affords are almost endless. Still I get my daily exercise and bathing very happily ; so that I have been, and am, perfectly well, and equal in strength and spirits to the work. . . . For myself, I like it hitherto beyond my expectation ; but of course a month is a very short time to judge from. . . . I am trying to establish something of a friendly intercourse with the Sixth Form, by asking them in succession, in parties of four, to dinner with us, and I have them each separately up into my room to look over their exercises. . . . I am going to have an examination for every form in the school, at the end of the short half-year, in all the business of the half-year,—Divinity, Greek and Latin, Arithmetic, History, Geography, and Chronology, with first and second classes, and prize books for those who do well. I find that my power is perfectly absolute ; so that I have no excuse, if I do not try to make the school something like my *beau-ideal*—it is sure to fall far enough short in reality."

In the December of this same year the calm of his mind seemed somewhat ruffled by the unwelcome misgiving, that among his most valued friends there were some who regarded both his opinions and his practice with something akin to suspicion. This feeling on his part soon amounted to certainty ; and the misconceptions which pained him in 1828 were but as the gray mist on the mountain-tops to the inky thunder-clouds that deluge the plain.

Writing to a friend, he thus expresses himself :—

“The constitutional tone of different minds naturally gives a different complexion to their view of things, even when they may agree in the main ; and in discussing matters besides, one, or at least *I*, am apt to dwell on my points of difference with a man, rather than on my points of agreement with him ; because in one case I may get my own opinions modified, and modify his,—in the other we only end where we began. I confess that it does pain me when I find my friends **SHOCKED** at the expression of my sentiments ; because, if a man had entered upon the same particular enquiry himself, although he should have come to a wholly different conclusion at last, still if he gave me credit for sincerity he ought not to be shocked at my not having, as yet, come to the same conclusion with himself, and should rather quietly try to bring me there ; and if he had not enquired into the subject, then he certainly ought not to be shocked ; as, giving me credit for the same fundamental principles with himself, he ought not to think that non-enquiry would lead to truth, and enquiry to error. . . . I never remember to have held a conversation such as those which we had last summer, without deriving benefit, in some way or other, from the remarks urged in opposition to my own views ; very often they have modified my opinions, sometimes entirely changed them ; and when they have done neither, they have yet led me to consider myself, and my own state of mind ; lest, even while holding the truth, I might have bought the possession of it too dearly (I mean of course in lesser matters), by exercising the understanding too much, and the affections too little.”

In February, 1829, he published the first volume of his sermons preached in the parish church at Laleham ; and in the preface he writes :—

“My object has been to bring the great principles of the Gospel home to the hearts and practices of my own countrymen, in my own time, and particularly to those of my own station in society, with whose sentiments and language I am naturally most familiar ; and for this purpose I have tried to write in such a style as might be used in real life, in serious conversation with our friends, or with those who asked our advice ; in the language, in short, of common life, and applied to the cases of common life ; but ennobled and strengthened by those principles and feelings which are to be found only in the Gospel.”



This first production of his is remarkable, as being nearly, if not the very first attempt at getting rid of the cumbersome conventionalities, the regular stereotyped phrases, and the dry formal phraseology of pulpit discourses, and at combining reality and common sense with language at once terse, simple, pure and refined. It had a rapid circulation; but of course objections were raised to so unprecedented a style of composition, coming as it did from a clergyman of the Established Church, and a first-class man to boot; but he stoutly averred that if only the sermons were read, he "cared not one farthing" if his readers thought him the most unclassical writer in the English language.

Some one complained that these Laleham sermons carried "the standard so high as to unchristianize half the community." His answer was:—"I do not think that we ought to put it lower. I am sure that the habitually fixing it so much lower, especially in all our institutions and public practice, has been most mischievous." To another friend, who spoke of them as hard and severe in their general tone, he replied:—

"You must remember that I never had the regular care of a parish, and therefore have seen comparatively little of those cases of a troubled spirit, and of a fearful and anxious conscience, which require comfort far more than warning. But still, after all, I fear that the intense mercy of the Gospel has not been so prominently represented as it should have been, while I have been labouring to express its purity."

He also published a pamphlet, or "booklet," on the Catholic question, which was just then agitating the whole British religious and political world. The withholding of the claims of the Roman Catholic portion of the community he held to be a "national injustice," and that he wanted to show was a sin. He never in any measure sympathised with the doctrines of the Romish church; he was strongly opposed to their dogmas, and there was never, perhaps, any clergyman more entirely Protestant in all his views and teaching. But he considered that it was a great national question of right or wrong, and that the clergy, from their avowed neglect of "the

origin, rights, and successive revolutions of society," were incompetent to adjudicate in the matter. He also believed that the Relief Act would be the best mode of repairing the "sin and mischief" of the original conquest of Ireland, and he consequently held it to be nothing more than an act of justice, which the nation had no right to withhold. This pamphlet was entitled "The Christian Duty of conceding the Roman Catholic Claims." It certainly created a strong feeling against him on the part of his fellow-clergymen, because he absolutely denied their competency to decide upon historical and political questions; and this impression was never quite worn away to the day of his death.

On the 29th of May, 1829, he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Hawkins on this subject:—

" . . . . As to the principles in the pamphlet, it is a matter of unfeigned astonishment to me that any man calling himself a Christian should think them bad, or should not recognise in them the very principles of Christianity itself. If my principles are bad, I only wish that those who think them so would state their own in opposition to them. It is all very well to call certain principles mischievous and democratical; but I believe very few of those who do so call them, would be able to bear the monstrous nature of their own, if they were obliged fully to develop them. I mean that they would then be seen to involve, what in their daily language about things of common life their very holders laugh at, as absurdity and mischief. For instance, about continual reforms, or the wisdom of our ancestors, I have heard Tories laugh at the farmers in their parish, for opposing the mending of the roads, because, as they said, what had been good enough for their fathers was good enough for them; and yet these farmers were not an atom more silly than the people who laughed at them, but only more consistent. And as to the arrogance of tone in the pamphlet,—I do not consider it to be arrogance to assume that I know more of a particular subject, which I have studied eagerly from a child, than those do who notoriously do not study it at all. The very men who think it hard to be taxed with ignorance of modern history, and of the laws and literature of foreign nations, are men who, till this question came on, never pretended to know anything about them; and, in the case of the Evangelicals, professed to shun such studies as profane. I should consider no man arrogant who, if I were to talk about some mathematical or

scientific question which he had studied habitually, and on which all scientific men were agreed, should tell me that I did not, and could not, understand the subject, because I had never liked mathematics, and had never pretended to work at them. Those only who have studied history with that fondness that I have done all my life, can fully appreciate the pain which it gives me to see the most mischievous principles supported, as they have been on this question, with an ignorance truly audacious. . . . On the point of Episcopacy, I can only say, that my notions have been drawn solely from the New Testament itself, according to what appears to me its true meaning and spirit. I do not know that I ever read any Low Church or No-Church argument in my life."

At the close of the first year of Dr. Arnold's mastership, a confirmation was held at Rugby, and much time and pains were expended in duly preparing the youths for the approaching rite. He spoke separately and with impressive earnestness to each individual candidate; and his attention was not only directed to those who intended to join in the ceremony, but to many others whom he thought might be influenced by the circumstances of the occasion, to think seriously of their state, with reference to their eternal interests. To such he spoke privately, and with much kindly solemnity, as those can well attest who were privileged to listen to his simple and persuasive words; and the following extracts, taken from a letter addressed by him to a parent holding Unitarian principles, are well worthy of consideration, as a further exemplification of his feelings and practices.

Rugby, June 15, 1829.

"I had occasion to speak to your son this evening on the subject of the approaching Confirmation; and as I had understood that his friends were not members of the Established Church, my object was not so much to persuade him to be confirmed, as to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded me, to speak with him generally on the subject of his state as a Christian, and the peculiar temptations to which he was now peculiarly exposed, and the nature of that hope and faith which he would require as his best defence. But on enquiring to what persuasion his friends belonged, I found that they were Unitarians. I felt myself therefore unable to proceed, because as nothing would be more repugnant to my notions of fair dealing than to avail myself indirectly of my opportunities of influencing a

boy's mind contrary to the religious belief of his parents, without giving them the fullest notice, so, on the other hand, when the differences of belief are so great and so many, I feel that I could not at all enter into the subject, without enforcing principles wholly contrary to those in which your son has been brought up. . . . Under the circumstances, I think it fair to state to you what line I shall feel bound to follow, after the knowledge which I gained of your son's religious belief. In everything I should say to him on the subject, I should use every possible pains and delicacy to avoid hurting his feelings with regard to his relations; but, at the same time, I cannot avoid labouring to impress on him, what is my belief on the most valuable truths in Christianity, and which I fear must be sadly at variance with the tenets in which he has been brought up. I should not do this controversially, and in the case of any other form of dissent from the Establishment I would avoid dwelling on the differences between us, because I could teach all that I conceive to be essential in Christianity, without at all touching upon them. But in this instance it is impossible to avoid interfering with the very points most at issue. . . . I think, also, that any one who knows me, would give you ample assurance that I have not the slightest feeling against Dissenters as such, or any desire, but rather very much the contrary, to make this school exclusive. My difficulty with your son is not one which I feel as a Churchman, but as a Christian; and goes only on this single principle, that I feel bound to teach the essentials of Christianity to all those committed to my care, and with these the tenets of the Unitarians alone, among all the Dissenters in the kingdom, are in my judgment irreconcilable."

During the long Midsummer vacation, Dr. Arnold made a tour through Switzerland and the north of Italy. He crossed the Jura, and compared the scenery, to that described by Euripides in the "*Bacchæ*." He then proceeded on the road towards Geneva, and remarks in his Journal:—

"No time to civilized man can make the Andes like the Alps; another Deluge alone could place them on a level. There was the Lake of Geneva, with its inimitable, indescribable blue—the whole range of mountains which bounds its southern shores; the towns that edge its banks; the rich plain between us and its waters; and immediately around us the pines and oaks of the Jura, and its deep glens, and its thousand flowers—out of which we looked on this Paradise."

July found him once more on the shore of the Mediterranean. On his former visit to Italy he had not approached the sea; he had only seen it afar off, across the dreary waste of the Campagna; but now he came down to the very edge of the dreamy, lazy waves, as they silently washed the proud walls of "Genova la Superba," and ere long he boasted that he had been on the Mediterranean, and *in* it. He wrote thus to his children:—

"True it is that the Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt-water if people choose to think it so; but it is the most magnificent thing in the world if you chose to think it so—and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the *POCO-CURANTE* tompor is not the happiest; and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily—so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight."

Another extract which ought not to be omitted:—

"England has other destinies than these countries,—I use the word in no foolish or unchristian sense; but she has other destinies; her people have more required of them; with her full intelligence, her restless activity, her enormous means, and her enormous difficulties;—her pure religion and unchecked freedom; her form of society, with so much of evil, yet so much of good in it, and such immense power conferred by it;—her citizens least of all men should think of their own rest or enjoyment, but should cherish every faculty and improve every opportunity to the uttermost, to do good to themselves and to the world. Therefore these lovely valleys, and this surpassing beauty of lake and mountain and garden and wood, are least, of all men, for us to covet; and our country, so entirely subdued as it is to man's uses, with its gentle hills and valleys, its innumerable canals and coaches, is best suited as an instrument of usefulness."

At Zurich he writes,—speaking of Chiavenna and its environs:—

"It is impossible to picture anything more beautiful than a ramble about these mountains. You are in a wood of the most magnificent trees, shaded from the sun, yet not treading on mouldering leaves or damp earth, but on a carpet of the freshest spring turf, rich with all sorts of flowers. You have the softness of an upland

meadow, and the richness of an English park ; yet you are amidst masses of rock, now rearing their steep sides in bare cliffs, now hung with the senna and the broom, now carpeted with turf, and only showing their existence by the infinitely varied form which they give to the ground, the numberless deep dells, and green amphitheatres, and deliciously smooth platforms, all caused by the ruins of the mountain which have thus broken and studded its surface, and are yet so mellowed by the rich vegetation which time has given them, that they now only soften its character."

He returned through France, noting as he travelled that "Champagne is worth seeing for the very surpassing degree of its ugliness :"—and he came back to England, feeling that however delightful the glorious scenes of Alpine countries might be, the living merely to look about him would soon make their richest and brightest beauty pall upon the senses, and grow wearisome ; but that it was good to take advantage of opportunities of leisure to strengthen ourselves for work to come ; "and to gild with beautiful recollections our daily life of home duties."

In September the family of Dr. Arnold sustained a loss, in the death of his father-in-law, the Rev. John Penrose. On the Thursday before his decease, he was busily occupied in his garden, and he stood for some time on a ladder pruning a vine. That evening he retired to rest in apparent health, but in the morning he was seized with an attack more violent than others which he had previously sustained. He suffered no pain, and remained in perfect possession of his senses ; but on the following morning a second attack deprived him of speech, and he sank into a lethargic sleep, in which state he remained till Sunday night, when calmly and without a struggle he expired in the arms of his children. Mrs. Arnold, who with her husband had arrived in time to see him alive, followed him to the grave, together with her sisters and brothers, and the Rev. John Keble performed the funeral ceremonies.

In a letter which communicated Mr. Penrose's death to the Rev. George Cornish, Dr. Arnold spoke thus :—

"When I dwell on the entire happiness that we are tasting day after day, and year after year, it really seems startling : and the

sense of so much and such continued temporal mercy is even more than humbling,—it is at times even fearful to me, when I look within, and know how little truly grateful I am for it. All the children are well, and all I trust improving in character, thanks to their dear mother's care for them, who, under God, has been their constant corrector and guide. As for myself I think of Wordsworth's lines—

‘ Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Brief leisure e'en in busiest days ;’

and I know how much need I have to make such moments of leisure ; for else one goes on still employed, till all makes progress except our spiritual life, and that, I fear, goes backward. The very dealing as I do with beings in the highest state of bodily health and spirits, is apt to give a corresponding carelessness to my own mind. I must be all alive and vigorous to manage them, and to do my work ; very different from the contemplations of sickness and sorrow which so often present themselves to a man who has the care of a parish. And, indeed, my spirits in themselves are a great blessing, for without them the work would weigh me down ; whereas now I seem to throw it off, like the fleas from a dog's back, when he shakes himself. . . . I am very much delighted with what you say of my pamphlet (on the Roman Catholic claims). . . . I know that I did not write it with one atom of unkindness or violence of feeling, nor do I think that the language or tone is violent ; and what I said of the clergy, I said in the very simplicity of my heart, no more imagining that it would give offence, than if I had said that they were unacquainted generally with military tactics or fortification. . . . I am sure that my views in this matter are neither seditious nor turbulent, and I think I stated them clearly, but it seems they were not clear to everybody.”

Meanwhile the school increased and prospered. In November the numbers were above two hundred, and at that time he neither expected nor desired any great addition. Two hundred or two hundred and fifty he imagined would be about the average number of scholars ; there might be a sudden and temporary access, but it would inevitably be succeeded by a corresponding ebb. About this time, he expressed something of that change of feeling about verse exercises, which was referred to in the opening chapter. He wrote as follows :—

“ You may imagine that I ponder over, often enough, the various discussions that I have had with you about education and verse-

making, and reading the poets. I find the natural leaning of a schoolmaster is so much to your view of the question, that my reason is more than ever led to think my own notions strongly required in the present state of classical education, if it were only on the principle of the bent stick. There is something so beautiful in good Latin verses, and in hearing fine poetry well construed, and something so attractive altogether in good scholarship, that I do not wonder at masters directing an undue portion of their attention to a crop so brilliant. I feel it growing in myself daily, and if I feel it, with prejudices all on the other side, I do not wonder at its being felt generally. But my deliberate conviction is stronger and stronger, that all this system is wholly wrong for the greater number of boys. Those who have talents, and natural taste, and fondness for poetry, find the poetry lessons very useful; the mass do not feel one tittle about the matter, and, I speak advisedly, do not in my belief benefit from them one grain. . . . For your comfort I think I am succeeding in making them write very fair Latin prose, and to observe and understand some of the differences between the Latin and English idioms . . . . Thucydides is getting on slowly; but I think that it will be a much less defective book than it was likely to have been, had I remained at Laleham; for though I have still an enormous deal to learn, yet my scholarship has mended considerably within the last year at Rugby. I suppose you will think at any rate that it will be better to publish Thucydides, however imperfectly, than to write another pamphlet. Poor dear pamphlet! I seem to feel the greater tenderness for it because it has excited so much odium; and now I hear that it is reported at Oxford that I wish to suppress it; which is wholly untrue. I would not print a second edition, because the question was settled, and controversy about it has become absurd; but I never have repented of it in any degree, or wished it unwritten, and I only regret that I did not print a larger impression."

In May, 1830, the first volume of his edition of Thucydides made its appearance; and being, as he remarked, sadly in disgrace with all parties, between his sermons and his pamphlet, he was afraid Thucydides would not mend the matter.

In the spring of this year a libellous article in the "John Bull" gave his friends much uneasiness. He was himself somewhat annoyed, and at one time conceived the thought of a prosecution of the slanderer; but his friend and legal adviser Mr. J. T. Coleridge thought it better to refrain from an appeal



to the courts of law, and the Bishop of London considered that such a course of action, though strictly warrantable in itself, would entail scandal on the Church, and on the cause of religion generally. Dr. Arnold was quite willing to desist from proceeding to extremities ; he had, of course, cherished no desire of gain, or of revenge ; all he sought was a public justification of his character, which had been assailed ; and he was perfectly ready to take the judgment of his friends, convinced that had the attack been even more virulent, it would have been better to bear it, "than to bring sacred things into discussion in places, and through disputants, wholly unfitted for them."

The summer vacation of 1830 was devoted to a tour through France and Italy, returning by the Rhine, and visiting Wurtemberg and Baden. At Varese he made the ascent of the mountain of St. Maria del Monte ; and after gaining the summit, he and his party descried a path leading up the verdant edge of a cliff yet more elevated, on the mountain above. The idea struck them that if they could climb it they might possibly see Lake Lugano. On they toiled, and just at sunset they reached the crown of the ridge, the brow, as he says, of an almost precipitous cliff. What they beheld, as they stood there, high above the church of the Madonna del Monte, gazing over the wide plain of Lombardy, with its rich masses of verdure, its deep chestnut shade, and its white walls and gray towers, is best described in his own graphic, poetical language.

"We looked westward full upon the whole range of mountains, behind which, in a cloudless sky, the sun had just descended. I counted twelve successive mountain outlines between us and the farthest horizon ; and the most remote of all, the high peaks of the Alps, were brought out strong and dark in the glowing sky behind them, so that their edge seemed actually to cut it. Immediately below our eyes, plunged into a depth of chestnut forest, varied as usual with meadows and villages, and beyond, embosomed amidst the nearer mountains, lay the Lake of Lugano. As if everything combined to make the scene perfect, the mountain on which we stood was covered, to my utter astonishment, with the *Daphne Chamaecistus*, and I found two small pieces in flower to ascertain the

fact, although generally it was out of bloom. We stood gazing on the view, and hunting about to find the Daphne in flower, till the shades of darkness were fast rising; then we descended from our height, went down the mountain of St. Maria, refreshing ourselves on the way at one of the delicious fountains which are made beside the road, regained our carriage at the foot of the mountain; and though we had left our coats and neckcloths at Varese before we started, and were hot through and through with the skirmish, yet the soft air of these summer nights has nothing chilly in it, and we were only a little refreshed by the coolness during our drive home. I now look out on a sky bright with its thousand stars, and have observed a little summer lightning behind the mountains. If any one wishes for the perfection of earthly beauty, he should see such a sunset as we saw this evening from the mountain above St. Maria del Monte."

Again he visited Lake Como, and followed the mule-track cut out of the mountain-side, and sat in the green shade of the chestnuts, and wrote in his journal—

"Once more, dearest M——, for the third time, seated under these delicious chestnuts, and above this delicious lake, with the blue sky above and the green lake beneath, and Monte Rosa, and the St. Gothard, and the Simplon, rearing their snowy heads in the distance. . . . I see no change in the scenery since I was here in 1827, and I feel very little, if any, in myself. Yet for me summer is now ebbing: since I was here last, I have passed the middle point of man's life, and it is hardly possible that I should be here again without feeling some change. If we were here with our dear children, that itself would be a change, and I hardly expect to be again on this very spot without having them. But what matters, or rather what should matter, change, or no change, so that the decaying body and less vigorous intellect were but accompanied with a more thriving, and more hopeful life of the spirit? It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty; for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good;—that we may do, and yet not be ourselves conformed to it; but if we really do abhor that which is evil—not the persons in

whom the evil resides, but the evil which dwells in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge, in our own hearts—that is to have the feeling of God and of Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God. Alas! how easy to see this, and to say it—how hard to do it, and to feel it! Who is sufficient for these things? No one but he who feels and really laments his own insufficiency. God bless you, my dearest wife, and our beloved children, now and evermore, through Christ Jesus.”

Padua was visited, and Meran and Latsch. In the former place he was told that the taxes then levied, were four times heavier than under the old Venetian government, or under the rule of the French. He was delighted with Venice; most of all, he said, delighted to see the secret prisons of the old aristocracy converted into lumber-rooms. Moreover, he rejoiced exceedingly to think he had visited Venice before the project of bridging over the Lagune should be carried into execution. Padua, he affirmed, he liked better than he thought he could have liked the birth-place of Titus Livius, whom as an author he both disliked and contemned; saying sometimes that the use of reading Livy was almost like that of the drunken Helot, whom the Spartan masters compelled to drink to intoxication, in order to disgust their children, and display to them the utter degradation of excess. “Livy,” he said, “shows us what history should *not* be; while his books also relate to a time of so little interest, that it is hard even to extract a value from them by the most complete distillation; so many gallons of vapid water scarcely hold in combination a particle of spirit.” And in his Roman History, Dr. Arnold found that Livy, by reason of his carelessness and his inconsistent statements, gave him an immensity of trouble. No wonder that he could scarcely forgive Padua for claiming him as one of her own especial children!

During this journey the anniversary of his wedding-day arrived. After speaking of the thankfulness with which he could not but review the ten happy years of his married life, and dwelling on the future with, perhaps, a shade of distrust, lest the calm brightness, that had shone around him and his beloved wife in the days that were gone by should fade away, as it fades more or less from so many of the children of mor-

talily, leaving only the cold gray twilight, and the flowerless desert,—he goes on in a higher and sweeter strain :—

“ Perhaps, however, the best way of taking such anniversaries as this, is not by speculating on the future, or on how we could bear a change ; but by remembering now, in our season of happiness, that it is but an earnest of more, if we receive it with true thankfulness, and that let come what will, all will work to good, if, while it is day, we labour to work the work that is set before us. May I remember this ; and remember too, that God’s work is to believe on Him whom He hath sent : that is, not only to do my earthly business honestly and zealously, but to do it as a Christian, humbly and piously ; not trusting in any degree in myself, but labouring for that strength which is made most perfect in him who feels his own weakness. God bless us both, my dearest M——, and our dearest children, through Christ Jesus.”

Dr. Arnold and his party were at Venice when the Revolution in Paris broke out, and they received their first intelligence from the postmaster of Bludenz, a small town in the Voralberg. They reached this quiet little place one afternoon, just before the commencement of a storm of wind and rain ; and while waiting to put up the head of their carriage, and making all possible preparation for the coming tempest, they were told of the state of things in France, by the post-master, who seemed glad to relieve his mind, by pouring out the horror and extreme deprecation with which he, the inhabitant of a peaceful Tyrolese village, regarded the tumult and violence of political quarrels.

Having, of course, but an indistinct notion of what might be going on, they thought it most prudent to abandon their original intention of returning home through France, and accordingly they decided to go round by the Rhine and through Wurtemberg ; “ a plan,” says the Doctor, “ which I shall now ever think of with pleasure, as otherwise I should never have seen Niebuhr.”

Wurtemberg and Baden he thought were countries apparently “ as peaceful and prosperous and simple-mannered ” as he ever saw ; and the travelling he declared,—no despicable commendation either—was really and truly ECONOMICAL !

He was obliged to pass rather quickly through Germany,

remaining but a very short time at Heidelberg, and only a single afternoon at Bonn; nevertheless the whole aspect of the country pleased him far better than that of France, and the people seemed to his apprehension much more *comfortable* than their Gallic neighbours. He could not help wondering, he said, that Guizot should place France at the head of European civilization, on the ground that it was superior to Germany in social civilization, and to England in producing more enlarged and more advanced individual minds; but in the latter assumption, he believed there was some degree of truth, however Englishmen might sneer at the notion; because, as he averred, our intellectual eminence does not keep pace with our advances in all the comforts and effectiveness of society. He maintained, also, that our historians ought to be twice as good as those of any other nation, because our social civilization is so perfect; and again, that although our habits of active life give our minds an enormous advantage (if we would work, which we do not), the history of our own country is at this day a thing to be done, as well as the histories of Greece and Rome. And he further considered that if we were not physically a very active people, our disunion from the Continent would make us pretty nearly as bad as the Chinese; still he acknowledged—no man more readily and heartily—that by this distinctness we gain that which more than compensates for any little narrowness which may reasonably arise from our insular position—more than any foreigner, however enlightened, can be expected to understand; inasmuch as “a thorough English gentleman—Christian, manly and enlightened, is a finer specimen of human nature than any other country could furnish.” Foreigners may be pardoned if they question this broad assertion: but we as Englishmen and Englishwomen, living in the middle of the nineteenth century, under the gracious and gentle rule of our beloved Sovereign, are rather inclined to endorse the doctor’s declaration, and to believe, as he believed, that, though the specimen be far from perfect, there is no other so fair and so excellent in all Christendom.

During his brief stay at Bonn, Dr. Arnold spent several

hours with Niebuhr. He had the pleasure of conversing with him in all the freedom of private life; for Niebuhr invited him into the drawing-room to drink tea with his wife, his five children, and their governess; and while there, a young man came in with the intelligence that the Duke of Orleans had been proclaimed king of the French, to the no small satisfaction of the historian.

Dr. Arnold describes Niebuhr as short, not exceeding five feet six or seven inches in height, with a thin face, features rather pointed, and eyes remarkably lively and benevolent. Writing an account of their interview very shortly after it took place, he says:—

“ His manner is frank, sensible and kind, and what Bunsen calls the Teutonic character of benevolence, is very predominant about him; yet with nothing of what Jeffrey called, on the other hand, the beer-drinking heaviness of a mere Saxon. He received me very kindly, and we talked in English, which he speaks very well, on a great number of subjects. I was struck with his minute knowledge of the text and MSS. of Thucydides, and with his earnest hope, several times repeated, that we might never do away with the system of classical education in England. Niebuhr spoke with great admiration of our former great men, Pitt and Fox, &c., and thought that we were degenerated. He asked me with much interest about my plans of religious instruction at Rugby, and said that in their Protestant schools the business began daily with the reading and expounding a chapter in the New Testament. He spoke of the Catholics in Prussia as being very hypocritical; that is, having no belief beyond outward profession. Bunsen, he said, was going to publish a collection of hymns for the Church service. Their literature is very rich in hymns, in point of quantity,—no fewer than 36,000; and out of these Bunsen is going to collect the best. Niebuhr's tone on these matters quite satisfied me, and made me feel sure that all was right. He spoke with great admiration of Wordsworth's poetry. He often protested that he was no revolutionist; though he would have given a portion of his fortune that Charles X. should have governed constitutionally, and so remained on the throne; ‘yet,’ said he, ‘after what took place, I would myself have joined the people in Paris; that is to say, I would have given them my advice and direction, for I do not know that I should have done much good with a musket.

Niebuhr spoke of Mr. Pitt, that to his positive knowledge, from unpublished State-papers which he had seen, Pitt had remonstrated against the coalition of Pilnitz, and had been unwittingly drawn into the war to gratify George III.' My account of Niebuhr's conversation has been sadly broken, and I am afraid I cannot recollect all that I wish to recollect. He said that he once owed his life to Louis Buonaparte, who interceded with Napoleon when he was going to have Niebuhr shot; and promised Niebuhr that, if he could persuade his brother, he would get him twenty-four hours' notice, and furnish him with the means of escaping to England. After this Niebuhr met Louis at Rome, and he said that he did not well know how to address him; but he thought that the service which he had received from him might well excuse him for addressing him as 'Sire.' He repeatedly expressed his great affection for England, saying that his father had accustomed him from a boy to read the English newspapers, in order that he might early learn the opinions and feelings of Englishmen. On the whole, I was most delighted with my visit. The moral superiority of the German character in this instance was very striking; at the same time I owe it to the French to say, that now I have learned the whole story of the late revolution, I am quite satisfied of the justice of their cause, and delighted with the heroic and admirable manner in which they have conducted themselves. How different from even the beginning of the first revolution, and how satisfactory to find that in this instance the lesson of experience seems not to have been thrown away."

Ten days after Dr. Arnold had passed through Brussels, the insurrection in Belgium, which he had fully expected would arise as a natural consequence, out of the revolution in France, broke forth, and agitated the public mind with fresh anxieties and ever-varying speculations. But with the Belgians he felt little or no sympathy. France, he said, deserved the warmest admiration and the most cordial expression of it, if it were only for the contrast which the second revolution presented to the first; but with Belgium the case was wholly different; the merits of their quarrel he esteemed far more doubtful, and the conduct of the popular party far less pure.

A few months after Dr. Arnold's return to Rugby, news reached him that Niebuhr was no more; and in a letter to Chevalier Bunsen he spoke of his death as a great loss

which all Europe had sustained : he always congratulated himself upon the course of events, which had caused him to turn away from France and bend his homeward steps through the land which claimed as her own the man whom he regarded with so just and sincere an admiration ; thereby enabling him to enjoy that brief converse, which he remembered with satisfaction and pleasure to the latest day of his life.

From that time till 1837, Dr. Arnold revisited the continent no more. He came back to Rugby full of spirits and energy, hoping that he and his assistants were all going "to pull hard, and to pull together," during the coming half-year ; for he saw how much there was to be done, and he felt with increasing solemnity the heavy responsibilities his position involved. He entered on his work with renewed energy and delight, thanking God that he continued to enjoy his work, and was in excellent condition for setting to it.

And here, one cannot but remark the singular soundness and healthiness of his tone of mind ! No man revelled more than he in beautiful scenery ; the short extracts here quoted, prove how entirely he gave himself up to the contemplation of nature's grandeur and loveliness, and how thoroughly he appreciated the pleasure, the exhilaration, and the improvement to be derived from travel. But it was his rare and enviable characteristic to estimate extraneous enjoyments at their true value. When they came in due course he received them with open arms : he roamed amid the ruins of an ancient world, with a bosom beating high with reverence and poetic delight ; he climbed the mountain-side with all the briskness and buoyancy of a child ; and he gazed on the splendour of golden clouds, and flushing waters, and crimson sunsets, with a glowing heart, and a spirit that rose beyond the material beauty of a fair created world, into the brighter realms, where the Great Fashioner of the mighty Universe, who has revealed Himself to us in the person of his beloved Son, dwells and reigns for ever and ever.

Yet with all these devotional, poetic, and lofty tendencies, he never came back to his daily labour with distaste. It was his work :—the work appointed him by his Master,—and he



looked back gratefully on the pleasant days of travel and leisure, and exulted to feel his frame so vigorous, his mind so clear, his whole man so strengthened for labour, and so meet-ened for the toil of his office, and the cares of his public life, by the relaxation, and the season of innocent, healthful enjoyment, which God in his goodness had granted him.

And yet there was a cloud on his otherwise sunny, happy path :—misconception of his opinions, and even of his practices, spread far and wide ; and when he said, at the close of the year 1830, "There is no man in England who is less a party man than I am," he was fain to finish his sentence thus :—"for in fact no party would own me."

## CHAPTER VII.

## POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

THE years 1831-32, were darkened by the heavy clouds of pestilence. Cholera, then a new, and consequently a doubly and trebly awful visitation, came sweeping over the length and breadth of the land, mowing down its thousands, depopulating its towns, and causing men's hearts to quake with fear. The public mind was shrouded in gloom: death was busy in the palace and in the cottage; in crowded cities and in rustic road-side villages: the air was heavy with the tolling of funeral bells, and the mourners went about the streets. And this was not all:—the winter of 1830 was marked by disturbances in the rural districts, that seemed only the precursors of more serious and extensive outbreaks; and sober-minded people watched, and dreaded lest the rash spark struck from the flint of some wild misguided enthusiast should kindle the flame of Revolution throughout the country.

Dr. Arnold was greatly concerned. He saw deeper into the evil than did other men of that day. He saw then, what people of his own class would not, or could not see, but what has been acknowledged on all hands since,—that those whose spirit of anarchy was aroused, and whose fury was ever and anon expected to boil over, and, like a lava stream, sweep into oblivion the old and time-honoured institutions of the country, really *had their wrongs*, and were justified in calling for redress, and for reform; though by no means justified in clamouring for their rights like hungry wolves, or infuriated lions! But who can wonder; or, if they wondered then, when only one side of the question was fairly argued,—who can wonder now, at the bitter murmurs of those whose just claims were forgotten by many, and disallowed by most,—when their minds, untaught, and unoccupied with any ideas of truth, either religious, social, or political, were subjected to the sway

of men, who with mistaken zeal, or, as is much to be feared, with self-seeking and revolutionizing intent, went about from village to village, and from town to town, sowing the seeds of those very passions which made France, not half a century before, a place of carnage and blood and atrocities beyond description! What was to be done? The evil grew deeper and deeper; sober men passing at night from their places of business to their homes, gazed fearfully on the dark, gaunt, desperate looking throngs, crowding round some fierce, unscrupulous demagogue, who told them, in broad undiluted Saxon, the history of their wrongs, both real and imaginary, and more than hinted at the most terrific ways and means of redress. The softly nurtured, and the high born took up the literature of the day, and trembled at the fervid eloquence with which the poor were assured that the rich were their natural enemies, and might lawfully be spoiled and punished by fire and by sword. And then the torch of the rioters flickered under the noonday sun, and flared beneath the dark night-sky; and the heavens were red with the terrible fires of open incendiarism!

For years Bristol bore the marks of the disastrous three days and nights that burned her jails, her Custom House, her Bishop's Palace, and her finest square, and threatened her venerable Cathedral. The ruins of these buildings covered the ground long afterwards, when the convulsion was over, and society was again lulled into a state of repose and security.

What was to be done? Thousands who asked that momentous question never thought of answering it. Hundreds who did in one way or another answer it, never dreamed of doing, as the natural sequence of saying! But with Dr. Arnold, to acknowledge an evil was to cast about for a remedy. It was not his way to shake his head, and utter dark and lugubrious sayings; or to quote all the prophecies of Holy Writ against all the nations of past times, and then with abundant interjections, and profound sighs, sit down to wait for the earthquake. He mounted up straightway to the top of his watch-tower, and with his Bible in one hand, and the records of bygone ages in the other, swept with his keen,

searching glance, the annals of ancient empires, and the chronicles of his own, till he beheld the plague-spot, and saw the sting which rankled and festered in the wound of poor, fevered, and almost delirious England, making her heart heavy, and her brain dizzy, and poisoning the currents of life that might, under the blessing of God, have flowed peacefully, purely, and healthfully through her heaving frame.

He saw that which our best politicians *now* do not hesitate to avow,—that the aristocratic, and better born, as the phrase is commonly understood, had, by their pride and exclusiveness, made the rich and the poor, two distinct, unsympathising bodies. He at once seized the very idea that D'Israeli, in his political novel of “Sybil,” has since worked out with so much brilliancy and force,—that of the “*Two Nations*,—the one,—the rich, the consumers, the lords of the soil; the other,—the poor, the toilers, the tillers of the soil, and the begrimed and democratic artizan! “And from want of sympathy,” he says, in one of his letters at this period, “I fear the transition to enmity is but too easy, when distress embitters the feelings, and the sight of others in luxury, makes that distress still more intolerable.”

In a letter to his sister, dated November 30th, 1830, he says:—

“I must write a pamphlet in the holidays, or I shall burst. No one seems to me to understand our dangers, or at least to speak them out manfully. One good man, who sent a letter to the *Times* the other day, recommends that the clergy should preach subordination and obedience. I seriously say, God forbid they should; for if any earthly thing could ruin Christianity in England it would be this. If they read Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Amos, and Habakkuk, they will find that the Prophets, in a similar state of society in Judea, did not preach subordination only, or chiefly; but they denounced oppression, and amassing overgrown properties, and grinding the labourers to the smallest possible pittance; and they denounced the Jewish High-Church party for countenancing all these iniquities, and prophesying smooth things to please the aristocracy. If the clergy would come forward as one man from Cumberland to Cornwall, exhorting peaceableness on the one side, and justice on the other, denouncing the high rents, and the game laws, and the

carelessness which keeps the poor ignorant, and then wonders that they are brutal, I verily believe they might yet save themselves and the State. But the truth is, that we are living amongst a population whom we treat with all the haughtiness and indifference that we could treat slaves; whom we allow to be slaves in ignorance, without having them chained and watched to prevent them from hurting us. . . . The dissolution of the ministry may do something; but the evil exists in every parish in England; and there should be a reform in the ways and manners of every parish to cure it. We have got up a Dispensary here, and I am thinking of circulating small tracts *à la* Cobbett in *point of style*, to show the people the real state of things and their causes. Half the truth might be of little use, but ignorance of all the truth is something fearful, and a knowledge of the whole truth would, I am convinced, do nothing but pacify, because the fault of the rich has been a sin of ignorance and thoughtlessness; they have only done what the poor would have done in their places, because few men's morality rises higher than to take care of themselves, abstaining from actual wrong to others."

A little while after, he wrote to another of his friends, the Rev. Augustus Hare:—

"I have longed very much to see you, over and above my general wish that we could meet oftener, ever since this fearful state of our poor has announced itself even to the blindest. My dread is, that when the special commissions shall have done their work (necessary and just, I most cordially agree with you that it is) the richer classes will again relapse into their old callousness, and the seeds be sown of a far more deadly and irremediable quarrel hereafter. . . . Under God it is for the clergy to come forward boldly and begin to combat it. If you read Isaiah v., iii., xxxii.; Jeremiah v., xxii., xxx.; Amos iv.; Habbakuk ii.; and the Epistle of James, written to the same people a little before the second destruction of Jerusalem, you will be struck, I think, with the close resemblance of our own state to that of the Jews; while the state of the Greek churches to whom St. Paul wrote is wholly different; because, from their thin population and better political circumstances, poverty among them is hardly noticed, and our duties to the poor are consequently much less prominently brought forward. And, unluckily, our Evangelicals read St. Paul more than any other part of the Scriptures, and think very little of consulting most, those

parts of Scripture which are addressed to persons circumstanced most like ourselves. I want to get up a real poor man's magazine, which should not bolster up abuses and veil iniquities, nor prose to the poor as to children; but should address them in the STYLE of Cobbett, plainly, boldly, and in sincerity, excusing nothing, concealing nothing and misrepresenting nothing, but speaking, the very whole truth in love—Cobbett-like in style, but Christian in spirit. . . . I should be for putting my name to whatever I wrote of this nature; for I think it is of great importance that our addresses should be those of substantive and tangible persons, not of anonymous shadows."

Some may think that portions of these letters are couched in very strong language, and truly they are; but even while he wrote the plague-spot was spreading, and the disease cried aloud for the remedy. He was not the man to temporize and say smooth things, and speak peace where there was no peace. He saw no use in building houses on the sand, and daubing them with untempered mortar, when the winds were gathering from every point of the compass, and the waves of the sea were roaring, and the tide was rising ever higher and higher. The demagogues and the street orators were speaking plainly enough, it behoved him to be intelligible also; and in the years 1830-31-32 there were no Scripture readers, no district visitors, no provident societies, no cheap and wholesome literature for the lower orders. Verily, if Dr. Arnold could have foreseen the good time coming; when the Bible would be carried from house to house; when clergymen would preach in the open air; when Exeter Hall would be thrown open for special services for the working classes, and when good Christian reading, alike pleasant and profitable, might be secured for one penny a week, his heart would have rejoiced, and he would have sung a *Te Deum* in spirit, if not in words. But the time was not yet come. It is our privilege to live in days when the light shines freely and widely: *he*, at the period of which we write, saw the light, when all around was darkness, and prejudice, and misconstruction, and he stood alone. There might have been, doubtless there were, others who thought as he did; but they held their peace, or spoke only in whispers, or in studied, guarded phrases; while he

lifted up his voice, and exposed the fallacies which the Church, the State, and the higher classes generally, had nursed and nourished, till the whole state of society was infected with their mischievous, and multiplying influences. And so it came to pass, as might have been expected, that grave charges were laid to his door. He was charged with being a democrat, with being a revolutionist, with teaching the boys politics, and setting them revolutionary themes !

"It is really," he says, when mentioning one of the many ridiculous charges brought against him, "too great a folly to be talked of as a revolutionist ; with a family of seven young children, and a house, and an income that I should be rather puzzled to match in America, if I were obliged to change my quarters. . . . There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural, and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress ; and the cause of all the evils of the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations."

And in the same letter he says, quite ingenuously,—

"If I had two necks, I should think that I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides, as I think I shall now, by whichever gets the better, if it really does come to a fight."

So far from setting his pupils revolutionary themes, he had just made them begin "Russell's Modern Europe" over again, because they had come to the period of the French Revolution, and he did not choose to enter upon that subject with them. The only thing he could think of, as likely to give rise to so groundless a charge, was the fact, that in the preceding half-year he had given the boys as a subject, "The particular evils which civilized society is exposed to, as opposed to savage life ;" which he gave them "for the purpose of clearing their notions about luxury, and the old declamations about Scythian simplicity ;" "and so," he adds, "I suppose I am thought to have a longing for the woods, and an impatience of the restraints of breeches."

After receiving an account of the first appearance of cholera on our shores, he preached a sermon in Rugby chapel, from the words of St. Paul, as recorded in Acts xxvii. 34,—“Wherefore I pray you to take some meat : for this is for your health : for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you.” He marks particularly the sensible and manly language of the Apostle, and the excellent counsel he gave his fellow-mariners, as being the best that a wise man could give under the circumstances ; and then he proceeds to hold forth this conduct of St. Paul’s, as a pattern of the way in which we should behave in seasons of great and unwonted danger. He closed his address with this solemn and beautiful appeal to his youthful hearers :—

“Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is,—understanding what his merciful will is, in sending us a warning so effectual and yet so gentle,—so well fitted to make us turn to God, in the spirit which God most loves. It is a warning, not to be slack in our worldly business, as if life was certainly just about to close ; not to leave off our usual and wholesome amusements, as if it were of no use to strengthen our bodies, and to brace our minds ; but it is a warning to us to leave off our sins ; it is a warning to us that we lose no time in becoming at peace with God, through Jesus Christ ; it is a warning to us to keep our lamps burning, or to go quick to get a fresh supply of oil ; for should the cry be heard of the Bridegroom’s coming, he will be present almost as soon as we hear of it. It is a warning for you and for me, that we should make life what it ought to be ; that we should be able to thank God before all men, with a sincere faith and trust in Him ; that we should be his zealous and happy servants, whether He choose that we should serve Him here, or before his throne in heaven.”

In the month of May, 1831, he endeavoured to set up a weekly newspaper, “The Englishman’s Register ;” but, in spite of able writing, and spirited exertions on the part of the few who were really interested in its stability, it died a natural death in two months time. He never imagined that it would succeed : nine years afterwards he assured his friends that he was “not so foolish as to think he could keep up a newspaper ; but *he was willing to bell the cat*, hoping that some who were able, might take up what he had begun.”



What he did, was from a strong sense of the urgent need of some publication which should speak the truth, and the unvarnished truth, in love to all classes. He wished to explain the baseness of corruption on the one hand, and the mischief of party, and popular excitement on the other. He wanted to urge upon men the duty of trying to learn the merits of the case, and to teach them that an ignorant vote is little better than a corrupt one, where the ignorance can in any degree be helped.

To his nephew, John Ward, Esq., co-editor with him of the "Englishman's Register," he wrote :—

"When I speak of the aristocracy of England bearing hard upon the poor, I always mean the whole class of gentlemen, and not the nobility, or great landed and commercial proprietors. I cannot think that you or I, suffer from any aristocracy above us; but we ourselves belong to a part of society which has not done its duty to the poor, although with no intention to the contrary, but much the reverse. Again, I regard the Ministerial Reform Bill as a safe and necessary measure, and I should, above all things, dread its rejection; but I cannot be so sanguine as you are about its good effects; because the people are quite as likely to choose men who will commit blunders and injustice, as the boroughmongers are, though not exactly of the same sort. Above all, in writing to the lower people, my object is much more to improve them morally, than politically, and I would therefore carefully avoid exciting political violence in them. . . . But in such an address, I would not assume that the Reform Bill would do all sorts of good, and that every honest man must be in favour of it; because such assertions, addressed to ignorant men, are doing the very thing I deprecate, *i.e.* trying rather to get their vote, than to make that vote, whether it be given for or against us, really independent and respectable. . . . I wish to distinguish the 'Register' from all other papers by two things: that politics should hold in it just that place which they should do in a well-regulated mind; that is, as one field of duty, but by no means the most important one; and that with respect to this field, our duty should rather be to soothe than to excite, rather to furnish facts, and to point out the difficulties of political questions, than to press forward our own conclusions. There are publications enough to excite the people to political reform: my object is moral and intellectual reform, which will be sure enough to work out political reform in the best way, and my writing on politics would have for its end, not the forwarding any political measure,

but the so purifying, enlightening, sobering, and in one word *Christianizing*, men's notions and feelings on political matters, that from the improved tree may come hereafter a better fruit. With any lower views, or for the sake of furthering any political measures, or advocating a political party, I should think it wrong to engage in the 'Register' at all, and certainly would not risk my money in the attempt to set it afloat."

Every selfish motive deterred him from the prosecution of this scheme; the pecuniary risk was large, and the prospect of failure almost certain: it gave him much trouble, cost him much time, and further offended those friends who were already annoyed at the part he had taken in public affairs. But he thought it "*a most solemn duty*" to make the attempt, and, with his principles, to recognise a duty was to try at once to perform it, at whatever personal cost, or individual risk.

When writing to his friend the Archbishop of Dublin, he says he has received so many opinions, and so much advice, on the subject of his projected newspaper, that he is involuntarily reminded of the familiar fable of "the man and the jackass;" but one thing he has learnt from all this influx of other people's sentiments, viz., that he had better follow his own judgment, adopting from the opinions of others, just what he approves of, and no more. He concludes by saying:—

"One thing you may depend on—that nothing shall ever interfere with my attention to the school. Thucydides, Register and all, should soon go to the dogs if they were likely to do that. I have got a gallows at last, and am quite happy; it is like getting a new twenty-horse power in my capacities for work. I could laugh like Democritus himself, at the notion of my being thought a dangerous person, when I hang happily on my gallows, or make it serve as a target to spear at."

Upon the death of the "Register," Dr. Arnold transferred his attention to the "Sheffield Courant," into which all the letters in the defunct paper, on "labourers," were copied, and the proprietor now wished to engage the writer of those articles to continue them for his own paper. They were subsequently called, "Letters to the 'Sheffield Courant,' on the Social Distress of the Lower Orders;" and they were published in a

separate form, and are decidedly the best exponent of his views on the chief causes of social distress in England.

In December, 1831, or thereabouts, he published "An Essay on the Right Interpretation and Understanding of the Scriptures," which he appended to his second volume of Sermons. This celebrated Essay excited great attention; assailants appeared on all sides; and it was his own opinion that it exposed him to more misunderstanding than any other of his writings. But he always held to his conviction that the writing and printing of this Essay had been an imperative duty; for he knew so well, from his constant intercourse with young men, what was needed, and how greatly they required a sound rule for the exposition of Revelation; such as might "enable a young man to read his Bible, not only without constant perplexity, but with immense and increasing comfort, and benefit." It is impossible in this place to enter largely, or indeed to enter at all, upon those principles of interpretation, at one time so generally contemned, but in the present day estimated almost according to their real value. Suffice it to say, in the words of one who knew and loved him well, that they have "furnished a method, and established principles and rules, for interpreting Scripture, which, with God's blessing, will be the guide of many a future labourer, and promise to produce fruit of inestimable value."

But, in order more fully to explain his own views, and the true aim of his exegetical writings, it will be best to insert one quotation from the Essay itself, and that from the final pages.

"My object has been to distinguish carefully between that Christian faith, which is the guide and comfort of our lives, and a variety of questions, historical, critical, scientific, &c., connected with parts of that volume from which the grounds of our faith are derived. With Christian faith there must be no tampering; we cannot afford to propitiate the adversary by sacrificing the points which he objects to; we dare not describe the method of salvation as different from what God appointed; we dare not content ourselves with any lower standard of holiness than God's perfect law. We must, indeed, 'render unto God the things that are God's;' but we must also 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'; that intellectual wisdom, which exercises over this world more than imperial dominion, may not be denied her lawful tribute. It is within her province

to judge of all questions of science, of history, and of criticism, according to her own general laws; nor may her decisions on these matters be disputed by an appeal to the higher power of spiritual wisdom, who leaves such points wholly to her lower jurisdiction. If it be said that this is a mere truism, which nobody dreams of disputing, I have only to answer, that, whether disputed or not in theory, it is by no means rare to see it violated in practice. When a writer, not more distinguished for ability and learning than for his moderation and piety, published, a few years since, an 'Enquiry into the Origin of Sacrifice,' he was immediately assailed with a cry of the *dangerousness* of his doctrines; and an historical question was represented as a matter of theology; and we know the vehemence with which some of the conclusions of geology, drawn from geological phenomena, have been resisted, as if these, too, interfered with our belief in revelation. In truth, it is no hard thing to make a rationalist or an anti-rationalist,—meaning by this term one who is afraid to trust himself in the pursuit of truth, and who talks of the danger, perhaps of the profaneness, of the enquiry, though its subject be strictly within the province of the intellect; but to make an enlightened, yet humble Christian,—one who feels the comparative worthlessness of all merely intellectual exercises, yet follows them steadily and fearlessly, in full faith that no truth can ever separate him from the love of the God of Truth—this is hard to the extreme of difficulty. Deeply impressed with the profound knowledge of human nature exhibited in the Scriptures, and with the adorable wisdom of God's manner of dealing with it;—'convinced of sin and of righteousness,' of his own indwelling evil, and of the perfect remedy for that evil provided by the death and resurrection of Christ:—living in the daily consciousness of possessing the earnest of the Spirit, and hoping therefore the more boldly for the full enjoyment of those promises, whose pledge and foretaste is so abiding a source of peace and joy;—such a man's faith is far too deeply rooted to need the paltry aid of ignorance and fear. 'He that is spiritual judgeth all things;' all things save the very principles of that spiritual wisdom from which his power of judgment is derived. With neither the unbeliever's prejudice on one side, nor on the other the prejudice of a faith not duly aware of its own immoveable foundations, and approaching, therefore, with secret fear, to the examination of questions really powerless to affect it, he will seek truth only, sure that whatever it may be, it *must* turn to the glory of God, and according to the promise will, with all other things, work together for good to those who love God."



Liturgy as ours." Further remarks on the English Liturgy then follow, which can hardly be omitted in this place. He goes on to say:—

"As to the repetitions in our service, they arise chiefly from Land's folly in joining two services into one; but the repetition of the Lord's Prayer I can hardly think objectionable; not that I would contend for it; but neither would I complain of it. Some freedom in the service the minister certainly should have; some power of insertion to suit the particular times and places; some power of explaining on the spot whatever is read from the Scriptures which may require explanation, or at any rate of stating the context. It does seem to me that the reforms required in our Liturgy and Service are so obvious, and so little affect the system itself, that their long omission is doubly blameable. But more remains behind, and of far greater difficulty:—to make the Church at once popular and dignified; to give the people their just share in its government, without introducing a democratical spirit; to give the clergy a thorough sympathy with their flocks, without altogether lowering their rank and tone. . . . But altogether, taking their service as it is, and ours as it is, I would far rather have our own; how much more, therefore, with the slight improvements which we so easily might introduce—if only—. But even to the eleventh hour we will not reform, and therefore we shall be, not, I fear, reformed, but rudely mangled, or overthrown by men as ignorant in their correction of abuses, as some of us are in their maintenance of them. Periodical visitations of extreme severity have visited the Church and the world at different times, but to no human being is it given to anticipate which will be the final one of all. Only the lesson in all of them is the same: 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' And in each of these successive 'comings' of our Lord, how little is the faith which He has found even among His professed followers. May He increase this faith in me, and those who are dearest to me, ere it be too late for ever!"

It was also Dr. Arnold's earnest desire that the common literature of the day should be more entirely inter-penetrated with a Christian spirit. About this time he began to speak and to write on the subject openly. His anxiety to see a religious tone imparted to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, was very great; and he

made strenuous efforts to promote this desirable change. He had no wish to turn the Society's tracts into sermons; he says so avowedly; neither did he desire to see them made the engine of theological controversy; but, there being so much common ground among Christians of all denominations, he saw no reason why it might not be wisely and usefully occupied. "The slightest touches," he says, "of Christian principle and Christian hope in the Society's biographical and historical articles, would be a sort of living salt to the whole; and would exhibit that union which I never will consent to think unattainable, between goodness and wisdom; between everything that is manly, sensible, and free; and everything that is pure and self-denying, and humble and heavenly. At one time he communicated rather frequently with some individuals connected with the Society; but his correspondence, it must be remarked, wore rather a friendly than an official aspect, and he was finally obliged to abandon his scheme of co-operation with a body, which, he believed, might, with God's blessing, do more good of all kinds, political, intellectual, and spiritual, than any other Society in existence. "For myself," he says, "I am well aware of my own insignificance; but if there were no other objection to the 'Penny Magazine' assuming a decidedly Christian tone, than mere difficulties of execution, I would most readily offer my best services, such as they are, to the Society, and would endeavour to furnish them regularly with articles of the kind that I desire. And again:—"I am fully convinced that if the 'Penny Magazine' were decidedly and avowedly Christian, many of the clergy throughout the kingdom would be most delighted to assist its circulation by every means in their power. For myself, I should think that I could not do too much to contribute to the support of what would then be so great a national blessing; and I should beg to be allowed to offer £50 annually towards it, so long as my remaining in my present situation enables me to gratify my inclinations to that extent."

The society, however, entertained different views of its proper province, and Dr. Arnold's truly generous, and Christian scheme fell to the ground. He would have rejoiced, had he lived a few years longer, to see the Religious Tract Society

occupying very nearly the same fertile field, which he so regretted to leave uncultivated. About this time occurs that remark of his, so often quoted, and adopted by one monthly serial at least, as its motto:—"I never wanted articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects written with a decidedly religious tone." These words were called forth by an article on Mirabeau, in the "Penny Magazine" of May 12, 1831, the conclusion of which, somewhat realized his idea of periodical literature.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## CHURCH REFORM.

THE Christmas of 1831 was spent by Dr. Arnold and his family at Rydal, in Westmoreland. This visit, which was the precursor of others, at every succeeding vacation, resulted at last in the purchase of an estate, and the building of a house, which became the fondly-cherished home of his affections, from the very laying down of its foundations to the last hour of his life. The lake of Rydal is small, very small, compared with its near neighbour, Windermere, the monarch of our English lakes; and considerably less than Grasmere, which lies to the north of Rydal, as Windermere does to the south; but much closer, and connected by a rippling stream of no great length. But if Rydal Water be inferior in size, there is no lack of beauty in itself, or on its shores. A fairer scene than the peaceful valley of the Rotha, summer sun never brightened! There it lies! the quiet crystal mere, with its two fir-clad islets, the haunt of herons, with Loughrigg Fell on the one hand, and Knab's Scar on the other, and behind the latter the dark awful brow of Fairfield, and, still more remote, the grey summit of Kirkstone, at the head of the rocky pass which leads down into Patterdale.

The mere tourist can scarcely form a just conception of the glorious loveliness of the "bonnie north countrie" of old England: it takes LIVING IN IT to appreciate it as it deserves. The vernal rapture of Spring, the flowery wealth of Summer, the gorgeous sunsets of Autumn, and the clear shining of frosty Winter, have each their own peculiar and indescribable features of beauty. To live among mountains is to love them, to know them as friends, and to associate their familiar forms with all the sweet or mournful events, which befal us while living, rejoicing, or suffering in the shadow of their majestic presence. Who that has seen the crimson glow on the

mountain top, when the sun was going down in all the pomp of an autumnal evening, or the red light striking like rays of fire through the gloomy gorge; or the dazzling whiteness of fell, and pike, and scaur, piercing the intense cerulean heaven on a brilliant winter's noon, can ever banish from his memory the remembrance of such hours of glorious contemplation; and who that has dwelt from day to day, and from month to month, beholding, whenever he raises his eyes, some new and exquisite revelation of loveliness, can fail to cling with all his heart to hill and vale, and stream, and emerald islet! Two or three days after reaching Rydal, Dr. Arnold wrote to his friend Mr. Cornish:—

“RYDAL!!! Dec. 23, 1831.

“We are actually going up Nabb's Scar presently, if the morning holds clear: the said Nabb's Scar being the mountain at whose foot our house stands. But you must not suppose that we are at Rydal Hall; it is only a house by the road-side, just at the corner of the lane that leads up to Wordsworth's house, with the road on one side of our garden, and the Rotha on the other, which goes brawling away under our windows with its perpetual music. The higher mountains that bound our view are all snow-capped; but it is all snug and green and warm in the valley—nowhere on earth have I ever seen a spot of more perfect and enjoyable beauty, with not a single object out of tune with it, look which way I will. In another cottage, about twenty yards from us, Captain Hamilton, the author of ‘Cyril Thornton,’ has taken up his abode for the winter. Close above us are the Wordsworths, and we are in our own house a party of fifteen souls; so that we are in no danger of being dull; and I think it would be hard to say which of us all enjoys our quarters the most. We arrived here on Monday, and hope to stay here about a month from the present time.”

Three months after his return to Rugby, he declared that he could “still *rave* about Rydal.” The intercourse between the Arnolds and the Wordsworths was continual: nothing, the doctor averred, could exceed the friendliness of the poet and his family; while his almost daily walks with Mr. Wordsworth himself were “things not to be forgotten.” Once, and once only, Dr. Arnold confesses to a good pitched fight about the Reform Bill; it came off as they were strolling up

to Greenhead Ghyll, to see the unfinished sheepfold recorded in the poem of "Michael;" but political disagreements in no way interfered with their enjoyment of each other's society, for in the great and essential principles of things they agreed entirely.

"It was a period," says Dr. Arnold, referring to that pleasant sojourn at Rydal,—“of almost awful happiness, absolutely without a cloud: and we all enjoyed it, I think equally—mother, father, and fry. . . . We are thinking of buying or renting a place at Grasmere, or Rydal, to spend our holidays at constantly; for not only are the Wordsworths and the scenery a very great attraction, but, as I had the chapel at Rydal all the time of our last visit, I got acquainted with the poorer people besides, and you cannot tell what a home-like feeling all of us entertain towards the valley of the Rotha. I found that the newspapers so disturbed me, that we have given them up, and only take one once a week: it only vexes me to read, especially when I cannot do anything in the way of writing.”

Midsummer found him again bending his steps northwards. The “dear old house at Rydal” was let for a twelvemonth, and Brathay Hall, at the head of Windermere, was secured as a temporary residence. As the vacation approached the whole family looked forward with great delight to the period fixed for their migration, and the doctor himself declared that although the half-year had been highly prosperous, so far as the school was concerned, yet in “those times of excitement the thirst for a lodge in some vast wilderness was almost irresistible.” Early in June the following passage was written to his old and constant friend, the Rev. G. Cornish. It is remarkable only, inasmuch as it testifies to the physical enjoyment of life, and the sustained healthy tone which so strikingly distinguished him, and is perhaps in great measure the key to that wonderful energy and capability of mental labour, which was so eminently one of his most prominent characteristics:—“I thought of you, and of Bagley Wood, and old times, when I walked with Grenfell the other day in the rain, to a wood about four miles from here, dug up orchis roots, and then bathed on our way home,

hanging our clothes on a stick under a tree, to save them from being wet in the interval."

He loved to join in the games of his children; to take long rambling walks with them, hunting for wild flowers; to go with them to a certain much-to-be-commended clay-pit, seeking for coltsfoot; and when the baskets were duly filled, entering with the ardour of a boy into the mock siege, with which the excursion concluded.

His servants will always remember his generous consideration, and his habit of consulting their comfort and convenience upon every occasion, and the constant flow of kindness which pervaded his intercourse with them, as far removed from undue familiarity as from that oppressive air of condescension, which too frequently marks the manner of many persons towards their inferiors in rank, and position. He liked to visit the poor "as neighbours, without always seeming bent on relieving or instructing them." It is said that he was apt to over-rate both their moral and religious attainments, and that he sometimes was imposed upon; and this is doubtless true, and by no means surprising. The great wonder would be if, in common with others who are inclined to err on the side of extreme benevolence, and perfect charity, he had not been occasionally imposed upon, and made to feel that the blessed stream of Christian kindness and generosity could water no alien soil, but must return with renewed blessings to his own bosom. But there were many who long remembered, with a glow of sincere and earnest gratitude, the doctor's cheering familiar visits to their humble firesides. "He used to come into my house and talk to me as if I was a lady," said an old woman who lived in the neighbourhood of Rydal. "I never knew such an humble man as the Doctor!" was the remark of the Laleham parish clerk, after Dr. Arnold had paid a visit to the scenes of his first home, and his early wedded life; and an old almswoman, who died not long after his own decease, spoke to the last of his constant visits, and closed her aged eyes with the fond hope of seeing him again in the realms of glory.

His views of the duties and blessedness of the marriage state, were in accordance with other traits of his domestic character.

"What men do in middle life," he wrote on one occasion, "without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people, such as one usually finds them in the world. I do not mean that one does not meet with good and sensible people; but then their minds are set, and they will not in mature age grow into each other. But with a home filled with those whom we entirely love and sympathize with, and with some old friends to whom one can open one's heart fully from time to time, the world's society has rather a bracing influence to make one shake off mere dreams of delight."

And during his Midsummer sojourn at Brathay Hall, he wrote to his nephew, Mr. Ward, who had been his co-editor of the "Englishman's Register," congratulating him on his marriage, and expressing sentiments very similar to those already quoted.

" . . . . A man's life in London, while he is single, may be very stirring and very intellectual, but I imagine that it must have a hardening effect, and that this effect will be more felt every year, as the counter tendencies of youth become less powerful. The most powerful softeners of a man's moral skin, and sweeteners of his blood, are, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and intercourse with the poor. It is very hard, I imagine, in our present state of society, to keep up intercourse with God, without one or both of these aids to foster it. Romantic and fantastic indolence was the fault of other times and other countries; here I crave more and more every day, to find men unfevered by the constant excitement of the world, whether literary, political, commercial, or fashionable: men, who, while they are alive to all that is around them, feel also who is above them."

The summer of 1832, was darkened by the passing shadow of One who is mightier than all the kings of the earth. Already, in the month of May, Dr. Arnold and his wife had been called to resign the little one just given to their arms, and Mrs. Arnold herself had been for some time in actual danger. "But she was mercifully recovered," he writes in one of his letters;—"not however without the loss of our little baby, a beautiful little girl, who just lived for seven days,

and then drooped away and died of no other disorder than her premature birth."

And now Susannah Arnold, the beloved sister and companion of his youth, after twenty years of suffering from a spinal complaint, was added to the number of those, who through faith and patience have inherited the promises. Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, receiving from Laleham the most distressing accounts, left their children at Brathay Hall, and went down to their old home on the banks of the Thames, where they remained more than a fortnight. They returned to Rugby on the 18th of August, still hoping to see their beloved invalid in the winter. But on the evening of the third day after their departure, the long delayed summons came; and while the earthly light was fading away, the twilight of death overshadowed her couch of weariness and pain; and the gentle unselfish heart was stilled, the worn-out frame was released from its suffering, the wakeful eyes were closed in undisturbed repose, and she slept in Jesus. A fortnight afterwards her brother wrote thus:—

"I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child:—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless, enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear, or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory."

And a few days later he writes to another friend:—

" . . . The last months, I may say indeed the last twenty years, of her life, had been a constant preparation, and she was

wholly spared the nervous fear which none probably can wholly overcome, of expecting the approach of death within a definite time. I never saw, nor ever heard of a more complete triumph over selfishness, a more glorious, daily renewing of soul and spirit, amidst the decays and sufferings of the body, than was displayed throughout her twenty years' martyrdom. My poor aunt, well, comparatively speaking, in body, but sadly decayed in her mind, still lives in the same house, close to the Bucklands; the only remaining survivor of what I call the family of my childhood. I attach a very peculiar value to the common articles of furniture, the mere pictures, and china, and books, and candlesticks, &c., which I have seen grouped together in my infancy; and whilst my aunt still keeps them, it seems to me as if my father's house were not quite broken up."

After speaking of Mrs. Arnold's illness in the preceding spring, and the death of their infant, he goes on :—

"We had nothing but illness in our house during the whole spring; wife, children, servants, all were laid up, one after the other, and for some time I never got up in the morning without hearing of some new case, either amongst my own family, or amongst the boys. Then came the cholera at Newbold; and I thought, beat as we were by such a succession of illnesses, we were in no condition to encounter this new trouble; and therefore, with the advice of our medical men, I hastily dispersed the school. We went down bodily to the Lakes, and took possession of Brathay Hall, a large house, and large domain, just on the head of Windermere. It was like Tinian to Anson's crew; never was there such a renewal of strength and spirits, as our children experienced from their six weeks' sojourn in this paradise. And for their mamma and papa, the month that we spent there was not less delightful. Our intimacy with the Wordsworths was cemented, and scenery and society together made the time a period of enjoyment, which it seemed almost wholesome for us, not to have long continued.

"And now we are all at work again; the school very full, very healthy, and I think in a most beautiful temper, the sixth form working as I could wish, and all things at present promising. I am quite well, and enjoy my work exceedingly. May I only remember that, after all, the true work is to have a daily living faith in Him whom God sent. Send me a letter to tell me fully about you and yours; it is sad that we can never meet, but we must write oftener. Business ought not so to master us, as not to leave time for a better

business, and one which I trust will last longer ; for I love to think that Christian friendships may be part of the business of eternity. God ever bless you ! ”

The lull which succeeded the passing of the Reform Bill, and the tranquillization of the manufacturing and rural districts, naturally tended to abate those calamitous apprehensions which had weighed so heavily upon his mind, so long as the agitation lasted ; but a new source of alarm sprang up in 1832, and this was a very reasonable fear that the loud outcry for Church Reform, which was now making itself heard on all sides, should end in the destruction of what, with all its imperfections, seemed to his mind the strongest instrument of social and moral good yet existing.

Already he had grieved over the increasing coolness of those with whom he had loved to hold pleasant converse in days gone by ; and one very old and dear friend had written to him about his grievous errors, praying that “ he might be delivered from such false doctrines, and restrained from promulgating them ; ” and very deeply he mourned over the want of sympathy which he encountered in quarters where, in the trustfulness and simplicity of his own heart, he had fondly looked for kindly tolerance, if not for co-operation. The pamphlet on “ Church Reform,” which he wrote, as he said, because the need was urgent, and because he could not help writing, exposed him to still further misunderstanding and rebuke. It appeared early in 1833, and within six months of its publication passed through four editions.

The pamphlet contained a defence of the National Establishment, a statement of the dangers which menaced it, and a scheme which seemed to him the sole means of warding off its threatened disasters. His plan was, first of all, a design for comprehending Dissenters within the pale of the Establishment, without the compromise of principle on either side ; and, secondly, proposals for the increase of the actual sufficiency of the State-Church.

Men of the most opposite opinions quoted this pamphlet, the few with approbation, the many with condemnation.



Every party conceived that its own special views were attacked and decried. Dissenters bristled up, because some of its arrows were launched against what the author believed to be their sectarian narrowness; the clergy of the Establishment inveighed loudly against its supposed latitudinarianism; Conservatives threw down the gauntlet on behalf of their dearly cherished abuses, and shrieked out their deprecation of the meditated reforms; while the majority of the Liberals also withheld their voice and support, because the importance of religious institutions was, to their minds, too strenuously advocated. So that he bade fair to become, what several years after he still feared he should be, "an absolute political Ishmaelite!"

Nevertheless, the pamphlet met with many partial admirers, and with some half-hearted champions. There were not wanting persons who frowned upon its details, but yet acknowledged, as a whole, the justness of its general principles; while others, *per contra*, denied *in toto* the groundwork of the plan, yet conceded some of the minutiae, and praised the beauty and eloquence of certain passages. And yet many of the points which were then mooted, nearly, if not altogether for the first time, have since received the sanction of no small portion of the public voice and opinion.

"But, independently of the actual matter of the pamphlet," says Canon Stanley, "its publication was the signal for the general explosion of the large amount of apprehension or suspicion, which had been in so many minds contracted against him, since he became known to the public; amongst ordinary men, from his pamphlet on the Roman Catholic claims; amongst more thinking men, from his Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture; amongst men in general, from the union of undefined fear and dislike, which is almost sure to be inspired by the unwelcome presence of a man, who has resolution to propose, earnestness to attempt, and energy to effect any great change, either in public opinion or in existing institutions." And so the threatened storm burst upon him: the clouds had long gathered blackness, and the thunder had ever and anon murmured gloomily in the distance; but now, like the sweeping of an avalanche, came the

fierce tempest of popular wrath, and its consequent expression, and for the next four years of his life his name was associated with all possible, and with some impossible, errors, delinquencies, and sins of omission and commission. In the University of Oxford he was denounced personally, though not by name; newspapers filled their weekly columns with tirades against his politics, and caustic remarks upon every little mischance which befel in the management of the school. The High Conservative papers of the metropolis disdained not to reprint the articles of their provincial brethren, with additional, and far from complimentary, additions of their own. His sermons almost ceased to circulate. Those who knew nothing of him, or of his opinions echoed the invectives of his better informed opponents; adding, of course, such varnish and colouring as best suited their own cramped and distorted ideas; while even his personal acquaintance met him with distrust, and manifested a growing shyness, or altogether discontinued their intercourse.

He was deeply pained, and not a little startled at the loud and prolonged clamour, which his writings and his opinions, either actual or imagined, had excited in the popular mind; but "none of these things moved him." All public animadversions upon himself he utterly disregarded; and after one or two instances at the very outset of the commotion, he allowed all attacks upon the school (which, however, touched him more closely) to pass in silence. "My resolution is fixed," he said, "to let them alone, and on no account to condescend to answer them in the newspapers. All that is wanted is to inspire firmness into the minds of those engaged in the conduct of the school, lest their own confidence should be impaired by a succession of attacks, which I suppose is unparalleled in the experience of schools."

Meanwhile, as the formidable pamphlet was issuing from the press, Dr. Arnold was enjoying the retirement of his beloved Westmoreland retreat, now arrayed in its robes of hibernal beauty. On the first day of 1833, he wrote to his old Laleham friend, the Rev. J. Hearn:—

" . . . . New Year's day is in this part of the country

regarded as a great festival, and we have had prayers this morning, even in our village chapel at Rydal. May God bless us in all our doings in the year that is now begun, and make us increase more and more in the knowledge and love of Himself and of His Son, that it may be blessed to us, whether we live to see the end of it on earth or no. I owe you very much for the great kindness of your letters, and thank you earnestly for your prayers. Mine is a busy life, so busy that I have great need of not losing my intervals of sacred rest; so taken up in teaching others, that I have need of especial prayer and labour, lest I live with my own spirit untaught in the wisdom of God. . . . It grieves me more than I can say, to find so much intolerance; by which I mean over-estimating our points of difference, and under-estimating our points of agreement. I am by no means indifferent to truth and error, and hold my own opinions as decidedly as any man; which of course implies a conviction that the opposite opinions are erroneous. In many cases, I think them not only erroneous, but mischievous; still, they exist in men whom I know to be thoroughly in earnest, fearing God and loving Christ; and it seems to me to be a waste of time which we can ill afford, and a sort of 'quarrel by the way,' which our Christian vow of enmity against moral evil makes utterly unseasonable, when Christians suspend their great business, and loosen the bond of their union with each other by venting fruitless regrets and complaints against one another's errors, instead of labouring to lessen one another's sins. For coldness of spirit and negligence of our duty, and growing worldliness, are things which we should thank our friends for warning us against; but when they quarrel with our opinions, which we conscientiously hold, it merely provokes us to justify ourselves, and to insist that we are right, and they wrong.

"We arrived here on Saturday, and on Sunday night there fell a deep snow, which is now however melting, otherwise it would do more than anything else to spoil this unspoilable country. We are living in a little nook under one of the mountains, as snug and sheltered as can be, and I have got plenty of work to do within doors, let the snow last as long as it will."

In his correspondence at this period, allusions to his pamphlet are of course frequent, and generally significant enough in their nature. To one friend he says:—

"If we neglect that phantom uniformity, which has been our error ever since the Reformation, I am fully persuaded that an union

might be effected without difficulty. But God knows what will come to pass, and none besides, for we all seem groping about in the dark together."

Two days later, to Archbishop Whateley he writes :—

"My reasons for writing it (the pamphlet) were chiefly because the reform proposed by Lord Henley and others, seemed to me not only insufficient, but of a wrong kind; and because I have heard the American doctrine, of every man paying his minister as he would his lawyer, advanced and supported in high quarters, where it sounds alarming. I was also struck by the great vehemence displayed by the Dissenters at the late elections, and by the refusal to pay church-rates at Birmingham."

To the Rev. J. Tucker, then leaving England for the Mission field in India, he remarks :—

"What is coming none can foresee, but every symptom is alarming; above all, the extraordinary dearth of men professing to act in the fear of God, and not being fanatics. As *parties*, the High Churchmen, the Evangelicals, and the Dissenters, seem to me almost equally bad, and how many good men can be found who do not belong to one of them?"

His enjoyment of his Westmoreland sojourn was at this time most entire. It was always his delight to find himself in the shadow of his mountains; but now that the clamour against him was waxing loud and unscrupulous; now that friend and foe were, each in their different degree, arrayed against his commonest practice, and his simplest precept, he turned with more than ordinary satisfaction to this far northern and most beautiful retreat, as to a blessed haven of rest. He averred, too, that his coming down into Westmoreland might almost be said to be necessary, in order to satisfy a physical want in his nature, which craving after the enjoyment of beautiful scenery, found nothing for nine months in the year at all adequate to the supply required. Yet he agreed with Keble,—"*old Keble*" as he familiarly and fondly called him,—that mountains and lakes were not indispensable to this pure and elevating enjoyment. He responded fully

to the sentiment expressed in the third verse of the hymn for the first Sunday after Epiphany in the "Christian Year"—

"Needs no show of mountain hoary,  
Winding shore, or deepening glen,  
Where the landscape in its glory  
Teaches truth to wandering men :  
Give true hearts but earth and sky,  
And some flowers to bloom and die,—  
Homely scenes and simple views  
Lowly thoughts may best infuse."

The Thames at Laleham, Bagley Wood and Shotover at Oxford, were quite enough for it, he said; but he went on :—

"I only know of five counties in England which cannot supply it, and I am unluckily perched down in one of them. These five are Warwick, Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge and Bedford. I should add, perhaps, Rutland, and you cannot name a seventh; for Suffolk, which is otherwise just as bad, has its bit of sea-coast. We have no hills, no plains, not a single wood, and but one single copse; no heath, no down, no rock, no river, no clear stream, scarcely any flowers, for the lias is particularly poor in them; nothing but one endless monotony of inclosed fields and hedge-row trees. This is to me a daily privation; it robs me of what is naturally my anti-attrition, and as I grow older I begin to feel it. My constitution is sound, but not strong, and I feel any little pressure or annoyance more than I used to do: and the positive dulness of the country about Rugby makes it to me a mere working place: I cannot expatiate there, even in my walks. So in the holidays I have an absolute craving for the enjoyment of nature, and this country suits me better than anything else, because we can be all together, because we can enjoy the society, and because I can do something in the way of work besides."

Towards the close of the winter he received a letter from a gentleman who had long been the Member for Norwich; wherein particular objections were made to that part of his pamphlet which limited his scheme of comprehension to those who should address our Saviour as an object of worship: in other words, umbrage was taken at the fact of all Protestant

sects, save the Unitarians, being included in his proposition of union. The answer was written March 9th, 1833, and though too lengthy to transcribe in full, must be partly quoted, as affording a very clear exposition of his feelings towards those who are commonly called Unitarians, as well as towards Unitarianism itself:—

“My great objection to Unitarianism in its present form in England, where it is professed sincerely, is that it makes Christ virtually dead. Our relation to Him is past instead of present, and the result is notorious,—that instead of doing everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, the language of Unitarians loses this peculiarly Christian character, and assimilates to that of mere Deists. ‘Providence,’ ‘the Supreme Being,’ and other such expressions, taking the place of ‘God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,’ ‘the Lord,’ &c., which other Christians, like the Apostles, have found at once most natural to them and most delightful. For my own part, considering one great object of God’s revealing Himself in the person of Christ to be the furnishing us with an object of worship which we could at once love and understand; or, in other words, the supplying safely and wholesomely that want in human nature, which has shown itself in false religions, in making gods after our own desires; it does seem to me to be forfeiting the peculiar benefits thus offered, if we persist in attempting to approach to God in His own incomprehensible essence, which as no man hath seen, or can see, so no man can conceive it. And while I am most ready to allow the provoking and most ill-judged language in which the truth, as I hold it to be, respecting God, has been expressed by Unitarians; so, on the other hand, I am inclined to think that Unitarians have deceived themselves by fancying that they could understand the notion of one God any better than that of God in Christ, whereas, it seems to me, that it is only of God in Christ that I can in my present state of being conceive anything at all. To know God the Father, *i. e.* God as He is in Himself, in His, to us incomprehensible essence, seems the great and most blessed promise reserved for us when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

“You will forgive me for writing in this language; but I could not otherwise well express what it was, which I consider such a departure from the spirit of Christianity in modern Unitarianism. Will you forgive me also for expressing my belief and fervent hope, that if we could get rid of the Athanasian creed, and of some other instances of what I would call the technical language of Trinitarianism, many good Unitarians would have a stumbling-block removed out

of their path, and would join their fellow-Christians in bowing the knee to Him, who is Lord, both of the dead and the living.

“But whatever they may think of his nature, I never meant to deny the name of Christian to those who truly love and fear Him, and though I think it is the tendency of Unitarianism to lessen this love and fear, yet I doubt not that many Unitarians feel it notwithstanding, and then He is their Saviour, and they are His people.”

In the month of May, we find him again writing to his friend the Archbishop of Dublin, and speaking with pain and sadness of the frequent and persevering falsehoods which were circulated respecting his opinions and his practice. He complained, too, that when he was not quite so strong as usual, he felt the vexation of the school more than he could wish, and in the meantime Thucydides progressed but slowly, and nothing else save school-work got on at all.

All this time the new Westmoreland home was rising from its foundations. It was called Fox How, and any one now taking the high road from Ambleside to Rydal may descry its white walls nestling amid the green foliage on the banks of the Rotha—or Rothay, as it is more commonly spelt—and under the peaceful shadow of Loughrigg Fell. It looks, as he himself says, “right into the bosom of Fairfield—a noble mountain which sends down two long arms into the valleys, and keeps the clouds reposing between them, while he looks down on them composedly with his quiet brow.”

Furthermore he says :—

“Behind, we run up to the top of Loughrigg, and we have a mountain pasture in a basin on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those ‘Saltus’ on Cithæron, where Œdipus was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths’ friendship, for so I may call it, is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox How, and their kindness in arranging everything in our absence has been very great. Meantime, till our own house is ready, which cannot be till next summer, we have taken a furnished house at the head of Grasmere, on a little shoulder of the mountain of Silver How, between the lake on one side, and Easedale, the most delicious of vales, on the other.”

Midsummer found the family happily settled at Allan Bank, the name of their temporary residence, and once more Dr.

Arnold was free to enjoy the exquisite scenery of this most beautiful vale, to forget for awhile, in his happy, tranquil seclusion, the cares and trouble of his official life, and, so far as might be, the strife and censure of a noisy, jarring, ungentle world. And so with the pure lake, and its one lovely isle, "like an emerald clasped in crystal," sleeping below; the solemn mountains girdling the green quiet valley; Easedale, with its frothing waterfall on the right; and further still, Dunmail Raise, where the counties divide, and where a heap of mossy lichen-grown stones, called the Cairn of Dunmail, shows the last resting-place of the "last king of rocky Cumberland," who fell in battle on that very spot, nine hundred years ago; and close at hand the white village church, with its low square tower, and its unmusical bells;—with all these fair, and lovely, and legendary images around him, he took breath, and rested awhile from the heat and burden of the day.



## CHAPTER IX.

## ISOLATION.

DURING this summer (1833), Dr. Arnold resumed his long-suspended plan of giving to the world a continuation of the Roman History. Reading Niebuhr's third volume set him to work again, and though he had of course no idea of constituting himself a continuator of Niebuhr, he much wished to embody the thoughts and notions which he had learned from him.

At Allan Bank he began his pleasing task, intending at first to commence with the Punic War; but this design he subsequently altered, and three volumes published respectively in 1832, 1840, and 1842, were the result of his earnest and indefatigable labours, which were concluded, or rather broken off, by his death, at the end of the second Punic War.

It appeared to him that the natural divisions of Roman History were—the Gaulish Invasion; the Conquest of Italy after the repulse of Pyrrhus; the Conquest of the World, or of all that could offer any effectual resistance, in the Punic and Macedonian Wars; the Civil wars from the Gracchi to Actium; the Maturity of the Empire from Augustus to M. Aurelius; the Decline of the Empire, and of Paganism, from Commodus to Honorius;—the chaos out of which the new creation of modern society has come, from Alaric to Charlemagne.

No one felt more strongly than himself the powers, the variety, and the vast amount of knowledge necessary to treat so grand and so important a subject with anything like justice; he felt, too, that the labour was overpowering, and that he was writing under some disadvantages; but the love of history was so strong within him, and had been working for so many years, that he felt he could write something which would be read, and which he trusted would “encourage the love of all

things noble and just, and wise and holy." And so he began the Roman History from the beginning.

Several years afterwards he said, "I could not have any work which I should more enjoy: if I live, I hope to carry on the History till the sixth century, and end it with the foundation of the modern kingdoms, out of the wreck of the Western Empire."

In October he wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge, announcing the birth of his eighth living child, a little girl, on whom was conferred, what her father confesses to be "an unreasonable number of names—Frances Bunsen Trevenen Whateley,—the second, of course, after his valued friend the Prussian minister at Rome. In this letter occurs the first, or nearly the first reference to those errors, which, emanating from the Oxford University, have since spread their upas-like influence over the whole length and breadth of the National Establishment. He writes thus:—

"I cannot say how I am annoyed, both on public and private grounds, by these extravagances (at Oxford): on private grounds, from the gross breaches of charity to which they lead good men; and on public, because, if those things do produce any effect on the clergy, the evil consequences to the nation are not to be calculated; for what is to become of the Church, if the clergy begin to exhibit an aggravation of the worst superstitions of the Roman Catholics, only stripped of that consistency, which stamps even the errors of the Romish system with something of a character of greatness? . . . . It has always seemed to me that an extreme fondness for one 'dear mother the panther,'\* is a snare to which the noblest minds are most liable. It seems to me, that all, absolutely all, of our religious affections and veneration should go to Christ Himself, and that Protestantism, Catholicism, and every other name which expresses Christianity, and some differentia or proprium besides, is so far an evil, and, when made an object of attachment, leads to superstition and error. Then, descending from religious grounds to human, I think that one's natural and patriotic sympathies can hardly be too strong; but historically the Church of England is surely of a motley complexion, with much of good about it, and much of evil; no more a fit subject for enthusiastic admira-

\* See Dryden's "Hind and Panther."

tion than for violent obloquy. I honour and sympathize entirely with the feelings entertained; I only think that they might all of them select a worthier object; that whether they be pious and devout, or patriotic, or romantic, or of whatever class soever, there is for each and all of these a true object on which they may fasten without danger, and with infinite benefit; for surely the feeling of entire love and admiration is one which we cannot safely part with, and there are provided by God's goodness worthy and perfect objects of it, but these can never be human institutions, which, being necessarily full of imperfection, require to be viewed with an impartial judgment, not idolized by an uncritical affection. And that common metaphor about our 'Mother the Church,' is unscriptural and mischievous; because the feelings of entire filial reverence and love which we owe to a parent we do not owe to our fellow-Christians; we owe them brotherly love, meekness, readiness to bear, &c., but not filial reverence. 'To them I gave place by subjection, no not for an hour!'

Rather later in the year he entered upon a correspondence with Jacob Abbott, the author of the "Young Christian," and other excellent and instructive volumes intended for the junior portion of the community. Although quite unknown to the New England author, his admiration of the "Young Christian," and the circumstance of their being somewhat similarly engaged in the great work of education, induced him to open a communication with him. At the same time he begged Mr. Abbott's acceptance of a volume of Sermons; sending along with it his pamphlet on Church Reform; as he said "for no other reason than for the pleasure of submitting his views upon a great question, to the judgment of a mind furnished morally and intellectually, as his must be."

"The Corner Stone," he subsequently mentions in his third volume of Sermons, in the Appendix to Sermon XVIII, and speaks of it as "a most excellent work, written by a sincere Christian."

There are but few remains of the correspondence of the winter 1833-4. The Christmas vacation was spent as usual in Westmoreland, affording its wonted refreshment and tonic, and bracing his spirits for the campaign of the Rugby half-year. He was almost of opinion that the lake country was more beautiful in winter than in summer, and though to the

tourist this may seem a mere extravagance ; any one who has watched the dazzling purity of the mountain heights beneath the rays of the full moon, or in a clear frosty morning when the untrodden snow lies sparkling in the sunshine ; or has seen the trackless moors one white undulating waste, with here and there black heavy pines, waving like funeral plumes over a cold, dead, desolated world ; or has crossed on foot the frozen meres, where in warm summer days boats glided, and oars made music in the bright water :—gazing the while on some familiar peak, or friendly-looking scaur robed in a snowy mantle, that sunset's alchemy has changed into garments of crimson and golden splendour—any one who, chancing to hybernate in the far north, has witnessed these oft-times unappreciated aspects of beauty, will not, cannot fail to sympathize with the doctor, and feel that the Alpine loveliness of the short winter day surpasses the rosy summer mornings, and the rich solemn glories of the autumnal months ! But summer comes, and then that seems the fairest season ; and autumn in due course succeeds, and we think, and after all perhaps think rightly, that the ripe mellow beauty of autumn best becomes the fair mountain-land of the north country.

“ I was often reminded,” he writes, “ as I used to come home to Grasmere of an evening, and seemed to be quite shut in by the surrounding mountains, of the comparison of the hills standing about Jerusalem, with God standing about his people. The impression which the mountains gave me was never one of bleakness or wildness, but of a sort of paternal shelter and protection to the valley : and in those violent storms which were so frequent this winter, our house lay snug beneath its cliff, and felt comparatively nothing of the wind. We had no snow in the valleys, but frequently a thick powdering on the higher mountains, while all below was green and warm.”

He had intended publishing some tracts, which might prove an antidote to “ Tracts for the Times,” which were now beginning to cause a sensation in the religious world ; but hearing that the tracts in question were not extensively circulated, he thought it a pity to make them better known by answering them. He could not imagine that any layman

could be in the slightest danger of being influenced by them, "except so far as they might lead him to despise the clergy for countenancing them!"

At the close of a letter on this subject to Dr. Hawkins, written April 14th, 1834, he says:—

"By the way, I never accused Keble or Newman of saying that to belong to a true Church would save a bad man; but of what is equally unchristian, that a good man was not safe unless he belonged to an Episcopal Church; which is exactly not allowing God's seal without it be countersigned by one of their own forging. Nor did I say they were bad men, but much the contrary; though I think that their doctrine—which they believe, I doubt not, to be true—is in itself schismatical, profane, and unchristian. And I think it highly important that the evils of the doctrine should be shown in the strongest terms; but no word of mine has impeached the sincerity or general character of the men; and in this respect I will carefully avoid every expression that may be thought uncharitable."

The question of the admission of Dissenters to the Universities was now, in the course of events, brought before him. He replied to it by drawing up a Declaration, which he circulated for signature. It was as follows:—

"The undersigned members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, many of them engaged in education, entertaining a strong sense of the peculiar benefits to be derived from studying at the Universities, cannot but consider it a national evil that these benefits should be inaccessible to a large proportion of their countrymen.

"While they feel most strongly that the foundation of all education must be laid in the great truths of Christianity, and would on no account consent to omit these, or to teach them imperfectly, yet they cannot but acknowledge that these truths are believed and valued by the great majority of Dissenters, no less than by the Church of England; and that every essential point of Christian instruction may be communicated without touching on those particular questions, on which the Church and the mass of Dissenters are at issue.

"And while they are not prepared to admit such Dissenters as differ from the Church of England on the most essential points of Christian truth, such as the modern Unitarians of Great Britain, they are of opinion that all other Dissenters may be admitted into

the Universities, and allowed to take degrees there, with great benefit to the country, and to the probable advancement of Christian truth and Christian charity amongst members of all persuasions."

How far he was successful in obtaining signatures to this Declaration I have no means of ascertaining. Whether the Universities are in duty bound to concede, or to refuse the admission of Nonconformists, and whether Dissenters themselves would be most likely to be benefited or to be deteriorated, remains to this day an open question, and has no business to be discussed in a volume that professes to give the sentiments of the man whose character is to be delineated, rather than the opinions of the writer.

In July he informed Archbishop Whateley that he had written two sermons on the Evidences,—1st, Of Natural Religion; and 2nd, Of Christianity,—intended for the use of the young men then leaving Rugby for College; and that a third, on "The differences between Christians and Christians," was to be preached on the approaching Sunday. That a sort of mechanics' or tradesman's Institute having been established in Rugby, he had given two lectures on History, and drawn two great charts, colouring them to illustrate his lecture. One chart of the History of England and France, for the last three and a half centuries, he coloured after this fashion:—*red* for the periods of the wars of each country; *black* for the periods of civil war; and a bright *yellow* line at the side, to show the periods of constitutional government, with patches of *brown* to indicate seasons of great distress.

And in the midst of all these confidences, he breaks out:—"We are all very well, *and rather desire our mountains!* though all things have gone on very pleasantly so far, but the half-year is a long one certainly."

On the 10th of September he wrote this letter to his aunt, Mrs. Frances Delafield, it being her seventy-seventh birthday:—

"This is your birthday, on which I have thought of you and loved you, for as many years past as I can remember. No 10th of September will ever pass without my thinking of you and loving you. I pray that God will keep you, through Jesus Christ, with all

blessing, under every trial which your age may bring upon you: and if separated Christ we meet together after the resurrection, there will be nothing of old or young—of healthy or sickly—of clear memory, or of confused—but we shall be all one in Christ Jesus.

About this time, or perhaps a little later, his third volume of Sermons, with a preface on the Study of Theology, and two addresses on Atheism, and on the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, were published. And immediately afterwards some very valuable remarks in answer to the question "What line of study is to be recommended for a clergyman?" were written in a letter addressed to T. F. Ellis, Esq., and are certainly well worthy transcription in these pages. He begins by saying his own notions are very decided, and he feels somewhat singular: he then proceeds to state them with his characteristic frankness and clearness:—

A clergyman's profession is the knowledge and practice of Christianity, with no more particular profession to distract his attention from it. While all men, therefore, should study the Scriptures, he should study them thoroughly; because from them only is the knowledge of Christianity to be obtained. And they are to be studied with the help of philological works and antiquaries, not of dogmatic theology. But then for the application of the Scriptures in preaching, &c., a man requires, first, the general cultivation of his mind, by reading the works of the very greatest writers, philosophers, orators and poets; and next, an understanding of the actual state of society, of our own and of general history, as affecting and explaining the existing differences among us both civil and religious,—and of political economy, as teaching him how to deal with the poor, and how to remove many of the natural passions which embitter their minds against the actual frame of society. Further, I should advise a constant use of the biography of good men, their inward feelings, prayers, &c., and of devotional and practical works, like 'Taylor's Holy Living,' 'Cusham's Rise and Progress of Religion in the World,' &c. &c. Our ecclesiastical history there is a great defect. I do not know Washington's book well; but the common histories, Mosheim, Milner, Pugin, &c., are all bad; so is Fleury, except the ecclesiastical portion of several of his volumes, and which ought to be published separately. For our own Church again,

the truth lies in a well. Strype, with all his accuracy, is so weak, and so totally destitute of all sound views of government, that it is positively injurious to a man's understanding to be long engaged in so bad an atmosphere. Burnet is much better in every way, yet he is not a great man; and I suppose that the Catholic and Puritan writers are as bad and worse. As commentators on the Scriptures, I should recommend Lightfoot and Grotius: the former from his great Rabbinical learning is often a most admirable illustrator of allusions and obscure passages, in both the Old and New Testaments; the latter, alike learned and able and honest, is always worth reading. But I like 'Pole's Synopsis Criticorum' altogether, and the fairness of the collection is admirable. For Hebrew, 'Gesenius's Lexicon' and 'Stuart's Grammar' are recommended to me, but I cannot judge of them myself. Schleusner's well-known Lexicons for the Septuagint and New Testament are exceedingly valuable as an index verborum, but his interpretations are not to be relied on, and he did not belong to the really great school of German philology."

A plan was now started for the publication of a periodical, to be called the "Rugby Magazine." Dr. Arnold felt that the magazine would be a very excellent thing, both for the credit and for the real benefit of the school: still he was anxious, lest, by the insertion of "trash," or anything like local or personal slander or gossip, it might prove a serious disgrace to all. Again, he dreaded its being political; for he wished by no means to encourage the ridiculous notion that he tried to introduce politics into the common course of school studies, and little more than a year had elapsed since he had been publicly accused of teaching the boys "Junius," and the "Edinburgh Review," if not, as was whispered and hinted, "Cobbett" and the "Examiner." "Only remember," he says, when giving his opinion about the projected magazine, "that the result of such an attempt cannot be neutral; it must either do us great good or great harm."

The scheme was finally carried into effect. It was written wholly by boys actually at school, or by under-graduates in their first year. The Doctor was greatly delighted with the spirit of it, and thought that there was much ability in many of the articles. He believed, too, that it was likely to do



you in the school. And on the 13th of October, 1835, he writes to Mr. Justice Coleridge:—"Have you seen our *Rugby Magazine*? of which the second number has just made its appearance?" And he goes on to express the commendatory opinions just quoted.

In January, 1835, while spending the usual winter recess at Fox How, he received news of the elevation of his friend Mr. Serjeant Coleridge to the Bench; an appointment which, on public and private grounds, rejoiced him exceedingly. Fox How was now complete, so far as its perfection could be ensured by human hands and brains; that is to say, the workmen—of course to the great contentment of the whole family—could be dispensed with, and nothing remained but to watch the progress of improvements, and to wait nature's good time for the bringing to maturity the trees and shrubs planted in the newly-formed grounds.

Just before returning to Rugby, he began to entertain the idea of getting up good grammars, both Latin and Greek, which, being generally used in the great public schools, might become, as it were, *national* grammars. He proposed that this work should be undertaken on the plan followed by the translators of the Bible, viz., that a certain portion of the grammar should be allotted to the master or masters of the great schools; for instance, the accidence to one, syntax to another, and prosody to a third, and so on; and then that the parts so contributed should be submitted to the revision of the other schools, and the whole reduced into proper shape. It would be a grand thing, he affirmed, "to have a common grammar jointly concocted;" but if he could not get other men to join him in this plan, the next best thing would be for himself and his friends to try their hands on one for Rugby. This scheme, however, met with no adequate support, and finally he adopted for his own school the Rev. C. Wordsworth's Greek Grammar.

During this vacation he was called away to Warwickshire, to vote at the election. He might well have excused himself from this expensive and inconvenient journey: since it sadly broke up his short interval of retirement and repose, and cost much time and money, at a period when railroads were scarce,

and in a district where even stage-coaches were far from good, and far from regular; nevertheless, he thought it right to go, and go he did, and voted for the Liberal candidate, much to the disgust of those who had already inveighed against his principles and practice. A thorough burst of indignation followed, and the outcry against him reached its climax.

Several days before he quitted Fox How, to begin the twenty-one weeks of the Rugby half-year, he wrote:—

“The Church question remains more uncertain than ever; we have got a respite, I trust, from the Jew Bill for some time; but in other matters, I fear, reform, according to my views, is as far off as ever. I care not in the least about pluralities and equalising revenues: let us have a real Church Government, and not a pretended one; and this government vested in the Church, and not in the clergy, and we may have hopes yet. But I dread above all things the notion either of THE convocation, or of any convocation in which the Laity had not at least an equal voice. As for the Irish Church, that I think will baffle any man’s wits to settle it as it should be settled.”

Soon after his return to Rugby he wrote to Chevalier Bunsen:—

“It is one of my most delightful prospects to bring my two elder boys, and I hope their dear mother also, to see you and Mrs. Bunsen, whether it be at Rome or at Berlin. I only wait for the boys being old enough to derive some lasting benefit from what they would see and hear on the Continent. They are too young now, for the eldest is but just twelve years old; the second just eleven. Your little namesake is the smallest creature of her age that I ever saw, —a mere doll walking about the room; but full of life and intelligence, and the merriest of the merry.

“I have been trying to begin Hebrew, but am discouraged by my notions of the uncertainty of the best knowledge hitherto gained about it. Do you think it possible to understand Hebrew well; that is, as we understand Greek, where the language is more precise, and more clear than even our own could be? Conceive the luminous clearness of Demosthenes, owing to his perfect use of an almost perfect language, and our complete understanding of it; but the interpretation of the Hebrew Prophets seems to me, judging from the different commentaries, to be almost guess-work; and I doubt

whether it can ever be otherwise. Thus the criticism of the Old Testament, the dates of the several books, their origin and all, seem to me undecided, and what Wolf and Niebuhr have done for Greece and Rome seems sadly wanted for Judea."

Subsequently, however, his view of the uncertainty of the interpretation of the Hebrew prophets underwent considerable modification. Finding that Lowth and Gesenius generally agreed in their commentaries on Isaiah, he regarded their coincidence as a proof that the meaning of the Hebrew Scriptures could be really ascertained.

To a former pupil, then an under-graduate at Cambridge, he writes about this time :—

"I was obliged to you for a hint in your letter to Price, about our reading more Greek poetry, and accordingly we have begun the Harrow 'Musa Græca,' and are doing some Pindar. You may be sure that I wish to consult the line of reading at both Universities, so far as this can be done without a system of direct cramming, or without sacrificing something which I may believe to be of paramount importance. Aristophanes, however, I had purposely left for Lee to do with the Fifth Form, as it is a book which he had studied well, and can do much better than I can.

"I am doing nothing, but thinking of many things. . . . I have been revelling in my friend Bunsen's collection of hymns, and have lately got a periodical work on Divinity, published by some of the best German Divines,—'Theologische Studien und Kritiken.' I mention these, because they are both so utterly unlike our High Church or Evangelical writings; they seem to me to be a most pure transcript of the New Testament, combining, in a most extraordinary degree, the spirit of love with the spirit of wisdom.

"It is a very hard thing, I suppose, to read at once passionately and critically, by no means to be cold, captious, sneering, or scoffing: to admire greatness and goodness with an intense love and veneration, yet to judge all things; to be the slave neither of names nor of parties, and to sacrifice even the most beautiful associations for the sake of truth. I would say, as a good general rule, never read the works of any ordinary man, except on scientific matters, or when they contain simple matters of fact. Even on matters of fact, silly and ignorant men, however honest and industrious in their particular subject, require to be read with constant watchfulness and suspicion; whereas great men are always instructive, even amidst much of error

on particular points. In general, however, I hold it to be certain, that the truth is to be found in the great men, and the error in the little ones."

When the time of flowers and green leaves returned once more to gladden the earth, he owned that he sighed for Fox How, and when he, with all the children except "little Fan," made a raid across the country to the only place within four miles, where there was a little copse and wild flowers, he sighed to see the wood anemones on the rock. Brave and undaunted as he was, the long fierce onslaught against him, must have wearied his spirits, and told upon his physical health; and it was no wonder that his heart often yearned for his quiet home under the shelter of old Loughrigg, with the music of the Rotha sounding merrily the live-long day, and with Fairfield Red Screes and Wansfell for distant neighbours!

The monotonous character of the scenery around Rugby was almost oppressive, and he would gaze across the dull level of fields, to the east of the town, and say, with almost ludicrous despondency—

"It is no wonder we do not like looking that way, when one considers that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural mountains. Conceive what you look over; for you just miss Sweden, and look over Holland, the north of Germany, and the centre of Russia. I feel," he once said, "that I love Middlesex and Westmoreland, but I care nothing for Warwickshire, and am in it like a plant sunk in the ground in a pot; my roots never strike beyond the pot, and I could be transplanted at any minute without tearing or severing of my fibres. To the pot itself—which is the school—I could cling very lovingly, were it not that the laborious nature of the employment makes me feel that it can only be temporary, and that if I live to old age, my age could not be spent in my present situation."

And of Fox How, he said:—

"It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it."

Never was he more thoroughly in his element, never did the natural joyousness of his genial temperament more thoroughly develope itself, than when—pens, ink, books, and paper all laid aside,—the Head Master sunk in “Papa,” and the historian and the politician forgotten in the geologist and the botanist—he would take all his family to spend the day among the mountains. Then they started betimes, taking provisions for the day, climbing, and slipping, and scrambling by turns ; while he, the guide, the life, and the joy of the party, sought out the easiest tracks, picked up the little ones when they fell, and cheered them onwards and upwards ; discovered the most delightful and commodious spots for rest and refreshment ; knew “instinctively where the best views were to be obtained,” and was always ready with strong careful hand or arm for the weary ones, or the lag-last of the little party. The green valleys, the sweeping bounding streams, and the steadfast mountains in their grandeur and glory, are all there, ever beautiful and unchanged ; but his firm light step may never bend the heather more ; his clear ringing voice may never sound again amid the scaurs and the rocks, re-echoing familiar and beloved names ; his bright kindling glance may never fall any more on lake and islet, and far-off mountain range :—but for him *it is well* !—for his are now “the golden hills of Heaven.”

In May, 1835, he wrote to his friend, Mr. Justice Coleridge :—

“I do hope to see you ere long, for I yearn sadly after my old friends. . . . I live alone, as far as men friends are concerned, and am obliged more and more to act and think by myself, and for myself. . . . The attacks go on weekly, charging me with corrupting the boys’ religious principles, and intending, if they can, to injure me in my trade. I am assured that many copies of the paper in which most of the libels appear, are sent gratuitously to persons in Ireland, who have been supposed likely to send their money here ; and the same tone of abuse was followed for some weeks in the ‘John Bull.’ I think that this spirit of libel is peculiar to the Tories, from L’Estrange and Swift downwards. Just ask yourself, if you have known any Tory not more engaged in public life than I am, and having given as little ground for attack by per-

sonalities on my part, who was abused by the Liberal papers as I have been by the Tories. I often think of the rancorous abuse which the same party heaped upon Burnett; and how that Exposition of the Articles, which Bishops and Divines, Professors and Tutors, now recommend, was censured by the Lower House of Convocation as latitudinarian. . . . I have been reading a good deal of Pindar and of Aristophanes lately—Pindar, after twenty years' interval, and how much more interesting he is to the man than to the boy. As for Homer, it is my weekly feast to get better and better acquainted with him. In English I read scarcely anything, and I know not when I shall be able to do it. We go on here very comfortably, and the school is in a very satisfactory state. I had the pleasure of seeing some of the best of my Rugby pupils here at Easter, and one of the best of my Laleham ones was here a little before. It is the great happiness of my profession to have these relations so dear and so enduring. I had intended to go to Oxford to-day, to have voted in favour of the Declaration, instead of the Subscription to the Articles, but I could not well manage it, and it was of little consequence, as we were sure to be beaten. It makes me half daft to think of Oxford, and the London University, as bad as one another, in their opposite ways, and perpetuating their badness by remaining distinct, instead of mixing."

The following letter to a person distressed by sceptical doubts, is so valuable, and contains so much that may be useful to any one harassed by similar temptations, that, so far from venturing to omit it, I find I cannot do better than insert it almost as it stands, leaving out only a very few sentences which seem to be purely metaphysical, and which in no wise alter or influence the context. It bears date, Rugby, June 21, 1835.

"The more I think of the matter, the more I am satisfied that all speculations of the kind in question are to be repressed by the will; and if they haunt us, notwithstanding the efforts of our will, that then they are to be prayed against, and silently endured as a trial. I mean speculations turning upon things wholly beyond our reach, and where the utmost conceivable result cannot be truth, but additional perplexity. Such must be the question as to the origin and continued existence of moral evil, which is a question utterly out of our reach; as we know, and can know, nothing of the system of the Universe, and which can never bring us to truth; because if we

~~about one hypothesis as certain, and come to a conclusion upon one theory, we shall be met by difficulties quite as insuperable on the other side, which would oblige us in fairness to go over the process again, and to regret our new conclusion, as we had done our old one; because, in our total ignorance of the matter, there will always be difficulties in the way of any hypothesis which we cannot answer, and which will effectually preclude our ever arriving at a state of intellectual information, such as consists in having a clear view of a whole question from first to last, and seeing that the premises are true, the conclusion fairly drawn, and that all objections to either may be satisfactorily answerable. . . . I know nothing about the origin of evil, but I believe that Christ did know; and as our common sense tells us that we can strive against evil, and sympathize in punishment here, although we cannot tell how there comes to be evil, so Christ tells us that we may continue these same feelings to the state beyond this life, although the origin of evil is still a secret to us. And I know Christ to have been so wise, and so loving to men, that I am sure I may trust his word, and that what was entirely agreeable to his sense of justice and goodness, cannot, unless through my own defect, be otherwise than agreeable to mine. Further, when I find Him repelling all questions of curiosity, and reproving in particular such as had a tendency to lead men away from their great business,—the doing good to themselves, and to others,—I am sure that if I stood before Him, and said to Him ‘Lord what can I do!—for I cannot understand how God can allow any to be wicked, or why He should not destroy them, rather than let them exist to suffer’—‘that his mildest answer would be,—What is that to thee? follow thou Me.’ But if He, who can read the heart, knew that there was in the doubt so expressed, anything of an evil heart of unbelief—of unbelief that had grown out of carelessness, and from my not having walked watchfully after Him, loving Him, and doing His will,—then I should expect that He would tell me that this thought had come to me, because I neither knew Him, nor his Father, but had neglected and been indifferent to both; and then I should be sure that He would give me no explanation or light at all, but would rather make the darkness thicken upon me, till I came before him, not with a speculative doubt, but with an earnest prayer for his mercy, and his help, and with a desire to walk humbly before Him, and to do his will and promote his kingdom. This, I believe, is the only way to deal with these disturbances of mind which cannot lead to truth, but only to perplexity. Many persons, I am inclined to think, endure some of these~~

to their dying day, well aware of their nature, and not sanctioning them by their will, but unable to shake them off, and enduring them as a real thorn in the flesh, as they would endure the far lighter trials of sickness and outward affliction. But they should be kept, I think, to ourselves, and not talked of even to our nearest friends, when we once understand their true nature. Talking about them gives them a sort of reality, which otherwise they would not have, just like talking of our dreams. We should act, and speak, and try to feel as if they had no existence, and then in most cases they do cease to exist after a time; when they do not, they are harmless to our spiritual nature, although I fully believe they are the most grievous affliction with which human nature is visited.

“Of course what I have here said relates only to such questions as cannot possibly be so answered as to produce even entire intellectual satisfaction, much less moral advantage. I hold that atheism and pure scepticism are both systems of absurdity, which involves the condemnation of hypotheses leading to either of them as conclusions. For atheism separates truth from goodness, and scepticism destroys truth altogether, both of which are monstrosities, from which we should revolt as from a real madness. With my earnest hopes and prayers that you may be relieved from what I know to be the greatest of earthly trials, but with a no less earnest advice, that, if it does continue, you will treat it as a trial, and only cling the closer, as it were, to that perfect Saviour, in the entire love and truth of whose nature all doubt seems to melt away, and who, if kept steadily before our minds, is, I believe, most literally our Bread of Life, giving strength and peace to our weakness and distractions.”

This Midsummer (1835) the semi-annual visit to Westmoreland was shorter than usual. Domestic arrangements required an earlier return to Rugby, and so the doctor was for once placed in the novel position of keeping a portion of his holidays in Warwickshire—a thing which in itself, in spite of the beauty he was leaving at Fox How, he could not really regret. He looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to seeing more than the *backs* of his books during the leisure fortnight, and to the long free mornings when he could employ himself exactly as he chose, without let or hindrance. He found it essential that he should not give up his own reading, as he affirmed that whatever was gained personally, invariably turned to account for the school in



some way or other. He was afraid, though one would think with little reason, that he was growing lazy, because, when the day's work was done, he found himself averse to settling to any regular employment, preferring either to amuse himself with reading to his children, or with any light book that might be at hand. Few judge themselves with the unpromising vigour with which he surveyed his own sayings and doings, and refrainings; and certainly very few make larger allowance for the faults and shortcomings of others; thus reversing somewhat the common order of criticism and introspection; viewing his neighbour's haltings and stumblings through the small end of the telescope, and his own, through that which magnifies to the fullest extent.

And so the quiet fortnight at Rugby was duly employed and enjoyed; and he tells us how he and Mrs. Arnold used to sit out in the garden under the enormous elms of the school-field, seeing as they sat "the line of battlemented roofs, and the pinnacles and cross of the chapel cutting the unclouded sky." Moreover, he confessed to "divers happy little cricket matches" with his young sons, on the very cricket ground of the "eleven!" where, in the half-year, no profane person dared to tread. Then came the birth of a little boy, the last addition to the Arnold nursery, a fine little fellow according to his father's account, and answering to the name of Walter.

During the vacation he wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge the following letter:—

"I thank you most heartily for BOTH your affectionate letters. When I suspect you of unkindness, or feel offended with anything that you say or write to me, I must have cast off my nature indeed very sadly. Be assured that there was nothing in your first letter which you could wish unwritten—nothing that was not written in the true spirit of friendship. I was vexed only thus far, that I could not explain many points to you, which I think would have altered your judgment as to the facts of the case. . . . My dear friend, I know and feel the many great faults of my life and practice, and grieve more than I can say, not to have more intercourse with those friends who used to reprove me, I think to my benefit—I am sure without ever giving me offence. But I cannot

allow that those opinions which I earnestly believe, after many years' thought and study, to be entirely according to Christ's mind, and most tending to his glory, and the good of his Church, shall be summarily called heretical; and it is something of a trial to be taxed with perverting my boys' religious principles, when I am labouring, though most imperfectly, to lead them to Christ in true and devoted faith, and when I hold all the scholarship that ever man had to be infinitely worthless, in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement. And I think that I have seen my work in some instances blessed; not, I trust, to make me proud of it, or think that I have anything to be satisfied with, yet so far as to make it very painful to be looked upon as an enemy by those whose Master I would serve as heartily, and whom, if I dare say it, I love with as sincere an affection as they do. God bless you, and thank you for all your kindness to me always."

In 1835 the third and last volume of Thucydides was published.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE HAMPDEN CONTROVERSY.

IN September, 1835, a Fellowship in the Senate of the new London University was offered to Dr. Arnold by Mr. Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer; and he accepted it, in the hope of being useful to the institution, and of infusing into its proceedings an influence which, as he expressed it, should be Christian, but not sectarian. He did not at first strongly insist on a Scriptural examination; because it was alleged that, from the amalgamation of differing bodies of Christians within the University, such an examination would be altogether impracticable. But when he came to consider the question more fully, it seemed to him that there existed no insuperable obstacles against so desirable a plan. Archbishop Whateley assured him that a scriptural examination had been proved practicable in Ireland; and a leading Unitarian whom he addressed on the subject fully concurred in his opinion; so that, "when I found," he says, "that there was a very great necessity for avowing the Christian principle strongly, because unbelief was evidently making a cat's-paw of dissent, I gave notice of my intention of recommending the introduction of the Scriptures, as a part of the classical examinations for every degree."

The majority of the Senate were either hostile or indifferent to his suggestions; but he pressed them with all his characteristic earnestness and ardour; and when told that, though the measure was in itself right, the times would not bear it, he replied, "I do not understand how the times can help bearing what an honest man has the resolution to do. They may hinder his views from gaining full success, but they cannot destroy the moral force of his protest against them, and at any rate they cannot make him do their work without his own co-operation."

In November he wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge thus :—

“ . . . . I have accepted the office of one of the Examiners in Arts,—not without much hesitation and many doubts of the success of the plan,—but desirous, if possible, to exercise some influence on a measure which seems to me full of very important consequences for good or for evil. Before I knew anything about this, I had written a pamphlet on the admission of Dissenters into the Universities, not meaning to publish it directly, if at all; but wishing to embody my view of the whole question, in which, of course, I take the strongest interest. Now if I act with this new Board, I am more disposed to publish my own views for my own justification, lest any man should think me an advocate for the plan of National Education without Christianity; which I utterly abhor. But I am well nigh driven beside myself, when I think that to this monstrosity we are likely to come; because the zealots of different sects (including in this term the Establishment) will have no Christianity without Sectarianism.”

He wished to prevent the establishment of more sectarian educational institutions, which would be the case if Dissenters had their regular colleges; but then he argued that Dissenters must or ought to have degrees, and they were shut out from Oxford and Cambridge. Everything seemed to him tending to sectarianism, the Establishment and Dissent being alike identified with parties; and it was his own firm conviction that every difference of opinion amongst Christians was either unessential “or remediable by time and mutual fairness,” if tradition were utterly cast away, and the Scriptures solely interpreted by themselves. On this subject, writing to Dr. Hawkins, he says :—

“ I think that in your sermon on Unauthoritative Tradition you have unawares served the cause of error and schism; for I should just reverse that argument, and, instead of saying that we should bring in tradition to teach certain doctrines, which Scripture appears to recognise, but does not clearly develope, I should say that, because Scripture does not clearly develope them, therefore they ought not to be taught as essential, nor with any greater degree of precision than is to be found in Scripture: and then I believe that we should have Christian truth exactly in its own proper proportions;—what is plain, and what is essential being in effect

controvertible terms ;—whereas I am satisfied that Church authority, whether early or late, is as rotten a staff as ever was Pharaoh king of Egypt's—it will go into a man's hand to pierce him."

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge, dated December 16th, 1835, is subjoined, as being the expression of the doctor's sentiments respecting Conservatism and the Conservative party. After speaking of Conservatism as an evil to which mankind in general are prone, and to which he himself instinctively turned, being otherwise minded, only by an effort of principle or reason, as one would overcome any other bad propensity ;—he goes on to say :—

" I think Conservatism far worse than Toryism, if by Toryism be meant a fondness for monarchical government, or even despotic government ; for despotism may often further the advance of a nation, and a good dictatorship may be a very excellent thing, as I believe of Louis Phillipe's government at this moment, thinking Guizot to be a great and good man, who is looking steadily forwards ; but Conservatism always looks backwards, and therefore under whatever form of government I think it the enemy of all good. And if you ask me how far I can act with the present Ministers, with many of whom I am far from sympathising, I answer, that I would act with them against the Conservatives as Cranmer and Ridley acted with Somerset and Northumberland, and the Russells of that day, not as thinking them the best or wisest of men, but as men who were helping forward the cause of Reform against Conservatism, and who, therefore, were serving the cause of their country and of mankind, when Fisher and More and Tonstall, better men individually, would have grievously injured both. . . . But I am running on unreasonably, and time is precious ; my meaning is, that had I been a Conservative, I am quite sure that no act of mine would have ever been considered as going out of my way into politics ; but on the other side, *defendit numerus* : and that is called zeal for the Church which in me is called political violence. We are all well, and I am marvellously untired by our five weeks' examination ; but still I expect to rejoice in the mountains."

The Christmas vacation was spent as usual at Fox How, and they had a most delightful winter ; as Dr. Arnold himself testifies. He spent a day at Keswick, and saw Southey, and his daughters, Kate and Bertha. He thought Southey

much altered, and gently chid him for reading as he walked, which he, though younger, did not dare to do, thinking it too constant a strain.

Early in the year 1836, the Hampden controversy agitated the public mind. Dr. Arnold considered that Hampden was most unfairly treated, and especially disclaimed the idea of judging a man, "not for the opinions which he holds, but for the degree of condemnation which he passes on the opposite opinions."

"Hampden is a good man," (he writes in March, 1836,) "and an able one: a lover of truth and fairness; and I should think that the wholesome air of such a man's lectures would tend to freshen men's faith, and assure them that it had a foundation to rest upon, when the infinite dishonesty and foolery of such divinity as I remember in the lecture rooms and pulpits in times past, would be enough to drive a man of sound mind into any extravagancies of unbelief. . . . Hampden's Bampton Lectures are a great work, entirely true in their main points, and I think most useful. . . . But it is merely like the cry of Oxford a hundred and twenty years ago, when the lower House of Convocation condemned Burnet's Exposition of the Articles. So always, in the course of human things, the tail labours to sting the head."

Again, a few days later, Dr. Arnold expresses his strong disapprobation of the course of action pursued at Oxford. Their mode of procedure he stigmatized as merely "Lynch Law," and proposed, "that if Hampden really were charged with preaching or publishing heresy, he should be tried by a proper tribunal, either by the Bishop, or by the Vice-Chancellor, assisted by six doctors of Divinity." He thought the case very much like a repetition of those scenes of the Reformation, when, in Edward VI.'s time, Peter Martyr went down to Oxford as Divinity Professor, and was received by the Catholics with just the same outcry as was then, and on the same grounds, raised by the High Churchmen against Hampden. The Evangelicals, he thought, had been in many instances led to join the clamour against him, from their partiality for their own particular phraseology. "Hampden," he says, in a letter to his friend Mr. Hearn, "is doing what real Christian reformers have ever done; what the Protestants

did with Catholicism, and the Apostles with Judaism. He upholds the Articles as true in substance, he maintains their usefulness, and the truth and importance of their doctrines; but he sees that the time is come when their phraseology requires to be protested against, as having in part obstructed and embarrassed the reception of the very truths which they intend to inculcate. He is engaged in that same battle against technical theological language, to which you and I have, I believe, an equal dislike; while he would join us thoroughly in condemning the errors against which the Articles were directed, and holds exactly the language and sentiments which Cranmer and Ridley, I believe, would hold if they were alive now."

The Evangelical party urged that Hampden had a tendency to Socinianism. Dr. Arnold objected that he might have an *element* of Socinianism, or rather a germ of that which, *carried to excess*, might eventually become Socinian; but from any charge of real unsoundness of doctrine he strenuously defended him.

In this year (1836), the question of admitting Jews into Parliament was violently agitated. Dr. Arnold strongly protested against the projected admission, and he spoke of getting up a petition against the "Jew Bill." This being a question which has occupied the minds of great theologians and politicians from that day till almost this very time, when at length the disabilities of the Jewish portion of our community are removed; it would be absurd and presumptuous, as well as unnecessary, to treat the subject in these pages; and Dr. Arnold's opinions are best given in his own words.

On April 27th, 1836, he writes:—

"I went to take up my stand on my favourite principle, that the world is made up of Christians and non-Christians; with all the former we should be one, with none of the latter. I would thank the Parliament for having done away with distinctions between Christian and Christian; I would pray that distinctions be kept up between Christians and non-Christians. Then I think that the Jews have no claim whatever of political right. If I thought of Roman Catholicism as you do, I would petition for the repeal of the Union to-morrow, because I think Ireland ought to have its own

Church established in it; and if I thought that Church anti-Christian, I should object to living in political union with a people belonging to it. But the Jews are strangers in England, and have no more claim to legislate for it than a lodger has to share with the landlord in the management of the house."

Again, on the 4th of May, to Archbishop Whateley:—

"They (the Jews) are voluntary strangers here, and have no claim to become citizens, but by conforming to our moral law, which is the Gospel. Had we brought them as captives, I should think that we ought to take them back again, and I should think myself bound to subscribe for that purpose. I would give the Jews the honorary citizenship which was so often given by the Romans,—i.e. the private right of citizens, *jus commercii et jus connubii*; but not the public right, *jus suffragii*, and *jus honorum*. . . . Then, again, I cannot but think you over-estimate the difference between Christian and Christian. Every member of Christ's Catholic Church is one with whom I may lawfully join in legislation, and whose ministry I may lawfully use, as a judge or a magistrate; but a Jew or heathen I cannot apply to voluntarily, but only obey him passively if he has the rule over me. A Jew judge ought to drive all Christians from pleading before him according to St. Paul, 1 Cor. vi. 1.

About this time Dr. Arnold begins to speak of the Newmanites as the Oxford Judaizers; not, of course, from any sympathy which they entertained in favour of the Jew Bill; but on account of their tendency to the undue exaltation of prescription, forms, and ceremonial observances; and he notices as special points on which the "Judaizers" have set up their heresy—the priesthood, sacraments, apostolical succession, tradition, and the church.

In May 1836, we have the following record of his opinions on the Newman heresies:—

"Now with regard to the Newmanites I do not call them bad men, nor would I deny their many good qualities; I judge of them as I do commonly of mixed characters, where the noble and the base, the good and the bad, are strangely mixed up together. . . . It is clear to me that Newman and his party are idolators; they put Christ's church, and Christ's sacraments, and Christ's ministers, in the place of Christ Himself; and these being only imperfect ideas,



the universal worship of them unavoidably tends to the neglect of other ideas no less important; and thence some passion or other loses its proper and intended check, and the moral evil follows. Thus it is that narrow-mindedness tends to wickedness, because it does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature; for then it would not be *narrow-mindedness*; and this neglect fosters the growth of evil in the parts that are so neglected. Thus a man may 'give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be nothing;' where I do not understand it of giving out of mere ostentation, or with a view to gain influence; but that a man may have one or more virtues, such as are according to his favourite ideas, in very great perfection, and still be nothing; because these ideas are his idols, and worshipping them with all his heart, there is a portion of his heart, more or less considerable, left without its proper object, guide, and nourishment, and so this portion is left to the dominion of guilt. . . . I have been looking through the 'Tracts,' which to me are a memorable proof of their idolatry; some of the idols are better than others, some being indeed as very a *truncus ficulnus* as ever the most degraded superstition worshipped; but as to Christianity, there is more of it in any one of Mrs. Sherwood's, or Mrs. Cameron's, or indeed of any of the Tract Society's, than in all the two Oxford octavos. And these men would exclude John Bunyan, and Mrs. Fry, and John Howard from Christ's church, while they exalt the Non-jurors into confessors, and Laud into a martyr."

And in a letter to Dr. Hawkins, he writes:—

"I have been reading the Pusey and Newman tracts with no small astonishment; they surpass all my expectations in point of extravagance, and in their complete opposition to the Christianity of the New Testament. But there are some beautiful things in Pusey's tracts on baptism, much that is holy and pure, and truly Christian, till, like Don Quixote's good sense in ordinary matters, it all gets upset by some outbreak of his particular superstition."

About Midsummer, Dr. Arnold received a letter from Earl Howe, who wrote to him in his official capacity as one of the trustees of Rugby School, to request that he would declare if he was the author of an article on Dr. Hampden in the "Edinburgh Review," which was attributed to him, and stating that his conduct would be guided by the Doctor's reply.

The following was Dr. Arnold's answer:—

"Rugby, June 22nd, 1836.

"MY LORD,

"The answer which your lordship has asked for, I have given several times to many of my friends, and I am well known to be very little apt to disavow or conceal my authorship of anything that I may at any time have written. Still, as I conceive your lordship's question to be one which none but a personal friend has the slightest right to put to me, or to any man, I feel it due to myself to decline giving any answer to it."

The result was another letter from the Earl, urging compliance with his request, and stating that he might feel constrained by official duty to take some step in the matter should the report prove true.

Again Dr. Arnold wrote :—

"June 27th, 1836.

"MY LORD,

"I am extremely sorry that you should have considered my letter as uncourteous ; it was certainly not intended to be so ; but I did not feel that I could answer your lordship's letter at greater length, without going into greater details, by way of explanation, than its own shortness appeared to me to warrant. Your lordship addressed me in a tone purely formal and official, and at the same time asked me a question which the common usage of society regards as one of delicacy,—justified, I do not say only by personal friendship, but at least by some familiarity of acquaintance. It was because no such ground could exist in the present case, and because I cannot and do not acknowledge your right officially, as a trustee of Rugby School, to question me on the subject of my real or supposed writings, on matters wholly unconnected with the school, that I felt it my duty to decline answering your lordship's question.

"It is very painful to be placed in a situation where I must either appear to seek concealment wholly foreign to my wishes, or else must acknowledge a right, which I owe it, not only to myself, but to the master of every endowed school in England, absolutely to deny. But in the present case, I think I can hardly be suspected of seeking concealment. I have spoken on the subject of the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' freely in the hearing of many, with no request for secrecy on their part, expressed or implied. Officially, however, I cannot return an answer—not from the slightest feeling of disrespect to your lordship ; but because my answering would

allow a principle, which I can on no account admit to be just or reasonable."

One more letter closed this correspondence :—

"June 30th, 1836.

"MY LORD,

"I trust that you will not think me intrusive, if I trouble you once again with these few lines, to express to you my sincere thanks for the last letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you. It is a matter of sincere regret to me that any part of my conduct should fail to meet your lordship's approbation. If I feel it the less on the present subject than on any other, it is because I have been long compelled to differ from many of my friends whom I esteem most highly; and I fear, considering the vehemence of party feeling at present, to incur their disapprobation also. In such cases, one is obliged to bear the pain without repining,—when a man is thoroughly convinced, as I am, that the opinions which he holds, and the manner in which he upholds them, are in the highest degree agreeable to truth, and in conformity with the highest principles of Christian duty."

Nothing, however, resulted from this correspondence. A resolution of censure was moved at the Board of Trustees, brought forward by Lord Howe; but the meeting divided upon it, four and four, and, there being no casting vote, the equal division caused the failure of the motion. Canon Stanley imagines, what certainly is very probable, that, had the vote of censure been passed, Dr. Arnold would have resigned his post. Before paying the usual holiday visit to Fox How, Dr. Arnold spent some time in the Isle of Wight, retracing the scenes of his childhood, and exploring the beauties of that old familiar ground. Bonchurch he declared was the most beautiful thing he ever saw on the sea-coast, on this side of Genoa.

Winchester, too, was revisited; and we may imagine with what delight he went over the College, looking once more on the chapel, the library, and the dining-hall, where, in times past, he had joined in the "*Non nobis Domine.*" But though he envied Dr. Moberly the wavy downs, and the chalky valleys, and the clear streams, and "the southern instead of

the midland country, and the associations of Alfred's capital, with the tombs of kings and prelates, as compared with Rugby, and its thirteen horse and cattle fairs," he in nowise desired to change places with the head master of Winchester College. He thought of the "Rugby Magazine," and of the successes of some of his pupils, and felt that he envied no man, and that there was a good in Rugby which no place could surpass in its quality, whether the quantity of it was much or little.

After the Midsummer vacation, Dr. Arnold's two eldest sons went to Winchester, and took a very good place in the school. Their father saw them depart with all the anxiety of one who knows exactly the amount of probable evil to be dreaded, and the standard of good to be desired. It was his earnest prayer that they might be "defended amidst the manifold temptations of their change of life." He felt impelled to draw his remaining children yet closer around him, and to prize yet more dearly the short interval which would elapse before they too went out into life, "never again to feel their father's house their abiding home."

About this time, and after speaking of the removal of his sons to Winchester, he abruptly changes the subject and writes thus :—

"I turn from public affairs almost in despair, as I think that it will be a long time before what I most long for will be accomplished ; yet I still wish entirely well to the government, and regard with unabated horror the Conservatives, both in Church and State. They are, however, I believe, growing in influence, and so they will do, until there comes a check to our commercial prosperity ; for vulgar minds never can understand the duty of reform till it is impressed upon them by the *argumentum ad ventrem*, and the mass of mankind, whether in good coats or bad, will always be vulgar-minded."

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Justice Coleridge and his family spent some time at Fox How, to the great delight of Dr. Arnold, who, himself detained by the duties of his office at Rugby, yet rejoiced to think of the friends he so loved and esteemed, as residents under a roof which owned him as master, and where they "could not only see the mountains

afar off, but feel them in eyes, lungs and mind—and," he goes on to say, "a mighty influence I think it is. I often used to think of the solemn comparison in the Psalm,—‘The hills stand about Jerusalem; even so standeth the Lord round about his people.’ The girdling in of the mountains round the valley of our home, is as apt an image as any earthly thing can be, of the encircling of the Everlasting Arm, keeping off evil, and showering all good."

Those who have seen the beautiful vale of the Rotha, as it flows between Rydal Water and Lake Windermere, will fully appreciate the force of this comparison.

In October, Dr. Arnold wrote to Dr. Greenhill, one of his former pupils, on the desirability of every man choosing and following a lawful profession. He says on this subject:—

"It is a real pleasure to me to find that you are taking steadily to a profession, without which I scarcely see how a man can live honestly. That is, I use the term 'profession' in rather a large sense, not as simply denoting certain callings, which a man follows for his maintenance, but rather a definite field of duty, which the nobleman has, as much as the tailor; but which he has not, who having an income large enough to keep him from starving, hangs about upon life, merely following his own caprices and fancies. I can well understand how medicine, like every other profession, has its moral and spiritual dangers; but I do not see why it should have more than others. The tendency to atheism exists, I imagine, in every study followed up vigorously, without a foundation of faith, and that foundation carefully strengthened and built upon. The student in history is as much busied with secondary causes as the student in medicine. . . . No doubt every study requires to be tempered and balanced with something out of itself, if it be only to prevent the mind from becoming 'einseitig' or pedantic; and, ascending higher still, all intellectual study, however comprehensive, requires spiritual study to be joined with it, lest our nature itself become 'einseitig;' the intellect growing, the higher reason, the moral and spiritual wisdom, stunted and decaying. You will think that I have been writing a sermon by mistake, instead of a letter, but your letter led me into it. I believe that any man can make himself an atheist speedily, by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but if he keeps this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study,

whether of nature or of man, will force him into atheism ; but, on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. Prayer and kindly intercourse with the poor are the two great safeguards of spiritual life—its more than food and raiment.”

And there are some allusions to the same subject—the expediency of a fixed aim and purpose in the daily occupations of life—in the remarks he makes on the character of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He writes :—

“ We have got Coleridge’s ‘ Literary Remains,’ in which I do rejoice greatly. I think, with all his faults, old Sam was more of a great man than any one who has lived within the four seas, in my memory. It is refreshing to see such an union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge on so many points, at least of particular facts. But yet there are marks enough that his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes. It always seems to me that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or perverted, when it is made the main employment of life. Yet I would fain have more time for contemplation than I have at present. . . . ”

In November Dr. Arnold paid a visit to Laleham, to attend the funeral of his aunt, the venerable Mrs. Frances Delafield. the gentle instructress of his early childhood, and, as he himself touchingly says, “ the last survivor of his mother’s household.” She attained the advanced age of 79, and, though delicate and always ailing, outlived all her family. “ I cannot tell you how solemn a thought it is, to have now lost all my relations of the generation preceding our own, and to be thus visibly brought into that generation, whose time for departure comes the next,” he remarks.

Previous to this journey to Laleham, Dr. Arnold had been attacked with slight indisposition, and mentioned to his friend the fact that he had kept his bed for one whole day for the first time since 1807. He soon, however, recovered, and regained his usual spirits and vigour : but at the same time

took this very short disablement from duty as a most gentle reminder that his health could not be always what it had so long been.

The state of the country still interested him as deeply as ever ; but, perhaps because he felt that the tide of unpopularity had set in so strongly against him, as to prejudice the public mind in disfavour of whatever he might write, his pen, so far as regarded politics, lay idle. The English, he averred, were like a man in a lethargy—never roused from their Conservatism till mustard poultices were put to their feet. And he further remarked—"Had it not been for the fires of Smithfield, they would have remained hostile to the Reformation. Had it not been for the butcheries of Jefferies, they would have opposed the Revolution!"

Hookes's "Ecclesiastical Polity," as a whole, he regarded with great admiration ; but parts of it he could not receive. He left off reading the English Divines, because as he said, if he read them fully, he should have to read a great many very indifferent books. And he held John Bunyan to have been a man of "incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity." The "Pilgrim's Progress," which he admired almost enthusiastically, seemed to him a complete reflection of Scripture, without any theological rubbish mixed up with it. "I cannot trust myself," he was wont to say, "to read the account of Christian going up to the Celestial gate, after his passage through the river of death."

He disagreed with Milton on some points ; the chief being the poet's representation of Satan. "For," he said, "by giving a human likeness, and representing him as a bad man, you necessarily get some images of what is good, as well as of what is bad ; for no living man is entirely evil. Even banditti have some generous qualities ; whereas, the representation of the devil should be purely and entirely evil, as that of God should be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil : and you can no more get the one than the other from anything human. With the heathen it was different ; their gods were themselves made up of good and evil, and so might well be mixed up with human associa-

tions. The hoofs, and the horns, and the tail were all useful in this way, as giving you an image of something altogether disgusting; and Mephistophiles, in 'Faust,' and the other contemptible and hateful character of the Little Master in 'Sintram,' are far more true than the 'Paradise Lost.'"

In a letter written towards the close of this year, we find a very clear exposition of his feelings, and opinions regarding the Oxford views of the Church, and "Succession." He was now inclined to retract, or rather averse to repeat, some of the sentiments of the pamphlet on Church Reform; but neither retraction or suppression would have been of a kind to satisfy those whom his doctrine so grievously offended. Such alterations or omissions, had they been actually carried out, would rather have led the hostile party to declare that the only redeeming qualities of the obnoxious pamphlet had disappeared. He dwelt no longer on the idea that, "in the Church of England even bigotry often wears a softer and nobler aspect," and that "it could be no ordinary Church to have inspired such devoted adoration in such men, nor they ordinary men, over whom a sense of high moral beauty should have obtained so complete a mastery." He felt now impelled to speak rather "on the fanaticism which has been the peculiar disgrace of the Church of England,"—"a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, a technical phraseology,—the superstition of a priesthood without its power,—the form of Episcopal government without its substance,—a system imperfect and paralyzed, not independent, not sovereign,—afraid to cast off the subjection against which it was perpetually murmuring,—objects so pitiful, that if gained ever so completely, they would make no man the wiser, or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual." The very principles which in their vague floating aspect he had so deeply dreaded were now arrayed in bodily shape before him;—the dream had become a reality, the spectre a solid corporeal substance, and he felt himself called upon to attack the principles, but not the persons who represented this new and specious school of theology. The letter, to which reference has been made, was written to Sir Thomas S. Pasley, Bart., and bears date, Rugby, December 14th, 1836.



“ . . . . . The Scripture notion of the Church is, that religious society should help a man to become himself better and holier, just as civil society helps us in civilization. But in this great end of a Church, all Churches are now greatly defective, while all fill it, up to a certain degree, some less, others more. . . . . In this simple Scriptural view of the matter all is plain; we were not to derive our salvation through or from the Church, but to be kept or strengthened in the way of salvation by the aid and example of our fellow-Christians, who were to be formed into societies for this very reason, that they might help one another, and not leave each man to fight his own fight alone. But the life of these societies has been long since gone: they do not help the individual in holiness, and this is in itself evil enough; but it is monstrous that they should pretend to fetter, when they do not assist. . . . . The Popish and Oxford view of Christianity is, that the Church is the mediator between God and the individual: that the Church (*i.e.*, in their sense, the clergy) is a sort of chartered corporation, and that by belonging to this corporation, or by being attached to it, any given individual acquires such and such privileges. This is a priestcraft, because it lays the stress, not on the relations of a man's heart towards God and Christ, as the Gospel does, but on something wholly artificial and formal,—his belonging to a certain so-called society: and thus,—whether the society be alive or dead,—whether it really helps the man in goodness or not,—still it claims to step in and interpose itself as the channel of grace and salvation, when it certainly is not the channel of salvation, because it is visibly and notoriously no sure channel of grace. Whereas, all who go straight to Christ, without thinking of the Church, do manifestly and visibly receive grace, and have the seal of his Spirit, and therefore are certainly heirs of salvation. This, I think, applies to any and every Church, it being always true that the salvation of a man's soul is effected by the change in his heart and life, wrought by Christ's Spirit: and that his relation to any Church is quite a thing subordinate and secondary: although, where the Church is what it should be, it is so great a means of grace, that its benefits are of the highest value. But the herullic or succession view of the question, I can hardly treat gravely: there is something so monstrously profane in making our heavenly inheritance like an earthly estate, to which our pedigree is our title. And, really, what is called succession is exactly a pedigree and nothing better: like natural descent, it conveys no moral nobleness any, far less than natural descent; for I am a

believer in some transmitted virtue in a good breed ; but the succession notoriously conveys none. So that to lay a stress upon it, is to make the Christian Church worse, I think, than the Jewish ; but the sons of God are not to be born of bloods (*i.e.*, of particular races), 'nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man,' (*i.e.*, after any human desire to make out an outward and formal title of inheritance), 'but of God,' (*i.e.*, of Him who alone can give the only true title to his inheritance,—the being conformed into the image of his Son). I have written all this in haste as to the expression, but not at all in haste as to the matter of it. But the simple point is this : Does our Lord, or do his Apostles, encourage the notion of salvation through the Church ; or would any human being ever collect such a notion from the Scriptures ? Once begin with tradition, and the so-called Fathers, and you get, no doubt, a very different view. This, the Romanists and the Oxfordists say is a view required to modify and add to that of the Scripture. I believe that because it does modify, add to, and wholly alter the view of the Scripture, that therefore it is altogether false and unchristian."

He had once said that his love for any place, person, or institution, was exactly the measure of his desire to reform them. Now, he loved Oxford with a deep and passionate tenderness ; and vehement therefore was his indignation against it, as being the foster-nurse of opinions, whose propagation he dreaded beyond expression. Canon Stanley writes :—"Nor were the passionate sympathies and antipathies of the exiled Italian poet more sharpened by conflicting feelings towards the ideal and actual Florence, than were those of the English theologian and citizen towards Oxford, the 'ancient and magnificent University on the banks of the Thames,' alike beloved as the scene of his early friendships, and longed for as the scene of his dreams of future usefulness ; and Oxford, the home of the Tory and High Church clergy, the stronghold of those tendencies in England, which seemed to make him their peculiar victim."

During this year he had been engaged in a translation of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians ; and his time was also much taken up with study of the Roman law, by making abstracts, or rather a translation, of Gaius' Institutes, which he thought it expedient to undertake before he finished the subject of the Twelve Tables, which he had already begun.

It should have been mentioned that during the course of the summer of 1836, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold were in the Isle of Man, and in Ireland. He admired Dublin and its far-famed bay, which tourists tell us rivals the Bay of Naples; and he was delighted with the Wicklow Sugar-loaf, and "the Blue sea of Killiney Bay." But, nevertheless, he found to his astonishment that the Emerald Isle "was a very parched and dusty isle in comparison with Westmoreland;" and the "Three Rock Mountain," he says, with evident self-gratulation, "though beautiful with its granite rocks and heath, had none of the thousand springs of *our* Loughrigg!" It was the same when some one was describing to him the glories of his German tour: he replied, "I have no temptation even for one summer to resign Fairfield for Drachenfels." The Christmas of 1836 was spent according to custom at Fox How, with Fairfield in front and Loughrigg behind, for the thorough delectation of his senses.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE Spring of 1837 brought with it no small anxiety, on account of the London University, of which, as it may be remembered, he had been elected Fellow in 1835. He was more than ever desirous to add to the examination already instituted, a theological examination, which should treat of essentials only, and dispense of course with any reference to those peculiar principles, which conscientious motives, or the circumstances of birth and education, lead a man to adopt or to maintain, as the case may be. It was objected to on the score of sheer impracticability; but he believed, and justly too, that the differences between Christian and Christian were exaggerated by those who would fain expel religion altogether from the educational system of those public institutions. His plan was to examine every candidate for a degree, in one of the gospels and one of the epistles out of the Greek Testament. He wished every man to be asked the previous question,—“To what denomination do you belong?” and according to his answer, he would specially refrain from touching upon those points on which he, as a Churchman, disagreed from him. “I should then probably say to him aloud,” continues the doctor, explaining his views on this head, “if the examination were public, ‘Now I know that you and I differ on such and such points, and therefore I shall not touch upon them; but we have a great deal more on which we agree, and therefore I may ask you so and so.’”

It is needless to say that Dr. Arnold cordially agreed with the principle of the University, which avowedly recognizes no sectarian distinctions; but at the same time he referred to the University charter, which expressly declares that the institution is founded for the advancement of “religion and morality;” and as religion, in the sense there used, can mean

only Christianity, he saw clearly that some standard, and not the notions of individual examiners, must be required. "And what," he says, "can that standard be to any Christian, except what he believes to be God's revealed will?" And then it seemed to him, that to recognize any other standard of moral truth, would be a direct renunciation of Christ as a master. And quoting Mr. Lieber, a writer on the American system of Universities, he says, "that Christianity has so coloured our institutions and our literature, and has in so many points modified and even dictated our laws, that no one can be considered as an educated man who is not acquainted with its authoritative documents; and so a liberal education without the Scriptures must be, in any Christian country, a contradiction of terms."

It appeared to him that several modes of conducting this desired examination were open to selection. First, in imitation of the University of Bonn, he thought there might be members of the Senate, of different denominations. Only three divisions would be required, viz.,—The Established Church, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians; for he did not doubt but that orthodox dissenters, such as Independents, Baptists, and the like, would readily submit to be examined by himself, or by any authorized clergyman of the Church of England, as soon as they understood that they would not be required to subscribe to any liturgy or articles, but simply to bring up such books of the New Testament as they themselves should select for their examination; and when they further perceived that they were examined "as persons, whose peculiar points of difference were not only tolerated, but solemnly recognized;" so that there would be no ground for suspicion on either side: of compromise on the part of the candidates, or of proselytism on that of the examiners. Or even less than this would content him: he would be satisfied that the Senate should require from every candidate for a degree in arts, a certificate, duly signed by two ministers of his own tenets, shewing that he was thoroughly instructed in Christian knowledge, according to the recognized belief of his own communion; which, after all, would be no more than whatever young person in the Church of England receives previous to confirmation.

And though this plan would be greatly inferior to the one first mentioned, the principles of the charter would be preserved, and the grand truth of the insufficiency of any plan of education in a Christian country, that does not embrace Christian instruction, be unquestionably recognized.

There was yet another system which might be pursued, and which Dr. Arnold thought best of all, as likely to produce unspeakable benefits in time to come. I had better record his views in his own words :—

“ All Protestants acknowledge the Scriptures as their common authority, and all desire their children to study them. Let every candidate for a degree bring up, at his own choice, some one gospel and some one epistle in the Greek Testament. Let him declare, on coming before us, to what communion he belongs. We know what are the peculiar views entertained by him as such, and we would respect them most religiously. But on all common ground we might examine him thoroughly, and how infinite would be the good of thus proving, by actual experience, how much more our common ground is than our peculiar ground. I am perfectly ready to examine to-morrow in any Unitarian school in England, in presence of parents and masters. I will not put a question that should offend, and yet I will give such an examination as should bring out, or prove the absence of what you and I should agree in considering to be Christian knowledge of the highest value. I speak as one who has been used to examine young men in the Scriptures for twenty years nearly, and I pledge myself to the perfect easiness of doing this. Our examinations, in fact, will carry their own security with them, if our characters would not; they will be public, and we should not and could not venture to proselytize, even if we wished it. But the very circumstance of our having joined the London University at the risk of much odium from a large part of our profession, would be a warrant for our entering into the spirit of the charter with perfect sincerity. . . . It depends wholly, as I think, on our decision on this point, whether our success will be a blessing or a curse to the country. A Christian, and yet not a sectarian University, would be a blessing of no common magnitude. An University that conceived of education, as not involving in it the principles of moral truth, would be an evil, I think, no less enormous.

When he had thus stated his views, his own course was perfectly clear; if the report, as to its Christian clauses, were

rejected, he would not allow his name to be affixed to it, nor would he assist any further in preparing a scheme of examination, which he could not but regard as a mere evil. It would be the first time, he impressively declared, that public education in England was openly and confessedly unchristianized for the sake of conciliating Jews or unbelievers; for no earnest Christian, whatever might be his special views, would wish the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and Scripture history generally, to be excluded from the required course of study, because different parties gave them in some instances different interpretations. And therefore in this question he could see no persons opposed to the scheme, whom he or they wished to accommodate, since it was scarcely to be expected that many Jews, or any Mohammedans, would wish to share the advantages of the institution,—and on the other hand, he could perceive no benefits in the University, if it bore no mark of Christianity, that he thought worth preserving.

In the summer of 1837, Dr. Arnold once more undertook a foreign tour. He actually consented to leave his beloved Rotha, and Loughrigg, and Fairfield for the plains of France. He was accompanied by his wife and his three eldest children; they went by way of Dover to Rouen, Evreux and Chartres, and then returned through Versailles and Paris. This little tour he thought he owed to the election, which, as every one must remember, took place during the summer of 1837, after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The necessity of recording his vote brought him up from Westmoreland to Warwickshire, and it was then so near the end of the holidays that he felt it scarcely worth while to return northwards; so the residue of his Midsummer leisure was spent in this little excursion through Normandy, and in the subsequent visit to Paris.

He writes thus in his Journal :—

“ On Saturday last we were at our delicious Westmoreland home, at that dear Fox How, which I love beyond all other spots of ground in the world, and expatiating upon the summit of our familiar Fairfield. There, on a cloudless sky, we were beholding the noble outline

of all our favourite mountains ; the Old Man, Wetherlam, Bow Fell, Sea Fell, Great Gable, the Langdale Pikes, the Pillar, Grasmoor, Helvallyn, Place Fell, High Street, Hill Bell ; there we saw Ulleswater and Conistone, and our own Windermere ; and there too we looked over a wide expanse of sea of the channel which divides England from Ireland. On Tuesday last we were at our dear Rugby home : seeing the long line of our battlements and our well known towers backed by the huge elms of the school-field, which far overtopped them ; and looking on the deep shade which these same elms, with their advanced guard of smaller trees and shrubs, were throwing over the turf of our quiet garden. And now on Friday morning, we are at an inn at Dover, looking out on the castle and white cliffs which are so linked with a thousand recollections ; beholding the sea, which is the highway from all the life of England to all the life of Europe, and beyond there stretches out the dim line of darker shadow which we know to be the land of France.

“ We also passed through London, with which I was once so familiar ; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact its greatness repels the notion of home ; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys ; and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but energy.”

At the close of 1837, he began to feel that his resignation of office in the London University was more than probable ; and yet he regarded it as “ a solemn duty ” to stand by it as long as he could entertain a hope of doing it real service. He fully and uncompromisingly admitted the apostolical caution, not to do evil that good may come ; but he maintained that a Christian may and must bear much that is painful, and associate with those whom he disapproves of, in order to do good. Speaking of the University and its constitutions, he says :—

“ There is no avowed principle in its foundation which I think



wrong ; the comprehension of all CHRISTIANS, you know, I think most right ; if more be meant, I think it most wrong ; but this is the very point which I am trying to bring to issue ; and though my fears of the issue outweigh my hopes, yet while there is any hope I ought not to give up the battle."

From Fox How, in January 1838, he wrote to one of his old pupils, then at Oxford, proposing to see him on his journey southward ; and wondering, and not without good reason, at his preferring the Rugby fields to the country round about the University. Once more that well beloved Bagley Wood was quoted, and he asked him if he knew the little valleys that debouche on "the Valley of the Thames behind the Hinkseys ; or Horspath, nestling under Shotover ; or Elsfield, on its green slope ; or all the variety of Cumnor Hill ; or the wider *skirmishing* ground by Beckley, Stanton St. John's and Forest-hill," which he and the young men of his day used to expatiate over on whole holidays.

At Fox How, too, he began the second volume of his Roman History, the first being actually in the press ; and delightful work he assures us he found it, when he could get on with it without interruption, as he could do in his quiet, happy Westmoreland home. He did not forget the London University, and all the perplexing cares with which his conscientious scruples associated it ; just before the commencement of the vacation, a four hours' debate was held at the University, and a division was gained in favour of Dr. Arnold and his friends, with a majority of one. But the opposing party were determined to do battle for their ground, inch by inch, and step by step ; and they resolved to appeal to the Attorney-General, and ask his opinion whether it were possible to examine in the Greek Testament without a breach of their charter ! "A strange charter surely," he says emphatically, "for the Defender of the Faith to grant, if it forbids the use of the Christian Scriptures !"

Early in February another meeting of the Senate was held ; and every single member save himself was convinced of the necessity, by virtue of the charter, of giving the Jews degrees ; and so all were disposed to make an exemption in

their favour, as to the New Testament examination ; so that the examination could not be said to be in every case *indispensable*.

The result was, that the Divinity examination was made altogether voluntary. It was not to be restricted to any one portion of the New Testament, and it was to be followed by a certificate simply stating that the candidate had passed it ; and a class paper was to be added for those who might distinguish themselves. Dr. Arnold hoped and believed that the examination would be so generally passed, as to make those conspicuous who did not pass it, and so it might do good, though it certainly failed to maintain the very principle he was so anxious to establish. Still he considered that it saved the University from the reproach of neglecting Christianity altogether ; and he resolved not to withdraw from it, till he had seen something of the working of the Scriptural examination, and made one more effort to try and settle it on a good foundation.

But, notwithstanding this *pro-tempore* decision, his mind was greatly disturbed. He had little or no satisfaction in holding office in an institution whose views differed so essentially from his own, and he felt himself placed in a delicate and difficult position :—

On the 17th of February, 1838, he wrote to the Bishop of Norwich.

“ The University has solemnly avowed a principle to which I am totally opposed, viz., that education need not be connected with Christianity ; and I do not see how I can join in conferring a degree on those who, in my judgment, cannot be entitled to it ; or in pronouncing that to be complete education, which I believe to be no more so, than a man without his soul or spirit, is a complete man. Besides, my continuing to belong to the University may be ascribed to an unwillingness to offend the Government from interested motives ; all compliance with the powers that be, being apt to be ascribed to unworthy considerations. Yet again, you will believe me, though Newman probably would not, when I say, that I feel exceedingly unwilling to retire on such grounds as mine, while three Bishops of our Church do not feel it inconsistent with duty to remain in the University ; it seems very like presumption on my

part, and a coming forward without authority, when those who have authority, judge that there is no occasion for any protest. My defence must be, that the 'principle to which I so object, and which appears to me, to be involved by a continuance in the University, may not appear to others to be at stake on the present occasion; that I am not professing therefore, or pretending to be more zealous for Christianity than other members of the Senate, but that what appears to me to be dangerous, appears to them to be perfectly innocent; and that they naturally, therefore, think most of the good which the University will do, while I fear that all that good, will be purchased by a greater evil, and cannot, therefore, take any part in the good as I should wish to do, because to my apprehension it will be bought too dearly. On the whole, my leaning is towards resigning; and then I think that I ought to do it speedily, as my own act, and not one into which I may seem to have been shamed by the remonstrances or example of others—of King's College for instance; if, as seems possible, they may renounce all connection with us after our late decision."

In the following month Dr. Arnold thought fit to offer to the Earl of Burlington, then Chancellor of the University of London, several suggestions, in consequence of a resolution which had been passed, but not confirmed, that the examination should be entirely conducted through the medium of printed papers. While he acknowledged, from experience, the value of printed papers, he knew also the advantages of a *viva voce* examination, and he thought that they were far too great to be altogether relinquished. In the first place, he urged the exercise of extempore translation—the only thing in our system of education which enables a young man to express himself fluently and in good language without premeditation;—that if men are tried by written papers alone, the great and most valuable talent of readiness, and the very useful habit of retaining presence of mind, so as to be able to avail oneself without nervousness, of all one's knowledge, and to express it at once by word of mouth, are never tried at all.

Secondly.—That a *viva voce* examination is unquestionably the best method for testing a candidate's knowledge in the contents of a long history, or of a philosophical treatise.

Thirdly.—That much time is saved, and with it much weariness and exhaustion, inasmuch as a man can speak much more rapidly than he can write, and the variety of the exercises is a relief.

Fourthly.—There is the *éclat* of a *viva voce* examination, by no means to be despised. A man's powers are not taken on trust from the examiners, but witnessed by the University at large; and their peculiar character seen and appreciated likewise.

Fifthly.—Presence of mind deserves to be encouraged; nervousness is a defect, which men feel painfully in many instances through life. Printed papers certainly effectually save a man from suffering too much from nervousness; but printed papers ALONE, do not encourage the excellence of presence of mind, and the invaluable power of making one's knowledge available at the right moment, and to the utmost extent.

And sixthly.—To suppose that an exact judgment of a man cannot be formed by a *viva voce* examination is an erroneous supposition. All who have had much experience on this method, are assured that, *combined* with printed questions, it is perfectly satisfactory; and either system practised exclusively does but half try the men, as each calls forth faculties which the other cannot reach.

These considerations are given very nearly in the doctor's own words; they are in fact an abridgment of the somewhat lengthy epistle addressed to the Chancellor on this subject; and which he wrote, because he would be compelled to absent himself from the coming meetings of the University.

In May, the first volume of Dr. Arnold's Roman History made its appearance, and he wrote to his friend Mr. Justice Coleridge, bespeaking his congratulations on the termination of one part of his labours. He told him at the same time, that his object in publishing it in separate volumes was, that he might profit by the *sensible* criticisms on the first, and such he hoped he should have; pledging himself to receive them with thankfulness.

In the same letter he referred to the London University, in which he had no pleasure in remaining, but yet felt im-

pelled to abide by it to the very last moment. It made him, however, cling the more lovingly to Rugby, where he seemed to have, in principle at least, what he most liked and desired,—"a place neither like the University of London, nor yet like Oxford."

In June, he again addressed the Bishop of Norwich, expressing his fear that, from symptoms which he was not slow to discern, their Scriptural examination would prove a practical failure. He could not bring himself to believe that the London University, though Christian in all its individual branches, could be considered in its public capacity a Christian institution, and, therefore, he felt it his duty to withdraw from it.

"To see my hopes for this new University," he writes, "thus frustrated, is one of the greatest disappointments I have ever met with. But I cannot be reconciled to such a total absence of *acknowledgment* of the Lord Jesus, and such a total neglect of the command to do all things in his name, as seems to me to be hopelessly involved in the constitution of our University.

"As to the manner of my resignation, I would fain do it in the quietest manner possible, consistent with the simple declaration of the reasons which has led me to it. I suppose that the proper way would be to write a short letter to the Chancellor."

During his summer sojourn at Fox How, he read the first volume of the first part of "Froude's Remains," and he plainly and broadly declared that he thought its predominant character was "extraordinary impudence!" And he adds:—"I never saw a more remarkable instance of that quality, than the way in which he, a young man, and a clergyman of the Church of England, reviles all those persons whom the accordant voice of that Church, without distinction of party, has agreed to honour, even perhaps with an excess of admiration."

In the Autumn his heart was cheered by the society of his most highly valued friend, Chevalier Bunsen, who, with his wife and son Henry, visited him at Rugby; and he found, as he himself expressed it, "that the impression of his extraordinary excellence had not deceived him,—that the reality even sur-

passed the recollection of what he had been eleven years before."

In November, 1838, he tendered his resignation of his Fellowship in the University of London, and he addressed the following letter to the Earl of Burlington :—

"It is with the greatest regret that, after the fullest and fairest deliberation which I have been able to give to the subject, I feel myself obliged to resign my Fellowship in the University of London.

"The constitution of the University seems now to be fixed, and it has either begun to work, or will soon do so. After the full discussion given to the question, in which I had the misfortune to differ from the majority of the Senate, I felt that it would be unbecoming to agitate the matter again, and it only remained for me to consider whether the institution of a voluntary examination in theology would satisfy, either practically or in theory, those principles which appeared to me to be indispensable.

"I did not wish to decide this point hastily; but, after the fullest consideration and enquiry, I am led to the conclusion that the voluntary examination will not be satisfactory. Practically, I fear it will not; because the members of King's College will not be encouraged by their own authorities, so far as I can learn, to subject themselves to it; and the members of the University College may be supposed, according to the principles of their own society, to be averse to it altogether. But even, if it were to answer practically better than I fear it will do, still it does not satisfy the great principle, that Christianity should be the base of all public education in this country. Whereas with us it would be no essential part of our system, but merely a branch of knowledge which any man might pursue if he liked, but which he might also if he liked, wholly neglect, without forfeiting his claim, according to our estimate, to the title of a completely educated man.

"And further, as it appeared, I think, to the majority of the Senate, that the terms of our charter positively forbade that which, in my judgment, is indispensable; and as there is a painfulness in even appearing to dispute the very law under which our University exists, there seems to me an additional reason why, disapproving as I do very strongly, of that which is held to be the main principle of our charter, I should withdraw myself from the University altogether.

"I trust I need not assure your Lordship, or the Senate, that I am

resigning my Fellowship from no factious or disappointed feeling, or from any personal motive whatever. Most sincerely shall I rejoice if the University does in practice promote the great interests to which the principle appears to me to be injurious. Most glad shall I be if those whose affection to those interests is, I well know, quite as sincere and lively as mine, shall be found to have judged of their danger more truly, as well as more favourably."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CALMER DAYS.

WITH his withdrawal from the Senate of the University, came a season of gradually increasing peace and calm. The prejudice excited against him by the publication of his pamphlet on Church Reform was slowly dying away; his motives began to be better comprehended; and his influence, both at Rugby and elsewhere, was widening and deepening continually. He, on his side, had felt keenly the sense of isolation, and the weariness of the conflict in which he had been so long engaged: and perhaps he now determined to dwell more upon those great truths, and undisputed points, in which others agreed with him, and less on those specialities which seemed so constantly to provoke demonstrations of hostility.

His *Thucydides* was at this time passing through a second edition, and during the revision which it underwent, previous to publication, he erased all the political allusions in the notes; "not," he said, "as abhorring the evils against which they were directed less now than I did formerly, but because we have been all of us taught, by the lessons of the last nine years, that, in political matters more especially, moderation and comprehensiveness of views are the greatest wisdom."

He began now to express a wish, which he had long entertained, that the order of Deacons should be restored;—restored according to their ancient constitution, as an order not merely nominal, but living, active, and distinctive.

In February, 1839, he wrote:—

"I will neither write nor talk, if I can help it, *against* *Normanism*, but *for* that true Church and Christianity, which all kinds of evil, each in its appointed time, have combined to corrupt and destroy."



It seems to me that a great point might be gained by urging the restoration of the order of Deacons, which has been long, *quoad* the reality, dead. In large towns many worthy men might be found able and willing to undertake this office out of pure love, if it were understood to be, not necessarily a step to the Presbyterian order,—not at all compatible with lay callings. You would get an immense gain, by a great extension of the Church,—by a softening down that pestilent distinction between clergy and laity, which is so closely linked with the priestcraft system, and the actual benefits, temporal and spiritual, which such an additional number of ministers would ensure to the whole Christian congregation. And I believe that the proposal involves in it nothing which ought to shock even a Newmanite. The Canon Law, I think, makes a very wide distinction between the Deacon and the Presbyter; the Deacon according to it, is half a layman, and could return at any time to a lay condition altogether; and I suppose no one is so mad as to maintain that a minister abstaining from all secular callings is a matter of necessity, seeing that St. Paul carried on his trade of tent-maker even when he was an Apostle. Of course, the Ordination Service might remain just as it is; for, in fact, no alteration in the law is needed,—it is only an alteration in certain customs, which have long prevailed, but which have really no authority. It would be worth while, I think, to consult the Canon Law, and our own Ecclesiastical Law, so far as we have any, with regard to the order of Deacons. I have long thought that some plan of this sort might be the small end of the wedge, by which Antichrist might hereafter be burst asunder, like the Dragon of Bel's temple."

And in a letter to an old pupil, on the subject of ordination, written a few months afterwards, he says:—"You are entering on an office extinct in all but name. If it could be revived in power, it would be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred on the Church. I wish you would talk to — about this; and if a book on this point could be got up between us, I think it would excite no offence, and might lead to very great good. . . ."

The idea thus thrown out has never been responded to; but the institution of Scripture Readers by the Pastoral Aid Society, may perhaps be regarded as a very decided step in the right direction; though these paid agents of the Society are not invested with the privileges, and not regarded in that

light which Dr. Arnold would have accorded to the restored order of Deacons.

In March, 1839, he received a letter from Sir John Franklin, then Governor of Van Diemen's Land, and enclosing one from the Colonial Office, asking him to recommend some man as Head Master of a great school, which it was intended to establish in that colony on a very high scale, in the hope of its becoming hereafter a College or University for that part of the world. For this post he believed one of his former pupils to be eminently qualified, and he strongly urged him to undertake a sphere of labour, where, under God's blessing, he would probably become the instrument of good to thousands.

The young man was subsequently prevailed upon to offer himself for this great and important work, and in the Autumn of the same year he proceeded to his far-off sphere of labour.

Mr. Gell has himself recorded their last interview, in a most beautiful letter, addressed to Mrs. Arnold, after her husband's decease. He says:—

“ He rose early and spent the last hour with me before we separated for ever; he to his school-work and I to my journey here. We were in the dining-room, and I well remember the autumnal dawn—it was calm and overcast, and so impressed itself on my memory, because it agreed with the more than usual quietness; the few words of counsel, which still serve me from time to time; the manner in which the commonest kindnesses were offered to one soon to be out of their reach for ever; the promise of support through evil fortune or good, in few words once repeated, exceeded my largest deserts; and then the earnest blessing and farewell from lips never again to open in my hearing. His countenance, and manner, and dress—his hand, and every movement, are all before me now more clearly than any picture; and you will understand full well how a quiet scene like this has an impressiveness unrivalled by the greatest excitements. The uncertain consciousness that this parting might be the last hung about it at the time; and preserved the recollection of it, till now that the sad certainty gives a new importance to the slightest particular.”

Some portions of a letter, written by Dr. Arnold to Mr. Gell in the Spring of 1840, had better be inserted here, as



state of anxiety and apprehension. Dr. Arnold refers to these disturbances in a letter written about this time (May, 1839) to Sir T. Pasley, his friend and neighbour in Westmoreland. He writes thus :—

“ . . . . The state of affairs is not inviting, and I rejoice that we take in no daily paper. It is more painful than enough to read of evils which one can neither cure nor palliate. The real evil which is at the bottom of the Chartist agitation is, I believe, too deep for any human remedy, unless the nation were possessed with a spirit of wisdom and of goodness, such as I fear will never be granted to us after we have for so many centuries neglected the means which we have had. So far from finding it hard to believe that repentance can be ever too late, my only wonder is that it should ever be otherwise than too late; so instantaneous and so lasting are the consequences of any evil once committed. I find it very hard to hinder my sense of this from quite oppressing me, and making me forget the many blessings of my own domestic condition.”

A few weeks after this, we find him going up to Oxford for a single day to the Commemoration, that he might have the delight of seeing his friends Wordsworth and Bunsen receive their degrees; and he loved ever afterwards to revert to the scene of excitement, and the reiterated thunders of applause with which the name of Wordsworth, once a by-word in the University, was greeted in the theatre by under-graduates and masters of arts alike. He refers to this visit in a letter to the Rev. George Cornish; and in the same letter we find further expression of his conviction of rough colonial life being highly conducive to the strengthening, and bettering of the youthful character in general. His remarks on this head are worthy of note :—

“ . . . . As I believe that the English Universities are the best places in the world for those who can profit by them, so I think for the idle and self-indulgent they are about the very worst; and I would far rather send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford, to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it, except to the great number of exciting books of amusement, like

Pickwick and Nickleby, Bentley's Magazine, &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetite of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison; but for good literature of all sorts, even for history and for poetry."

In July, Dr. Arnold again paid a visit to the Continent. He was much delighted with the South of France; but he saw little of Italy, travelling only from Nice to Turin by the Col di Tenda. Still, as he said, he had the satisfaction of setting foot once more on Italian soil, though it was but in a mere corner of the peninsula, and though the great drought had so spoiled everything, and the Alps themselves, that, seen in a clear morning from the precincts of Turin, they exhibited little more than a few patches of snow on their summits; the effect of a long range of snowy peaks being completely gone.

He was much struck with what he designated "the Spanish-like character of the country between Arles and Aix;" and as he looked out on the street at Salon, "where a fountain was playing under a grove of palm-trees, and the population were all in felt hats, grave and quiet, and their Provençal language sounding much more like Spanish than French," he thought of the old days when he used to read Southey's raptures about Spain and the Spaniards. The South of France, he averred, put him into the best bodily condition in which he could almost ever remember to have been, and he returned to his work at Rugby with even more than his ordinary vigour and elasticity of mind and spirits.

A few extracts from his journal cannot fail to be interesting, as they convey his exact impressions in his own language, and with a force which no mere relation could in any way approach to:—

"Paris, July 14th, 1839.

" . . . . But really, when we went out on these leads, and looked down on the whole mass of the trees of the Tuilleries garden, forming a luxuriant green bed below us, and saw over them the gilded dome of the Invalides, and the mass of the Tuilleries, and the rows of orange-trees, and the people sitting at their ease amongst them, and the line of the street not vanishing, as in London, in a thick cloud of smoke or fog, but with the white houses

as far as the eye could reach distinct on the sky, and that sky just in the western line of the street; one blaze of gold from the setting sun; not a weak watery sun, but one so mighty that his setting was like the death of a Cæsar or a Napoleon—of one mighty for good and for evil—of one to be worshipped by ignorant men, either as God or demon,—one hardly knew whether to rejoice or to grieve at his departure. When we saw all this, we could not but feel that Paris is full of the most poetical beauty.”

“Come, July 16th, 1839.

“ . . . . The wide landscape under this bright sky looks more than joyous, and the sun in his unobstructed course is truly giant-like. Here one can understand how men came to worship the sun, and to depict him with images of power and beauty, armed with his resistless arrows; yet the source of life and light. And yet feeling; as none can feel more strongly, the evils of the state of England, yet one cannot but see also that the English are a greater people than these, more like, that is, one of the chosen people of history, who are appointed to do a great work for mankind. We are over-bustling; but there is less activity here, without more repose. But, however, ‘it is not expedient doubtless;’ and have not we failed to improve the wonderful talents which have been given to us?”

“Arles, July 20th, 1839.

“We have just been walking round this town, after having first been down to the Rhone and had a bathe in him, which, as we had seen so much of him, was, I thought, only a proper compliment to him.

“We are now between the Lion d’Or and Salon, on the famous Plaine de Craie, or Plain of Stones, one vast mass of pebbles, which cover the country for several leagues, and reduce it to utter barrenness. . . . We are now in the midst of this plain of stones; utter desolation on every side; the magnificent line of the Alpines, as they are called, or Provence mountains, stretching on our left; and on our right, close along by the roadside, runs, full and fresh and lively, a stream of water, one of the channels of irrigation brought from the Durance, and truly giving life to the thirsty land. ‘He maketh the wilderness a running water,’ might be said truly of this life in the midst of death. Here are two houses just built by the roadside, and opposite to them a little patch of ground just verdured, surrounded by a little belt of cypresses and

willows; now again, all is desolate, all but the living stream on our right, and some sheep wandering on the left amidst the stones, and living one sees not how. The sun has just set over this vast plain just as at sea. Reeds and yellow thistles fringe the stream."

"Point above St. Cergues, August 2nd, 1889.

" . . . . I am come out alone, my dearest, to this spot, the point almost of our own view, to see the morning sun on Mont Blanc, and on the lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour and to do and to suffer in our beloved country and Church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if, as I trust it will, this rambling, and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting. And now I turn away from the Alps, and from the south, and may God speed us to one another, and bless us and ours, in Him and in his Son, now and for ever."

"August 4th, 1889.

" . . . . . It is curious to observe how nations run a similar course with each other. We are now on a new road, made by some private speculators, with a toll on it, and they laud it much as an improvement. And such it is really; yet it is quite like 'Bit and Bit'\* at Whitemoss, for it goes over a lower part of the hill, instead of keeping the valley; so that forty years hence we may have 'Radical Reform' in the shape of a road quite in the valley; and then come railroads by steam, and then, perhaps, railroads by air, or some other farther improvement. And *quis finis?* That we cannot tell; and we have great need I know to strengthen our moral legs, seeing that our physical legs are getting such great furtherances to their speed. But still, do not check either, but advance both; for though one may advance without the other, yet one cannot be checked without the other, because to check the development of any of our powers is in itself sinful."

\* Names which he playfully gave to two roads between Rydal and Graamere.

Calais, August 7th, 1832.

"We have I think what France has not, — as she has in her large population of proprietors what we have not. But it seems to me, that, according to the ordinary laws of God's Providence, the state of France is more hopeful for the future, that society in its main points is more stable, and that time being thus gained, religious and moral truth will or may work their way, whenever it shall please God to prepare his instruments for the work. Whereas in England, what moral power, without a direct and manifest interposition of God, can overcome the physical difficulties of our state of population and property? And if Old England perish, as Old France perished in the first Revolution, let no man hope to see, even at an equal cost of immediate crime and misery, a New England spring up in its room, such as New France now is. If Old England perish, there perishes, not a mere accursed thing, such as was the system of Old France, which had died inwardly to all good long before the axe was laid to its root,—but there perishes the most active and noble life which the world has ever yet seen, — which is made up wholesomely of past and present, so that the centuries of English history are truly 'bound each to each by natural piety.' Now to destroy so great a life must be an utterly unblessed thing, from which can come only evil. And would England, with her dense manufacturing and labouring population, with her narrow limits, and her intense activity,—ever be brought into a state like that of agricultural France, with her peasant proprietors? No tongue or thought of man could imagine the evil of a destruction of our present system in England; wherefore may God give us his Spirit of wisdom and power and goodness, to mould it into a happy accordance with the future as it is already with the past; to touch the life that is in it to communicate itself to the dead elements around it; to induce they are taken into the living body, and partake of its life, they will inevitably make it partake of their death. And now may God grant that I may be restored safely to that England to move in, and that I may labour to promote her good. 'O pray for the peace of Jerusalem—peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.'

"Adieu, dearest wife, and may God bless us both now and forever!"

The benefit of this continental tour he returned throughout the whole half-year; so much so, that he humorously declared, when the time came for the usual Christmas vacation



that he did not feel entitled to the rest, because, notwithstanding the examinations, he was perfectly untired by his past work. He arrived at Rugby from London in the afternoon of the day on which the school opened, and on reaching the station, found his wife and all her party just returned from Fox How. There was a very large admission of new boys, larger than he ever remembered since he had been at Rugby, so that the school was now full.

In September, he wrote to Sir T. Pasley, saying that he was in want of a master, and should want another at Christmas, but could not hear of a man to suit him. And then he continued:—

“We are also in almost equal distress for a pony for my wife; and there, too, we want a rare union of qualities,—that he should be very small, very quiet, very sure-footed, and able to walk more than four miles an hour. If you hear of any such marvel of a pony in your neighbourhood, I would thankfully be at the expense of its transit from the Isle of Man to Rugby; for to be without a pony for my wife, interferes with our daily comfort more than almost any external inconvenience could do.”

He visited Birmingham twice during the meeting of the British Association, and attached particular interest to the geological discussions; especially noting the fact that Murchison convinced Greenough and De la Beche, on the spot, that they must recolour all their geological maps.

In a letter which he wrote in the September of this year to J. L. Hoskyns, Esq., a former pupil, there occur many valuable observations respecting the study of the Scriptures, which, though too lengthy to be inserted verbatim in a work of this nature, are yet far too important to be altogether omitted. Where all is so rich and sound it is difficult to make the selection, and therefore some allowances must be made if the extracts are in any way abrupt and disjointed.

“Knowledge of the Scriptures seems to consist in two things, so essentially united, however, that I scarcely like to separate them even in thought; the one I will call the knowledge of the contents of the Scriptures in themselves; the other the knowledge of their applica-

tion to us, and to our times and circumstances. Really and truly I believe that the one of them cannot exist in any perfection without the other. Of course we cannot apply the Scriptures properly without knowing them; and to know them merely as an ancient book, without understanding how to apply them, appears to me to be ignorance rather than knowledge. But still in thought we can separate the two, and each also requires in some measure a different line of study.

“The intellectual means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures in themselves, are, I suppose, philology, antiquities, and ancient history; but the means of acquiring the knowledge of their right application are far more complex in their character, and it is precisely here, as I think, that the common course of theological study is so exceedingly narrow, and therefore the mistakes committed in the application of the Scriptures, are, as it seems to me, so frequent and so mischievous. . . . There are two states of the human race which we want to understand thoroughly; the state when the New Testament was written, and our own state. And our own state is so connected with, and dependant on the past, that in order to understand it thoroughly, we must go backwards into past ages; and thus, in fact, we are obliged to go back till we connect our own time with the first century, and in many points, with centuries yet more remote. You will say, then, in another sense from what St. Paul said it, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ and I answer, ‘No man.’ But, notwithstanding, it is well to have a good model before us, although our imitation of it will fall far short of it. But you say, How does all this edify? And this is a matter which I think it very desirable to understand clearly.

“If death were immediately before us,—say that the cholera was in a man’s parish, and numbers were dying daily,—it is manifest that our duties,—our preparation for another life by conforming ourselves to God’s will respecting us in this life,—would become exceedingly simple. To preach the Gospel, *i.e.*, to lead men’s faith to Christ as their Saviour, by his death and resurrection; to be earnest in practical kindness; to clear one’s heart of all enmities and evil passions; this would be a man’s work, and this only; his reading would, I suppose, be limited then to such parts of the Scriptures as were directly strengthening to his faith and hope and charity, to works of prayers and hymns, and to such practical instructions as might be within his reach as to the treatment of the prevailing disease.

“Now, can we say that in ordinary life our duties can be made

thus simple? Are there not, then, matters of this life which must be attended to? Are there not many questions would press upon us, in which we must act and advise, besides the simple direct preparation for death? And, it being God's will that we should have to act and advise in these things, and our service to Him and to his Church necessarily requiring them, is it right to say that the knowledge which shall teach us how to act and advise rightly with respect to them is not *edifying*?

"But may not a man say, 'I wish to be in the ministry, but I do not feel an inclination for a long course of reading; my tastes, and I think my duties, lead me another way?' This may be said, I think, very justly. A man may do immense good with nothing more than an unlearned familiarity with the Scriptures, with sound practical sense and activity, taking part in all the business of his parish, and devoting himself to intercourse with men rather than with books. I honour such men in the highest degree, and think that they are among the most valuable ministers that the Church possesses. A man's reading in this case is of a miscellaneous character, consisting, besides the Bible and such books as are properly devotional, of such books as chance throws in his way, or the particular concerns of his parish may lead him to take an interest in. And though he may not be a learned man, he may be that which is far better than mere learning,—a wise man and a good man.

"All that I would entreat of every man with whom I had any influence is, that if he read at all in the sense of studying,—he should read widely and comprehensively; that he should not read exclusively or principally what is called Divinity. Learning, as it is called, of this sort,—when not properly mixed with that comprehensive study which alone deserves the name,—is, I am satisfied, an actual mischief to a man's mind; it impairs his simple common sense, and gives him no wisdom. It makes him narrow-minded, and fills him with absurdities; and while he is grievously ignorant, it makes him consider himself a great divine. Let a man read nothing, if he will, except his Bible and Prayer-book, and the chance reading of the day; but let him not, if he values the power of seeing truth and judging soundly, let him not read exclusively or predominantly the works of those who are called divines, whether they be those of the first four centuries, or those of the sixteenth, or those of the eighteenth or seventeenth.

"With regard to the Fathers, as they are called, I would advise those who have time, to read them deeply; those who have less time to read at least parts of them; but in all cases preserve the

*proportions of your reading.* Read, along with the Fathers, the writings of men of other times, and of different powers of mind. Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one;—as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true: but he, who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but, whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this. I have now given you the principles which I believe to be true with respect to a clergyman's reading."

During this year (1839) Dr. Arnold contributed articles, principally on Chartism, to the "Hertford Reformer." He likewise published a Lecture on the Divisions of Knowledge, which was delivered in 1838, before the Mechanics' Institute at Rugby. He was also much occupied with the second edition of Thucydides, which of course retarded the progress of the Roman History. In the meantime, however, the second edition of the first volume, published in 1838, was going through the press.

At the close of the year he received a request from some person for a subscription for a new church, which he refused; but expressed his willingness to subscribe towards the endowment fund. He thought the right plan was always to raise funds for the clergyman, and to procure for him a definitely marked district; and, the real Church being thus founded, Divine service could be performed in any building licensed for the purpose, till the zeal and munificence of the congregation led them in due time, to erect a far more ornamental building, than any which could ever be raised by public subscription.

The letter in which he expressed these views was dated from Fox How, whither he had as usual retired at the close of the school half-year. And as usual he thoroughly enjoyed the peace and retirement of his lovely northern home, so great a contrast to the bustle and work and inevitable publicity of his Rugby life.

"Meanwhile here," he wrote, "as usual we seem to be in another world, for the quietness of the valleys, and the comparative comfort and independence of this population, are a delightful contrast to what one finds almost everywhere else. We have had heavy rains, and a flood, but now both are gone, and the weather is beautiful, and the country most magnificent—snow on all the high hills, but none on the low hills, or in the valleys."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## OUTRE-MER.

CALMLY and peacefully the wintry weeks of the Christmas vacation passed away. With the solemn beauty of the valley, and the lovely grandeur of its encircling mountains round about him, Dr. Arnold rejoiced in the tranquillity of the season, and braced his mind anew for the coming toil of the Rugby duties. On one occasion he wrote to his friend Mr. Hearn, and told him how, on the preceding night, they had all been out on the gravel walk, watching the northern lights, which he had never seen so beautiful; and how the sky in the north behind the mountains was all of a silvery light, while in other parts it was as dark as usual, and all set with stars; and how, from the masses of light, shot upwards to the zenith quivering pulses and fleeces of radiance, till they died far away in the South. And when the vacation terminated, and the time came to leave Fox How, he confessed to feeling rather sad at seeing the preparations for departure; "for," said he, "it is like going out of a very quiet cove into a very rough sea, and I am every year approaching nearer to that time of life when rest is more welcome than exertion;" but then he subjoins, with that sound and healthful tone that redeems from the slightest shadow of morbid sentimentalism his occasional pensive tendencies;—"Yet, when I think of what is at stake on that rough sea, I feel that I have no right to lie in harbour idly; and indeed, I do yearn, more than I can say, to be able to render some services where service is so greatly needed. It is when I indulge such wishes most keenly, and only then, that strong political differences between my friends and myself are really painful; because I feel that not only could we not act together, but there would be no sympathy, the moment I were to express anything beyond a general sense of anxiety and apprehension, in which, I suppose, all good men must share."

Just before returning to Rugby, he wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge, speaking again of some of the points at issue between himself and Keble. He could not reverence the men whom Keble revered; and then he says, "How does HE feel towards Luther and Milton?" He tells how he was brought up in a strong Tory family, how his first independent impressions shook his merely received notions into pieces, so that at Winchester he was well nigh a boy Jacobin; how at sixteen he went up to Oxford, where the influences of the place, and those of the friend to whom he was writing, blew his newly-born Jacobinism to pieces, and made him once more a Tory. But when the Tories came into power, and had it their own way, he was first astonished, and finally disgusted, at language which shocked his organ of justice, and which his biblical knowledge told him must be thoroughly unchristian. And so he no longer read Clarendon, "with all the sympathy of a thorough royalist;" but enquired earnestly, and continued to enquire after the truth, till at length light came, as it comes to all who seek it humbly and sincerely, whether it be spiritual, political, or intellectual light; and with advancing manhood arose those views which, for their liberality, their breadth, and their luminousness, have seldom, if ever, been surpassed, perhaps but rarely equalled.

The school was now so full that he was compelled to refuse applications, and his influence and power steadily increased. Twelve years had elapsed since he came to Rugby, full of zeal and vigour for the new work that lay before him: there had been difficulties under which a weaker mind would probably have succumbed; there had been antagonism which would have loosened the hold of a less tenacious grasp; and there had been storms in the outer world, beneath which any spirit less ardent and unflinching, would have cowered or grown supine. Now, he stood firmly and peacefully on the ground which was so peculiarly his own; an ever-increasing throng at the University owned him as their teacher and spiritual father, and the outbursts of popular clamour and invective were dying away in the distance, like the last faint peals of a receding thunderstorm.

"A hundred such men — fifty, nay, ten or five, such

righteous men—might save any country ; might victoriously champion any cause !” said\* one of the most discriminating writers of the present century.

In the month of February, he was busy with his “ Roman History,” trying hard to make it a sort of Domesday Book of Italy, after the Roman Conquest, and writing the naval part of the first Punic war with quite an Englishman’s feelings. At this time he was planning another tour, and he hesitated between two schemes, Marseilles and Naples, or Trieste and Corfu. Corfu—Corcyra—he thought would be genuine Greece, in point of climate and scenery, and a glimpse of the country round about Durazzo would greatly help the campaign of Dyrrhachium. He finally decided on Rome and Naples, *via* France and Northern Italy.

In February, 1840, he had occasion to correspond with W. Leaper Newton, Esq., respecting a resolution for the better observance of the Sabbath, which was to be brought forward at the general meeting of the North-Midland Railway Company. He could not give his *unqualified* support to the resolution in question ; and in expressing his regret at being unable fully to coincide with the views of his correspondent, he very naturally enters upon his own personal ideas of the Christian Sabbath. He says :—

“ Of course, if I held the Jewish law of the Sabbath to be binding upon us, the question would not be one of degree ; but I should wish to stop all travelling on Sundays, as in itself unlawful. But holding that the Christian Lord’s Day is a very different thing from the Sabbath, and to be observed in a different manner, the question of Sunday travelling is, in my mind, quite one of degree ; and whilst I entirely think that the trains which travel on that day should be very much fewer on every account, yet I could not consent to suspend all travelling on a great line of communication for twenty-four hours, especially as the creation of railways necessarily puts an end to other conveyances in the same direction ; and if the trains do not travel, a poor man, who could not post, might find it impossible to get on at all. But I would cheerfully support you in voting that only a single train, each way, should travel on the

\* Charlotte Brontë.



Sunday, which would surely enable the clerks, porters, &c., at every station, to have the greatest part of every Sunday at their own disposal. Nay, I would gladly subscribe individually to a fund for obtaining additional help on the Sunday, so that the work might fall still lighter on each individual employed."

"February 22nd, 1840.

"I believe that it is generally agreed among Christians, that the Jewish law, so far as it was Jewish and not moral, is at an end; and it is assuming the whole point at issue, to assume that the Ten Commandments are all moral. If that were so, it seems to me quite certain that the Sabbath would have been kept on its own proper day; for if the Commandments were still binding, I do not see where would be the power to make any alteration in its enactments. But it is also true, no doubt, that the Lord's Day was kept from time immemorial in the Church as a day of festival, and, connected with the notion of festival, the abstinence from worldly business naturally followed. A weekly religious festival, in which worldly business was suspended, bore such a resemblance to the Sabbath, that the analogy of the Jewish law was often urged as a reason for its observance; but as it was not considered to be the Sabbath, but only a day in some respects like it, so the manner of its observance varied from time to time, and was made more or less strict on grounds of religious expediency, without reference in either case to the authority of the fourth Commandment. . . . I should prefer greatly diminishing public travelling on the Sunday to stopping it altogether, as this seems to me to correspond better with the Christian observance of the Lord's Day, which, while most properly making rest from ordinary occupation the general rule, yet does not regard it as a thing of absolute necessity, but to be waived on weighty grounds. And surely many very weighty reasons for occasionally moving from place to place on a Sunday are occurring constantly. But if the only alternative be between stopping the trains on our railway altogether, or having them go frequently, as on other days, I cannot hesitate for an instant which side to take, and I will send you my proxy without a moment's hesitation."

"April 1st, 1840.—I agree with you that it is not necessary, with respect to the practical point, to discuss the authority of the command to keep the Sunday. In fact, believing it to be an ordinance of the Church at any rate, I hold its practical obligation, just as much as if I considered it to be derivable from the fourth Command-

ment; but the main question is, whether that rest, on which the Commandment lays such exclusive stress, is really the essence of the Christian Sunday. That it should be a day of greater leisure than other days, and of the suspension, so far as may be, of the common business of life, I quite allow; but then I believe that I should have much greater indulgence for recreation, on a Sunday, than you might have; and if the railway enables the people in the great towns to get out into the country on the Sunday, I should think it a very great good. I confess that I would rather have one train going on a Sunday than none at all; and I cannot conceive that this would seriously interfere with any of the company's servants; it would not be as much work as all domestic servants have every Sunday, in almost every house in the country. At the same time I should be most anxious to mark the day decidedly from other days, and I think that one train up and down would abundantly answer all good purposes, and that more would be objectionable. I was much obliged to you, for sending me an account of the discussion on the subject, and if it comes on again I should really wish to express my opinion if I could, by voting against having more than one train. I am really sorry that I cannot go along with you more completely. At any rate I cannot but rejoice in the correspondence with you, to which this question has given occasion. Differences of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any man who is in earnest, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity."

Dr. Arnold's views on the observance of the Christian Sabbath were also expressed at an earlier period of his life (1833), and there we find a very clear statement of the light in which he regarded the duties of the Lord's Day. His conclusion was, that "whilst St. Paul on the one hand would have been utterly shocked, could he have foreseen that, 1800 years after Christianity had been in the world, such an institution as the Sabbath would have been still needed; yet seeing that it is still needed, the obligation of the old commandment is still binding in the spirit of it; that is, that we should use one day in seven, as a sort of especial reminder of our duties, and a relieving ourselves from the over-pressure of worldly things which daily life brings with it." And our Sunday he regarded rather as a day of strengthening and

preparation for the coming week, than as a rest for the past, seeing that we keep holy the first, and not the last day of the seven, as in the ancient dispensation.

He wished,—in reference to a petition on subscription,—that the Athanasian Creed should be entirely rejected, partly from his dislike to the “damnatory clauses,” and partly because he considered it to be a great stumbling-block in the way of unity among Christians of different denominations. The Canons, he said, he would not willingly petition about at all, except it were to procure their utter abolition, for he intensely disliked clerical legislation; and if the Canons were slightly touched, he thought what was left *untouched* would be regarded with additional force: an evil which, to his mind, exceeded that of leaving them alone altogether. He preferred petitioning for a relaxation of the terms of subscription, and he says in conclusion:—“I would petition specifically, *I think*, but I speak with submission, for the direct cancelling of the damnatory clauses of the anonymous creed, vulgarly called Athanasius’—(Would it not be well in your petition to alter the expression Athanasius’ Creed?)—leaving the Creed itself untouched.”

In May, 1840, he mentioned to a mutual friend that he had written to Keble, and received from him a very kind answer; and he added—“I yearn sadly after peace and harmony with those whom I have long known, and I will not quarrel with them, if I can help it; though, alas! in some of our tastes there is the music which to them is heavenly, and which to me says nothing; and there are the wild flowers, which to me are so full of beauty, and which others tread upon with indifference.” He had been speaking of his lack of musical appreciation, and remarking that though he regretted as a defect his insensibility to harmony, he could no more remedy it, than he could make his mind mathematical, which it was not, any more than his tastes were musical; or than some men could understand the deep delight with which he regarded wood sorrel, or wood anemones. -

He felt keenly the narrow compass of his reading, from want of greater leisure, and confessed, that if left to his natural taste merely, he should do little more than read,

write, and enjoy the society of his own family and of his dearest friends ; but he believed, at the same time, that the practical life in which he was engaged at Rugby was far better for him. And in fact he says to Chevalier Bunsen,—

“ The mixture of school-work and of my own reading furnishes a useful, and I feel too a pleasant variety ; and I cannot perceive that it is any strain upon my constitution, while I sleep like an infant, and daily have either a bathe or a walk into the country, where I think neither of school nor of history . . . . and as long as I feel that I can be useful practically in the work of education, I am well content to relinquish some plans, which would otherwise have been very dear to me. But then my health may fail, and what am I to do then ? I know the answer which you would make in my place, and I would try to share in your spirit, and say, that then Christ, I doubt not, will provide for me as He sees best. As man wishes and schemes, I think that I should like to go on here till Matt and Tom have gone through the University, and then, if I could, retire to Fox How. But I would earnestly pray, and would ask your prayers too for me, that in this and in all things I may have a single heart and will, wishing for nothing but what Christ wishes and wills for me.”

In May, 1840, Dr. Arnold attended one of the levees, and was presented to the Queen : he went, principally, because he wished hereafter to be presented at Berlin, by Bunsen himself.

Referring to a grant of £400,000 a-year, which Sir R. Inglis was going to propose for new clergymen, he remarked that in his opinion the end proposed, would be better and inexpensively answered by reviving the order of Deacons, and so once more giving to the world that union of the Christian ministry with the common business of life, which would be such a benefit to the clergy and the laity.

In June he received from Lord Melbourne the offer of the Wardenship of Manchester College, just then vacant. The offer was made at the instance of Bishop Stanley, who had been induced to exert himself on Dr. Arnold's behalf in consequence of a letter from Chevalier Bunsen, in which he expressed a great anxiety that he should be relieved from the burden of Rugby. But the wardenship was gratefully

declined, for the income was so comparatively small that the doctor feared he might find a difficulty in educating his children on it; and still further, he must either have made the office a sinecure, or have entered upon labours and responsibilities quite equal to those he already sustained. And Rugby, he warmly declared, was no burden, so long as it went on well; but, on the contrary, the thing of all others most fitted to him, so long as his health and vigour continued unimpaired.

We now come to the tour which he had anticipated all the half-year, and which he commenced, in company with Mrs. Arnold, and one of his former pupils, about the middle of June. According to the plan proposed and already adhered to, the extracts bearing upon his own personal impressions and his own peculiar views are presented to the reader, rather than the mere detail of scenery, &c., which, though often highly interesting and instructive, agrees in substance with the journal of other travellers, already published at length. We subjoin the following:—

“*Orleans, June 22nd, 1840.*—The siege of Orleans is one of the turning-points in the history of nations. Had the English dominion in France been established, no man can tell what might have been the consequence to England, which would probably have become an appendage of France. So little does the prosperity of a people depend upon success in war, that two of the greatest defeats we ever had, have been two of our greatest blessings,—Orleans and Bannockburn. It is curious, too, that in Edward II.’s reign, the victory over the Irish proved our curse, as our defeat by the Scots turned out a blessing. Had the Irish remained independent, they might afterwards have been united to us, as Scotland was; and had Scotland been reduced to subjection, it would have been another curse to us, like Ireland.

“*July 2nd.* On board the Sardinian steamer, the *Janus*, in Marseilles Harbour. . . . We are as usual close under the cliffs, which present their steep and scarred sides to the sea, bare for the most part, but here and there with some pines upon them. Now they are preparing dinner; not in a small and unsavoury cabin, but out on the deck under awnings: and the table-cloth is of the whitest, and the plates are of our blue and white china, with the three men and the bridge; and the wine is in nice English de-

canters, and there is the nicest of desserts being spread, which it seems is to precede the dinner, instead of following it. Dinner is over, and a right goodly dinner it has been: we set down on deck, a party of ten, two Englishmen besides ourselves, both agreeable enough in their way. And now we are just off Toulon, seeing those beautiful mountains behind the town, and the masts of the shipping rising over the low ground which forms the entrance into the road, and the green-hills, which lie towards Hyères, while the islands lie off as a lowland, which I am afraid we are going to leave to our left, instead of passing between them and the land. Well! we are just coming to the point from which we shall see Hyères: for we are not going outside the islands, as I think, but between them and a projecting point of the coast, connected only by a low strip of sand or shingle with the mainland. And now the sun is almost setting, and from him to us there is one golden line through the water; and the mountains, sea, and sky, are all putting on a softer and a deeper tint. It is solemnly beautiful to see the sea under the vessel, just where the foam caused by the paddles melts away into the mass of blue: the restless but yet beautiful finite lost in the peaceful and more beautiful infinite. The historical interest of this coast and sea almost sinks in their natural beauties; together they give to this scene an interest not to be surpassed. And now good night, my darling, and all of you—you know how soon night comes here after the sun is down; and even now his orb is touching the mountains. May God's blessing be with you and with us, through Jesus Christ!

"*Genoa, July 4th.*—We are now farther from England than at any time in our former tour, dearest——, but our faces are still set on-wards, and I believe the more I dislike Italy, or rather the Italians, so the more eagerly do I desire to see those parts of it, which remind me only of past times, and allow me to forget the present. Certainly I do greatly prefer France to Italy, Frenchmen to Italians; for a lying people, which these emphatically are, stink in one's moral nose all the day long. Good and sensible men, no doubt, there are here in abundance; but no nation presents so bad a side to a traveller as this. For—while we do not see its domestic life, and its private piety and charity—the infinite vileness of its public officers, and the pettiness of the Government, the gross ignorance and the utter falsehood of those who must come in your way, are a continual annoyance. When you see a soldier here you feel no confidence that he can fight; when you see a so-called man of letters, you are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby; when

you see a priest, he may be an idolater, or an unbeliever ; when you see a judge, or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile, when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance. Now, in England, we know that every soldier will fight, and every public functionary will be honest. In France and in Prussia we know the same ; and with us, though many of our clergy may be idolaters, yet we feel sure that none is an unbeliever.

*“ Pisa, July 5th.*—But oh the solemn and characteristic beauty of that cathedral ! with its simple semi-circular arches of the twelfth century, its double aisles, and its splendour of marbles and decoration of a later date, especially on the ceiling. Then we went to the Baptistery, and lastly to the Campo Santo,—a most perfect cloister, the windows looking towards the burying-ground within, being of the most delicate work. But that burying-ground itself is the most striking thing of all ; it is the earth of the Holy City : for when the Pisan Crusaders were in Palestine, they thought no spoil which they could bring home was so precious, as so many feet in depth of the holy soil, as a burying-place for them and their children.

They went on now through Castiglioncello, Sienna, Montaroni, Buon Convento, Torrinieri, Rocca d’Orcia, Riccorsi, Radicofani, Viterbo, Monterossi, Baccano and La Storta to Rome, which they reached July 8th, rather more than an hour before noon.

And every morning, before starting on their journey, the little party read the daily lessons of the Church of England, and the Te Deum.

*“ July 12th, 1840.*—And I see Sezza on its mountain seat ; but here is a more sacred spot, Appii Forum, where St. Paul met his friends, when, having landed at Puteoli, he went on by the Appian road to Rome. Here the ancient and the present roads are the same ; and here, then, the Apostle Paul, with Luke and with Timothy, travelled along, a prisoner under a centurion guard, to carry his appeal to Cæsar. How much resulted from that journey, the manifestation of Christ’s name—the four precious Epistles ad Ephesios, ad Philippenses, ad Colossenses, ad Philemona ; and, on the other hand, owing to his long absence, the growth of Judaism, that is, of priestcraft, in the eastern churches, never, alas ! to be wholly put down.

*“ July 15th, 1840.*—We have just left Pompeii, after having

spent two hours in walking over the ruins. Now what has struck me most in this extraordinary scene, speaking historically? That is, what knowledge does one gain from seeing an ancient town, destroyed in the first century of the Christian era, thus laid open before us? I do not think that there is much. . . . Poetically, Pompeii is to me, as I always thought it would be, no more than Pompeii; that is, it is a place utterly unpoetical. An Oscoroman town, with some touches of Greek corruption—a town of the eighth century of Rome; marked by no single noble recollection; nor having—like the polygonal walls of Ciolano—the marks of a remote antiquity and a pure state of society. There is only the same sort of interest with which one would see the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, but indeed there is less. One is not authorized to ascribe so solemn a character to the destruction of Pompeii; it is not a peculiar monument of God's judgments, it is the mummy of a man of no worth or dignity: solemn, no doubt, as everything is which brings life and death into such close connexion, but with no proper and peculiar solemnity, like places rich in their own proper interest, or sharing in the general interest of a remote antiquity, or an uncorrupted state of society. The towns of the Ciolano are like the tomb of a child,—Pompeii is like the tomb of Lord Chesterfield.

"*July 19th.*—And now, dearest, it is Sunday morning, and a brighter day never shone! . . . May God bless you all, my darlings, and us, your absent parents, to whom the roads of Italy on this day are far less grateful than the chapel of Rydal or Rugby. It is here, amongst strangers or enemies, that I could most zealously defend the Church of England:—here one may look only at its excellencies; whereas at home, and amongst ourselves, it is idle to be puffing what our own business is rather to mend.

"*July 20th.*—Behold Grecio before us—two church towers, and the round towers of its old bastions, and the line of its houses on the edge of one cliff, and with other cliffs rising behind it. The road has chosen to go up a shoulder of hill on the left of the valley, for no other visible reason than to give travellers a station, like the Bowness Terrace, from which they might have a general view over it. It is really like 'the garden of the Lord,' and tho 'Seraph guard' might keep their watch on the summit of the opposite mountains, which, seen under the morning sun, are invested in a haze of heavenly light, as if shrouding a more than earthly glory. Truly may one feel, with Von Canitz, that if the glory of God's perishable works be so great, what must be the glory of the imperishable!—what infinitely more of Him who is the Author of both! And if



I feel thrilling through me the sense of this outward beauty, innocent indeed, yet necessarily unconscious, what is the sense one ought to have of moral beauty,—of God the Holy Spirit's creation,—of humbleness, and truth, and self-devotion, and love? Much more beautiful, because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colours of kind and wise, and holy thoughts, and words and actions: more truly beautiful is one hour of old Mrs. Price's patient waiting for the Lord's time, and her cheerful and kind interest in us all, feeling as if she owed us anything, than this glorious valley of the Velinus; for this will pass away, and that will not pass away. But that is not the great point: believe with Aristotle that this should abide, and that should perish; still there is in the moral beauty an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have; for the moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God, and not merely his work: his living and conscious ministers and servants are—it is permitted us to say so—the temples of which the light is God himself."

"*Bologna, July 23rd.* . . . And now this is the last night, I trust, in which I shall sleep in the Pope's dominions; for it is impossible not to be sickened with a government such as this, which discharges no one function decently. The ignorance of the people is prodigious, how can it be otherwise? The booksellers' shops, sad to behold, the very opposite of that scribe, instructed to the kingdom of God, who was to bring out of his treasures things new and old; these scribes, not of the kingdom of God, bring out of their treasure nothing good, either new or old, but the mere rubbish of the past and the present. Other governments may see an able and energetic sovereign arise to whom God may give a long reign, so that what he began in youth he may live to complete in old age. But here every reign must be short, for every sovereign comes to the throne an old man, and with no better education than that of a priest. Where, then, can there be hope under such a system, so contrived, as it should seem, for every evil end, and so necessarily exclusive of good?

"*Steamer on the Lake of Luzern, July 29th.*—In fact, Switzerland is to Europe what Cumberland and Westmoreland are to Lancashire and Yorkshire,—the general summer touring-place. But all country that is actually beautiful is capable of affording to those who live in it the highest pleasure of scenery, which no country, however beautiful, can do to those who merely travel in it; and thus, while I do not dispute the higher interests of Switzerland to a Swiss, (no Englishman ought to make another country his home, and therefore

I do not speak of Englishmen,) I must still maintain that to me Fairfield is a hundred times more beautiful than the Righi, and Windermere than the lake of the Four Cantons! Not that I think this is overvalued by travellers: it cannot be so; but most people undervalue greatly what mountains are when they form a part of our daily life, and combine not with our hours of leisure, of wandering, and of enjoyment, but with those of home life, of work, and of duty.

"*Luzern, July 29th.*—We accomplished the passage of the lake in about three hours, and most beautiful it was all the way. And now, as in 1827, I recognize the forms of our common English country, and should be bidding adieu to mountains, and preparing merely for our Rugby lanes and banks, and Rugby work, were it not for the delightful exorcism of a tour, which we hope to make to Fox How, and three or four days' enjoyment of our own mountains, hallowed by our English church, and hallowed scarcely less by our English law. . . . I have been sure for many years that the subsiding of a tour, if I may so speak, is quite as delightful as its swelling. I call it its subsiding, when one passes by common things indifferently, and even great things with fainter interest, because one is so strongly thinking of home, and of the returning to ordinary relations and duties.

"*August 7th.*—Even whilst I write, the houses of the neighbourhood of London are being left behind, and these bright green, quiet fields of Middlesex, are succeeding one another like lightning. So we have passed London—no one can tell when again I may re-visit it;—and foreign parts, having now all London between me and them, are sunk away into an unreality, while Rugby and Fox How are growing very substantial. We are now just at Harrow, and here, too, harvest, I see, has begun. And now we are in Hertfordshire, crossing the valley of the Coln, at Watford. . . . And now we are descending the chalk escarpment, and it may be some time before I set my eyes upon chalk again. . . . This speed is marvellous, for we have not yet been two hours on our journey, and here we are in the very bowels of the kingdom, above 116 miles from Dover, and not quite 240 from you, my boys. Here is the iron-sand, and we shall soon come upon our old friend, the oolite. The country looks delicious under the evening sun, so green, and rich, and peaceful. Wolverton station, and the feed, 7.15; left it, 7.27. Blissworth station, 7.53; left it, 7.56. And now we are fairly in Northamptonshire, and in our own Rugby country in a manner, because we come here on the Kingsthorpe clay.

*August 9th, 1840.*—Left Milnthorpe at 6.21. My last day's journey, I hope, dearest; and then the faithful inkstand, which has daily hung at my button-hole, may retire to his deserved rest. Our tea last night was incomparable; such ham, such bread and butter, such cake! And then came this morning a charge of four-and-sixpence for our joint bed and board; when those scoundrels in Italy, whose very life is roguery, used to charge double and triple for their dog fare and filthy rooms. Bear witness, Capua; and that vile Swiss-Italian woman, whom I could wish to have been in Capua (Casilinum) when Hannibal besieged it, and when she must either have eaten her shoes, or been eaten herself by some neighbour, if she had not been too tough and indigestible. But, dearest, there are other thoughts within me, as I look out on this delicious valley (we are going down to Levens) on this Sunday morning. How calm and beautiful is everything, and here, as we know, how little marred by an extreme poverty. And yet, do these hills and valleys, any more than those of the Apennines, send up an acceptable incense? Both do, as far as nature is concerned—our softer glory, and that loftier glory, each in their kind render their homage, and God's work, so far, is still very good. But with our just laws and pure faith, and here with a wholesome state of property besides, is there yet the kingdom of God here, any more than in Italy? How can there be? For the kingdom of God is the perfect development of the Church of God: and when priestcraft destroyed the church, the kingdom of God became an impossibility. We have now entered the Winster valley, and got precisely to our own slates again, which we left yesterday week in the Vosges. The strawberries and raspberries hang red to the sight by the road-side, and the turf and flowers are more delicately beautiful than anything which I have seen abroad. The mountains, too, are in their softest haze. I have seen Old Man, and the Langdale Pikes, rising behind the nearer hills most beautifully. We have just opened on Windermere, and vain it is to talk of any earthly beauty ever equalling this country in my eyes; when, mingling with every form, and sound, and fragrance, comes the full thought of domestic affections, and of national, and of Christian: here is our house and home—here are our country's laws and language—and here is our English church. No Mola di Gaeta, no Valley of the Velino, no Salerno or Vietri, no Lago di Pie di Lugo, can rival to me this Vale of Windermere and of the Rotha. And here it lies in the perfection of its beauty, the deep shadows on the unruffled water—the haze investing Fairfield with everything solemn and undefined. Arrived at Bowness 8.20; left it at 8.31.

Passing Ragrigg Gate 8.37. On the Bowness Terrace 8.45. Over Troutbeck Bridge 8.51. Here is Ecclerigg 8.58. And here Lowood Inn 9.4½. And here Waterhead and our ducking bench 9.12. The valley opens :—Ambleside and Rydal Park, and the gallery on Loughrigg. Rotha Bridge 9.16. And here is the poor humbled Rotha, and Mr. Brancker's cut, and the New Millar Bridge 9.21. Alas ! for the alders gone, and succeeded by a stiff wall. Here is the Rotha in his own beauty, and here is poor T. Flemming's field, and our own mended gate. Dearest children, may we meet happily ! Entered FOX HOW and the birch copse at 9.25 ; and here ends journal. Walter first saw us, and gave notice of our approach. We found all our dear children well, and Fox How in such beauty that no scene in Italy appeared in my eyes comparable to it. We breakfasted, and at a quarter before eleven I had the happiness of once more going to an English church, and that church our own beloved Rydal chapel."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP.

"THE delightful excrescence of a tour," which Dr. Arnold had so fondly anticipated during his Italian journey, was fully realized when he found himself once more among his own mountains, and within sound of the bell of Rydal chapel. His continental excursion had answered all the purposes he intended, and his recollections of Rome were so vividly refreshed, that he felt he had no need to visit Italy again. The beauty of the scenery between Antrudoco and Terni, he thought, surpassed anything he had hitherto seen, except it were La Cava, and the country dividing the Bay of Naples from Salerno. "But," said he, "when we returned to Fox How I thought that no scene on this earth could ever be to me so beautiful. I mean that so great was its actual natural beauty, that no possible excess of beauty in any other scene could balance the deep charm of home, which in Fox How breathes through everything. But the actual and real beauty of Fox How is, in my mind, worthy to be put in comparison with anything, as a place for human dwelling."

The four days at this beloved Fox How were accordingly enjoyed to the utmost, and he returned to Rugby in excellent health and spirits, and quite ready for his work—a work of which the importance, as he himself remarked, could scarcely be overrated. At this time he fully believed that he was finally shut out from any appointment to the new Professorships in Oxford; but though such an appointment would have been most acceptable, and though it grieved him to be thus excluded from the place which he honoured and loved, and where he believed he might be enabled to do so much good, he knew full well that this privation was permitted by One who knows best where, and when, and how, He will have his servants to serve Him; and he received it as an intimation that his appointed work lay in another direction.

Meanwhile the school was fuller than ever : and he pleased himself with hoping to be able to appoint from among his old pupils the new master whose services would be required after the ensuing vacation. That he read less than ever was still his complaint ; and he told Chevalier Bunsen how all his books alike, stood on his shelves, as it were mocking him. The school he thought sadly too full, and he had thirty-six in his own form.

A letter which he wrote in September, to Dr. Hawkins, gives us further insight into his views of ecclesiastical matters. He writes :—

“ I never can make out from anybody, except the strong Newmanites, what the essence of episcopacy is supposed to be. The Newmanites say that certain divine powers of administering the sacraments effectually, can only be communicated by a regular succession from those who, as they suppose, had them at first. W. Law holds this ground : there must be a succession in order to keep up the mysterious gift bestowed on the priesthood, which gift makes Baptism wash away sin, and converts the elements in the Lord’s Supper into effectual means of grace. This is intelligible and consistent, though I believe it to be in the highest degree false and Antichristian. Is government the essence of Episcopacy, which was meant to be perpetual in the Church ! Is it the monarchical element of government ? and if so, is it the monarchical element pure or limited ? Conceive what a difference between an absolute monarchy, and one limited like ours ; and still more like the French monarchy under the constitution of 1789. I cannot in the least tell, therefore, what you suppose to be the real thing intended to be kept in the Church, as I suppose you do not like the Newmanite view. And all the moderate High Churchmen appear to me to labour under the same defect,—that they do not seem to perceive clearly what is the essence of Episcopacy ; or, if they do perceive it, they do not express themselves clearly.”

In the same month, Dr. Arnold suffered from a slight attack of fever, which confined him to his room for three days. Again he complained that the school was swelling beyond its established numbers. There were now about 340 boys ; 63 having been admitted after the Midsummer vacation. And yet he did not believe that there was much distinguished

talent in the School, or any great spirit of reading; but it gave him unfeigned pleasure to observe the "steady and kindly feeling" in the community, both towards the masters, and towards each other.

During his temporary detention from his regular duties, he says, writing to Mr. Justice Coleridge :—

" If after a life of so much happiness, I ought to form a single wish for the future, it would be hereafter to have a Canonry of Christ Church, with one of the new Professorships of Scriptural Interpretation, or Ecclesiastical History. . . . But Oxford, both for its good and its beauty, which I love so tenderly, and for the evil now tainting it, which I would fain resist in its very birth-place, is the place where I would fain pass my latest years of unimpaired faculties."

He spoke in the same letter of his Roman History; telling his friend that he thought the second volume would be the least interesting of all, because it had no legends and no contemporary history. "I tried hard to make it lively," he said, "but that very trying is too like the heavy baron, who leaped over the chairs in his room, 'pour apprendre d'être vif.'" In the war of Pyrrhus he was oppressed all the while by a sense of Niebuhr's infinite superiority; for that chapter of the German historian he regarded as a perfect masterpiece. And in the second Punic War, where Niebuhr is little more than fragmentary, he hoped to progress much better, and with much greater freedom to himself; and he concludes by saying :—"There floats before me an image of power and beauty in history, which I cannot in any way realize, and which often tempts me to throw all that I have written clean into the fire."

It was in the October of this year (1840) that he proposed to himself to acquire some knowledge of Sanscrit, "the sister of Greek," as he termed it; and he wanted to know from a former pupil, then at Haileybury College, what Sanskrit grammar and dictionary he used, and also whether there was "anything like a Sanskrit delectus, or an easy construing book for beginners." And at the close of the letter he turns suddenly from the consideration of the ways and means and

desirabilities of studying an Eastern language, to the report of foot-ball matches, which were then in great vigour.

"The Sixth match is over," he says, "being settled in one day by the defeat of the Sixth. The School-house match is pending, and the School-house have kicked one goal."

His love for manly, athletic exercises and sports, was vigorous as ever: he still loved to go rambling over the country, and to take his daily bathe; and there are many who will well remember how, from his own garden, he used to watch, with all the interest of a combatant, and the keenness of a connoisseur, the foot-ball matches in the School-field.

His was a thoroughly *wholesome* nature; the tendencies of his mind, and the development of his physical forces, seemed mutually to strengthen each other. He presented one of the rarest combinations of various and even opposing qualities that the world has ever seen. He was learned, without a tinge of pedantry; practical without verging on mere dry utilitarianism; poetical and ideal in his tastes and fancies, yet in no wise given to sentimentality. He loved things that were ancient, because they were so; but he protested always against the errors and weaknesses of those venerable institutions which he regarded with affection and reverence. He was bold and uncompromising, almost perhaps to excess; but he was never carping or presumptuous: he was eminently devout, but perfectly free from superstition. In short, life was to him so great a reality, so tremendous a responsibility, that he attached even to its smallest revealings a sacred importance, and a deep illimitable influence.

And here I cannot help again quoting from the correspondence of the late Charlotte Brontë, edited by Mrs. Gaskell. After reading Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold, she says:—"Where can we find justice, firmness, independence, earnestness, sincerity, fuller and purer than in him? But this is not all, and I am glad of it. Besides high intellect and stainless rectitude, his letters and his life attest his possession of the most true-hearted affection. *Without* this, however one might admire, we could not love him; but *with* it I think we love him much!"

At this time, one of his former pupils, the Rev. H. Balston,



was residing in Guernsey for the benefit of his health. Dr. Arnold wrote to him :—

“ I look around in the school, and feel how utterly beyond human power is the turning any single human heart to God. Some heed, and some heed not, with the same outward means, as it appears, offered to both, and the door opened to one no less wide than to another. But ‘the kingdom of God suffereth violence,’ and to infuse the violence, which will enter at all cost, and will not be denied, belongs to Him alone, whose counsels we cannot follow. You will pray for us all, that we may glorify God’s name in this place, in teaching and in learning, in guiding and in following. I have many delightful proofs that those who have been here have found, at any rate, no such evil as to prevent their serving God in after life ; and some, I trust, have derived good from Rugby. But the evil is great and abounding, I well know ; and it is very fearful to think that it may be to some irreparable ruin. . . . May God bless you ever, and support you, as He did my dear sister, through all that He may see fit to lay on you. Be sure that there is a blessing and a safety in having scarcely any other dealings than with Christ alone—in bearing His manifest will, and waiting for His pleasure—intervening objects being of necessity removed away.”

In January, 1841, just at the opening of the new year, he wrote to one of his friends, giving expression to some of his ideas respecting the education of girls :—

“ I feel quite as strongly as you do the extreme difficulty of giving to girls what really deserves the name of education intellectually. When Jane was young, I used to teach her some Latin with her brothers, and that has been, I think, of real use to her, and she feels it now in reading and translating German, of which she does a great deal. But there is nothing for girls like the degree examination, which concentrates one’s reading so beautifully, and makes one master a certain number of books perfectly. And unless we had a domestic examination for young ladies, to be passed before they come out, and another like the great go, before they came of age, I do not see how the thing can ever be effected. Seriously, I do not see how we can supply sufficient encouragement for systematic and laborious reading, or how we can ensure many things being retained at once fully in the mind, when we are wholly without the machinery which we have for our boys. I do nothing now with my girls regularly, owing to want of time ; once, for a little while, I

used to examine—in Guizot's *Civilization of France*, and I am inclined to think that few better books could be found for the purpose than this, and his *Civilization of Europe*. They embrace a great multitude of subjects, and a great variety, and some philosophical questions amongst the rest, which would introduce a girl's mind a little to that world of thought to which we were introduced by our Aristotle."

The winter of 1840-1 was unusually severe. Rydal Lake was frozen completely over; and the doctor and his nine children, to their thorough and complete satisfaction, went over it on foot. The four eldest boys skated; little Walter was trundled in his wheelbarrow; the young ladies were content to slide; and the doctor himself, too old, as he says, to learn to skate, was fain to follow their example. Mrs. Arnold, meanwhile, with a very natural preference for *terra firma*, walked round to Ambleside for the letters, and met her family as they came up from the lake.

Dr. Arnold began now to long for the time when Fox How might be his lasting home, and he thought that, if his boys were once educated, he should retire without delay. In a letter addressed to the Chevalier Bunsen, just before leaving Westmoreland for the opening of the ordinary Rugby campaign, he wrote—"But I must stop, for the sun is shining on the valley, now quite cleared of snow, and I must go round and take a farewell look at the trees, and the river, and the mountains, ere *feror exul in altum*, into the wide and troubled sea of life's business, from which this is so sweet a haven. But 'Rise, let us be going,' is a solemn call, which should for ever reconcile us to break off our luxurious sleep."

Early in March he wrote to his friend and former pupil, Mr. Gell, who at his instance had undertaken the head-mastership of a school or college in Van Diemen's Land, giving a slight but graphic sketch of their daily Rugby life:—

"We have been re-assembled here for nearly four weeks; locking-up is at half-past six, callings over at three and five, first lesson at seven. I am writing in the library at fourth lesson on a Wednesday, sitting in that undignified kitchen chair, which you so well remember, at that little table, a just proportional to the tables of

the Sixth themselves, at which you have so often seen me writing in years past. And as the light is scarcely bright enough to show the increased number of my gray hairs, you might, if you looked in upon us, fancy that time had ceased to run, and that we are the identical thirty-one or more persons, who sat in the same place, at the same hour, and engaged in the very same work, when you were one of them. The school is very full, about 330 boys in all, quiet and well-disposed, I believe; but enough, as there will always be, to excite anxiety, and quite enough to temper vanity. . . . My wife, thank God, is very well, and goes out on the pony regularly as usual. We went to-day as far as the turnpike on the Dunchurch Road, then round by Deadman's Corner to Bilton, and so home. Hoskyns, who is Sandford's curate at Dunchurch, walked with us as far as the turnpike. The day was bright and beautiful, with gleams of sun, but no frost. You can conceive the buds swelling on the wild roses and hawthorns, and the pussy catkins of the willows are very soft and mouse-like; their yellow anthers have not yet shown themselves. The felling of trees goes on largely as usual, and many an old wild and tangled hedge, with its mossy banks, presents at this moment a scraped black bank below, and a cut and stiff fence of stakes above; one of the minor griefs which have beset my Rugby walks for the last twelve years, at this season of the year.

"Of things in general I know not what to say. The country is in a state of much political apathy, and therefore Toryism flourishes as a matter of course, and commercial speculation goes on vigorously. Reform of all sorts, down to Talfourd's Copyright Bill, seems adjourned *sine die*; wherefore evil of all sorts keeps running up its account, and Chartism I suppose rejoices. The clergy are becoming more and more Newmanite,—Evangelicalism being swallowed up more and more by the stronger spell, as all the minor diseases merged into the plague in the pestilential time of the second year of the Peloponnesian War."

The month of July was principally spent by Dr. Arnold and his two eldest sons in the South of France. They visited Angoulême and Bordeaux, coming in sight of the Pyrenees on the 10th instant,—the first mountains, the doctor remarks, that they had seen since leaving *their own*; for, "between Westmoreland and the Pyrenees there are none." They proceeded onwards to St. Jean de Luz, and went to see the little bridge where Sir Charles Penrose found the Duke of

Wellington alone, at dead of night, eagerly watching for the first streak of dawn, that he might form some notion of the probable weather of the coming day, about which he was anxious, because the troops were preparing to make the passage of the Adour.

On the 12th occurs an entry in the doctor's journal, headed **SPAIN!** They left their carriage in France, and walked over the Bidassoa to Irun, enjoying to the utmost the beautiful view which opened upon the mouth of the river, with Fontarabia on one side and Audaye on the other.

"The very instant that we crossed the Bidassoa, (says Dr. Arnold,) the road, which in France is perfect, became utterly bad, and the street of Irun itself was intolerable. The town, in its style of building, resembled the worst towns of Central Italy; the galleries on the outside of the houses, the overhanging roofs, and the absence of glass. It strikes me, that if this same style prevails both in Spain and Italy, where modern improvement has not reached, it must be of very great antiquity; derived, perhaps, from the time when both countries were united under a common Government—the Roman."

Agen, the birth-place of Joseph Scaliger, was visited—

"Scaliger (says the Doctor) is in some respects the Niebuhr of the seventeenth century, but rather the Bentley: morally far below Niebuhr, and though, like Bentley, almost rivalling him in acuteness, yet altogether without his wisdom."

From Agen they proceeded to Auch, and afterwards through Bourges to Paris and Boulogne, which latter place was reached on the 22nd of the month. This journal, the last which relates to foreign tours, closes thus:—

"Much as I like coming abroad, I am never for an instant tempted to live abroad; not even in Germany, where assuredly I would settle, if I were obliged to quit England. But not the strongest Tory or Conservative values our Church and law more than I do, or would find life less liveable without them. Indeed, it is very hard to me to think that those can value either who can see their defects with indifference; or that those can value them

worthily, that is, can appreciate their idea, who do not see wherein they fall short of their idea. And now I close this journal for the present, praying that God may bless us, and keep us in worldly good or evil, in Himself and in his Son. Amen."

A fever which prevailed at Rugby, caused a considerable delay in the return of the boys to their customary duties, and Dr. Arnold and his family lingered at Fox How till nearly the end of September, while a detachment of the higher forms resided near him, or in his house. While yet in Westmoreland he received from Lord Melbourne the offer of the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, just vacant by the death of Dr. Nares.

This unlooked-for realization of his dearest hopes—hopes which had well-nigh faded into dreams,—filled him with the deepest delight—

"I caught at any opportunity of being connected again with Oxford (he wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge), and the visions of Bagley Wood and Shotover rose upon me with an irresistible charm. Then it suited so well with future living at Fox How, if I may dare to look forward; giving me work for my life, and an income for life, which, though not large, would be much to me when I had left Rugby. . . . And now, whilst my boys are at Oxford, it will take me up there from time to time, and will give me a share in the working of the University, although not a great one. In short, there is nothing which the Government could have given me, that would have suited all my wishes so well."

He closes the letter by saying:—

"I could rave about the beauty of Fox How, but I will forbear. I work very hard at mowing the grass amongst the young trees, which gives me constant employment. Wordsworth is remarkably well."

And again, he writes to Doctor Hawkins:—

"I have accepted the Regius Professorship of Modern History, chiefly to gratify my earnest longing to have some direct connexion with Oxford. . . . I could not resist the temptation of

accepting the office, though it will involve some additional work, and if I live to leave Rugby, the income, though not great, will be something to us, when we are poor people at Fox How. But to get a regular situation at Oxford would have tempted me, I believe, had it been accompanied by no salary at all."

The plan which Dr. Arnold first laid out for his Oxford Lectures, was to start with the year 1400, and take the fifteenth century for the first year's course. He wished to do for England what Guizot had already commenced for France; and he thought it would be extremely interesting to trace, if possible, "the changes of property produced by the wars of the Roses, and the growth of the English aristocracy upon the gradual extinction of that purely Norman." This plan, however, was abandoned, for it was urged upon him that the fifteenth century afforded no adequate representation of the middle ages, and he finally settled to begin with the fourteenth century.

On the second of December, he went up to Oxford to read his Inaugural Lecture. He could only be absent from Rugby for a single day, for it was the close of the half-year, and the pressure of school-work was unusually heavy. He left early in the morning, accompanied by Mrs. Arnold, and reached Oxford about noon, having busied himself on the journey in the correction of the school exercises. The regular lecture-rooms were found insufficient to contain the crowds that thronged to listen to him, and the "Theatre" was appointed as the scene of the inauguration. And there, amidst the highest university authorities, and surrounded by those who had once been his pupils, and who now with mingled pride, affection, and delight, beheld him once more in his beloved Oxford, and "*in his proper place!*" he rose, and in "that deep, ringing, searching voice of his," delivered the Inaugural Lecture, whose vigour and freshness and force made an ineffaceable impression on the minds of those who heard it.

An eminent American writer, speaking of English literature generally, says:—"Another, and a very high merit may be claimed for history in the English literature of our times: I mean the religious element which has been developed in it,

and MOST OF ALL BY ARNOLD . . . . Arnold's great achievement in historical science is that, in treating the history of a pagan people, he gives to his reader a sense of a divine providence over the Roman nation, for the future service of Christian truth, at the same time that this religious element is not irreverently obtruded, or mingled with incongruous objects." And the same author, referring to Sir Walter Scott's historic sagacity, remarks that his works were admired by "two of the finest historical minds in our time,—*Arnold* in England, and *Thierry* in France!" Truly, when Dr. Arnold filled the professional chair in his own University he *was* in his right place!

During his Christmas vacation at Fox How he finished the first seven of his lectures, and he wrote to Dr. Hawkins:—

"My object would be to give eight lectures every year, like Guizot's on French history, for the history, chiefly the internal history, of England. . . . It would be a work for my life, and eight lectures a year would be, I am sure, as much as any man could give with advantage. My present course will be introductory, on the method of reading history; and this too will consist of eight lectures."

He came up to Oxford at the beginning of Lent term, and there delivered his "Introductory Lectures on Modern History." His stay there, as he confesses, surpassed even his expectations, and the beauty of the country exceeded his recollections, and convinced him that his dislike to the neighbourhood of Rugby arose "from no fond contrast with Westmoreland, but from its own unsurpassable dulness."

The lectures themselves attracted an unwonted concourse, who hung breathlessly on his words; and he in his turn testified his own unfeigned pleasure, and his no less unfeigned surprise, at the unmistakable enthusiasm which his presence revived. All his youthful love for Oxford, deepened by years of absence, and by a painful and prolonged sense of misapprehension, burned with increasing ardour. He loved to traverse the streets and squares of the place he had longed with all an exile's yearning fondness to revisit as one

of her most faithful sons; and when the day's work was complete, he delighted no less to collect his children about him, and with them explore the well-remembered haunts of earlier days. Once more he wandered amid the thickets of Bagley Wood, where he had once hoped "to see some of his boys and girls well bogged;" again he climbed the heights of Shotover, and revisited the broken valley behind Ferry Hincksey. And the universal kindness shown to his whole family, "down to Fan and Walter," contributed in no small degree to the sweet satisfaction he derived from this delightful sojourn.

The statutes of the professorship required terminal lectures on biography; and of these the first was to have been on "The Life and Time of Pope Gregory the First, or the Great;" the second, Charlemagne, whose coronation he fixed upon as the termination of ancient history; and with Charlemagne, or succeeding him, our own Saxon Alfred; and one lecture was certainly to be devoted to Dante.

Wide was the field his historical teaching was intended to embrace; and broad and deep were the views which would have been brought to bear on this, his favourite and long-cherished study: but these introductory lectures were the first and the last he was ever to address to his beloved and honoured University. And there were many expressions in these lectures, which, though habitual to him, seemed in the sequel like dim foreshadowings of his approaching end.

"If I am allowed to resume these lectures next year," he said to his hearers, at the termination of the course, which had received such close and delighted attention;—and when next year came the place that then knew him could know him no more for ever. Never again may that elastic step traverse his favourite Radcliffe Square,—never more may the frank, open brow, and the bright glance, and the happy, kindly smile, light up in hall, or chapel, or "theatre," constraining approbation even from those who believed that his convictions were completely antagonistic to their own, and filling with joy and respect, and generous enthusiasm, the hearts of those who knew him best, and who looked to him as the herald of a great and glorious resurrection in the religious life of his native country.



During his stay he met with Newman. These two remarkable men for the first time held personal intercourse, and dined together in hall, at Oriel, on Wednesday, the second of February. They parted, never again to meet on earth. One is gone to dwell with the Master whose name he loved, and whose service was his delight: the other, alas!—when we think of his mournful fate, we repeat with sad and solemn significance that grand old Catholic prayer of the Church from which he has wandered,—“From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, Good Lord deliver us.” And shall we not add, “That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth, all such as have erred and are deceived. We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!”

The short diary which Dr. Arnold kept during this visit, closes thus:—“And so ends our stay in Oxford,—a stay of so much pleasure in all ways as to call for the deepest thankfulness. May God enable me to work zealously and thankfully through Jesus Christ.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## LAST DAYS.

THE school was still full to overflowing; the principles of education, which at the commencement of Dr. Arnold's Rugby career had met with so much reprehension and dislike, had actually become popular; and his opinions, against which the most violent clamour had been raised, and towards which the strongest prejudices had been directed, came in due time not only to be tolerated, but to be received and adopted as the watchword and key-note of the most enlightened and liberal among his contemporaries: so that in his case the ancient promise seemed to be fulfilled:—"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

And yet his own views remained unchanged; and he deemed it his duty to denounce, with unsparing severity, the growing tendencies of the Oxford school. "His sermon on Easter Day, 1842, stands almost, if not absolutely, alone in the whole course of his school sermons," says Canon Stanley, "for the severity and vehemence of its denunciations against what he conceived to be the evil tendencies of the Oxford school."

To an old pupil he wrote thus, scarcely eight months before his death:—

" . . . . You seemed to think that I was not so charitable towards the Newmanites as I used to be towards the Roman Catholics, and you say that the Newmanites are to be regarded as entirely Roman Catholics. I think so too, but with this grave difference, that they are Roman Catholics at Oxford, instead of at Oscott—Roman Catholics signing the Articles of a Protestant Church, and holding office in its ministry. Now, as I know you are a fair man, and I think that Oxford has as yet, not deprived you of your wideness of mind, it is a real matter of interest to me to know how

the fact of these men being Roman Catholics in heart, which I quite allow, can be other than a most grave charge against them, till they leave Oxford, and our Protestant Church. . . . Undoubtedly, I think worse of Roman Catholicism in itself than I did some years ago. But my feelings towards a Roman Catholic are quite different from my feelings towards a Newmanite, because I think the one a fair enemy, the other a treacherous one. The one is the Frenchman in his own uniform, and within his own præsidia; the other is the Frenchman disguised in a red coat, and holding a post within our præsidia, for the purpose of betraying it. I should honour the first, and hang the second."

The last vacation spent at Fox How was a season of mingled labour, enjoyment, and the most delightful anticipations. Working hard at the Lectures, and looking forward to the position which he was henceforth to occupy, as a means whereby he might influence the younger students of the University, and share with their elders the carrying out of those changes, which he believed to be so desirable; and pondering deeply on that academical evil and scandal, of the debts contracted by the young men, and their backwardness in paying them, and to which he desired gradually to call serious attention; he yet found time to rejoice in the beauty of his beloved Westmoreland, with even more than his wonted enthusiasm. He tells Dr. Hawkins, at Christmas, how favourable the weather is, and how the mountain-tops are all covered with snow, and all their sides, and the valleys, rich with the golden ferns, and the brown leaves of the oaks.

And writing to the Rev. J. Hearn, just before going up to Oxford to deliver his Introductory Lectures, he says:—

"I prefer writing from the delicious calm of this place, where the mountains raise their snowy tops into the clear sky by this dim twilight, with a most ghost-like solemnity; and nothing is heard, far or near, except the sound of the stream through the valley. I have been walking to-day to Windermere, and went out on a little rude pier of stones into the lake, to watch what is to me one of the most beautiful objects in nature,—the life of blue water amidst a dead landscape of snow; the sky was bright, and the wind fresh, and the lake was dancing and singing as it were, while all along its margin

lay the dead snow, covering everything but the lake,—plains, and valleys, and mountains. I have admired the same thing more than once by the sea-side, and there the tide gives another feature, in the broad band of brown shingles below high-water mark, interposed between the snow and the water. We have been here more than three weeks, and, as it always does, the place has breathed a constant refreshment on me, although I have never worked harder; having done six of my lectures, besides a large correspondence about the school matters, as usual in the holidays. I have, in all, written seven lectures, and leave one more to be written at Oxford; and this last week I hope to devote to my History. . . . I half envy you your farming labours, and wish you all manner of success in them. I could enter with great delight into planting, but I am never here at the right season, and at Rugby have neither the time nor the ground."

On returning from his professional duties, he immediately resumed his Roman History, and on the 3rd of May began to write the chapter preceding the account of the battle of Zama, the idea of which he greatly relished. The description of the battle, and two succeeding chapters, would have completed the third volume.

He had also been working at his Terminal Lecture on the Life and Times of Gregory the First, and its delivery had been duly notified for the 2nd of June; but an unexpected attack of illness, though not of any severity, prevented its completion in due time, and he was obliged to write to Dr. Hawkins, giving up altogether the hope of visiting Oxford for that term, and promising two lectures for the next term, to make up for the unavoidable defalcation.

It was remarked by many, that, during the last few months of his life, his references to the subject of death were more solemn and frequent than heretofore; but the contemplation of the close of mortal existence was with him always a constant and distinctive trait; and it cannot excite surprise, that when he was taken away so suddenly from their midst, his friends and pupils should recal every expression and every action, which could be regarded as the evidence of such thoughts and feelings. It was natural that his pupils should notice, and always remember, that the very last subject which

he gave them for a Latin verse exercise, was "Domus Ultima;" and that he closed his final lecture on the New Testament by commenting on the words of St. John :—"It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." And this passage he compared with the 12th verse of 1 Corinthians xiii.—"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." "Yes," he fervently added, "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness!" Years before he had written about death in the spirit of one who entered fully into St. Paul's words:—"I die daily!" In his first volume of Sermons we find these words:—

"It becomes us, then, to accustom ourselves to consider death as something real; to make it a part of every day's serious thoughts, to bring steadily before our eyes the possibility, that before the day closes, which has now begun, it may be near, even at the doors. Will it be said that such thoughts unfit us for our common business, or at least would stop all cheerfulness, and mark our countenances with a perpetual expression of gloom? Then we must still be in bondage to the weak and beggarly elements; we must be ignorant of that liberty which Christ has given us, or else our mirth and our pleasure, and our business, must be such as Christ would condemn; and in that case we must, at whatever cost, get rid of them."

His earnestness on religious subjects seemed now daily to increase; he spoke to his pupils, with greater freedom than had been his wont, of the way of salvation, and of the Christian's work here upon earth; telling them how he must needs stand with his loins girt about him, ready at any moment, and in any manner, to obey the Master's call, thinking not of rest, till he should be bidden to sit down to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Always loving and tender towards those who were bound to him by the ties of blood or friendship, and kind and generous and considerate to all; as the time drew near, when his sojourn on earth should end, his affections seemed strengthened and deepened, and he shrank from inflicting even necessary pain, as from severe personal suffering.

All good, and high, and beautiful feelings were intensified ; and, while unknown to all around, unknown to his nearest and dearest, and even to himself, the outward man was day by day making ready to put off the worn soiled garments of mortality, the inner man was strengthened and purified, and drawn closer and closer to that Saviour, in whom was all his hope and joy and desire, and so meetened for the solemn but glorious change that was even then close at hand.

About three weeks before his death, he was confined to his room, by an attack of feverish indisposition, which, as has been already noticed, prevented the completion of his Terminal Lectures on Gregory the Great. During this time he commenced a private diary. Calling his wife to his bedside, he told her how, within the last few days, he seemed to have "felt quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ," and that he hoped "all this might make him more gentle and tender, and, in order to retain the impression and keep it alive, he intended to write something in evenings before retiring to rest. The following extracts are copied verbatim and unabridged from Canon Stanley's Biography :—

"*May 22nd.*—I am now within a few weeks of completing my 47th year. Am I not old enough to view life as it is, and to contemplate steadily its end,—what it is coming to, and must come to—what all things are without God? I know that my senses are on the eve of becoming weaker, and that my faculties will then soon begin to decline too,—whether rapidly or not I know not—but they will decline. Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and seal of immortality, and what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength; and may He make me feel that pretended strength not derived from Him is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness.

"*Tuesday Evening, May 24th.*—Two days have passed, and I am mercifully restored to my health and strength. To-morrow I hope to be able to resume my usual duties. Now then is the dangerous moment. . . . O gracious Father! keep me now through Thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health, and

amidst the bustle of the world : keep the thought of Thyself present to me, as my Father in Jesus Christ : and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle, active and firm. Oh ! strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever Thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant ; and let my faith overcome the world daily, Strengthen my faith, that I may realize to my mind, the things eternal—death, and things after death, and Thyself. O save me from my sins, from myself, and from my spiritual enemy, and keep me ever thine, through Jesus Christ. Lord, hear my prayers also for my dearest wife, my dear children, my many and kind friends, my household,—for all those committed to my care, and for us to whom they are committed. I pray also for our country, and for Thy Holy Church in all the world. Perfect and bless the work of Thy Spirit in the hearts of all Thy people, and may Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. I pray for this, and for all that Thou seest me to need for Jesus Christ's sake.

“ *Wednesday, May 25th.*—Again before I go to rest would I commit myself to God's care, through Christ, beseeching him to forgive me for all my sins of this day past, and to keep alive His grace in my heart, and to cleanse me from all indolence, pride, harshness, and selfishness, and to give me the spirit of meekness, humility, firmness and love. O Lord, keep Thyself present to me ever, and perfect Thy strength in my weakness. Take me and mine under Thy blessed care, this night and evermore, through Jesus Christ.

“ *Thursday, May 26th.* . . . . O Lord, keep Thyself present to me always, and teach me to come to Thee by the One and Living Way, Thy Son Jesus Christ. Keep me humble and gentle ; 2, Self-denying ; 3, Firm and patient ; 4, Active ; 5, Wise to know Thy will, and to discern the truth ; 6, Loving, that I may learn to resemble Thee, and my Saviour. O Lord, forgive me for all my sins, and save me, and guide me, and strengthen me through Jesus Christ.

“ *May 29th.* . . . . O Lord save me from idle words, and grant that my heart may be truly cleansed and filled with Thy Holy Spirit, and that I may arise to serve Thee, and lie down to sleep in entire confidence in Thee, and submission to Thy will, ready for life or death. Let me live for the day, not overcharged with worldly cares, but feeling that my treasure is not here, and desiring truly to be joined to Thee in Thy heavenly kingdom, and to those that are already gone to Thee. O Lord let me wait on patiently ; but do Thou save me from sin, and guide me with Thy Spirit, and keep me

with Thee, and in faithful obedience to Thee, through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord.

"*May 31st.*—Another day, and another month succeed. May God keep my mind and heart fixed on Him, and cleanse me from all sin. I would wish to keep a watch over my tongue, as to vehement speaking and censuring of others. I would desire to remember my latter end, to which I am approaching, going down the hill of life, and having done far more than half my work. May God keep me in the hour of death through Jesus Christ; and preserve me from over fear, as well as from over presumption. Now, O Lord, whilst I am in health, keep my heart fixed on Thee by faith, and then I shall not lose Thee in sickness or in death. Guide and strengthen and enkindle me, and bless those dearest to me, and those committed to my charge, and keep them Thine, and guide and support them in Thy holy ways. Keep sin far from them, O Lord, and let it not come upon them through any neglect of mine. O Lord, inspire me with zeal, and guide me with wisdom, that Thy Name may be known to those committed to my care, that they may be made and kept always Thine. Grant this, O Lord, through Jesus Christ my Saviour, and may my whole trust towards Thee be through His merits and intercessions.

"*Thursday Evening, June 2nd.*—Again the day is over, and I am going to rest. O Lord, preserve me this night, and strengthen me to bear whatever Thou shalt see fit to lay on me, whether pain, sickness, danger, or distress.

"*Sunday, June 5th.*—I have just been looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn duties in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin, and so much of suffering in the world, as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling, when I contrast it with the lot of millions, whose portion is so full of distress or of trouble. May I be kept humble and zealous, and may God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for His glory! May He keep me His, by night and by day, and strengthen me to bear, and to do his will, through Jesus Christ."

"*Monday Evening, June 6th.*—I have felt better and stronger all this day, and I thank God for it. But may He keep my heart tender. May He keep me gentle and patient, yet active and zealous; may He bless me in Himself, and in His Son. May He make me humble-minded in this, that I do not look for good things as my portion here, but rather should look for troubles as what I deserve,



and what Christ's people are to bear. 'If ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers,' &c. How much of good have I received at God's hand, and shall I not also receive evil? Only, O Lord, strengthen me to bear it, whether it visit me in body, in mind, or in estate. Strengthen me with the grace which Thou didst vouchsafe to Thy martyrs; and let me not fall from Thee in any trial. O Lord, let me cherish a sober mind, to be ready to bear evenly, and not sullenly. O Lord, reveal to me Thyself in Christ Jesus, which knowledge will make all suffering and all trials easy. O Lord, bless my dearest wife, and strengthen us in the hardest of all trials, evil befalling each other. Bless our dear children, and give me grace to guide them wisely and lovingly through Jesus Christ. O Lord, may I join with all Thy people in heaven and on earth, in offering up my prayers to Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and in saying, 'Glory be to Thy most holy Name for ever and ever.' "

On the 5th of June, he preached his last and farewell sermon in Rugby Chapel. Little did they who listened to his familiar voice deem that, ere another Sabbath sun had reached its meridian, he who had taught them so long and so faithfully should have passed the vestibule, and entered the presence-chamber, of his Master's house. Little they thought, as they gazed on that face, so bright with spiritual beauty and intellectual power, that when the hour of worship should arrive on the coming Sunday, those expressive features would be pallid and fixed in death—that clear, keen eye closed for ever on the things of time—those honest loving lips cold, rigid, and mute!

He wound up that last appeal, finished that parting counsel in words that many of his hearers will never forget:—

"The real point which concerns us all, is not whether our sin be of one kind or of another, more or less venial, or more or less mischievous in man's judgment, and to our worldly interests; but whether we struggle against all sin, because it is sin; whether we have or have not placed ourselves consciously under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, trusting in Him, cleaving to Him, feeding on Him by faith daily, and so resolved and continually renewing our resolution to be His faithful soldiers and servants to our lives' end. . . . To this I would call you all, so long as I am permitted

to speak to you,—to this I do call you all, and especially all who are likely to meet here again after an interval, that you may return Christ's servants, with a believing and loving heart; and if this be so, I care little as to what particular form, temptations from without may take; there will be a security within—a security not of man but of God."

The week which ensued was a busy one, involving much labour and confusion from the general winding-up of school-work; but he had recovered his usual tone and energy, and he threw himself into the examination work with his wonted spirit and vigour; and in the intervals of relaxation playing with his children, taking his daily walks to bathe in the Avon, and enjoying the peculiar beauty of the season, while the herbage and the foliage were so rich and verdant, and unparched by the full scorching heat of summer-tide.

He had purposed the completion of the third volume of his Roman History before the end of the coming vacation, and he had arranged another tour, in company with his wife. He thought of Grenoble, the Val d'Isere, and the Pyrenees; and he wished to reach Carthagera, that he might compare the account given of the town by Polybius, with the survey of the present port by Captain Smith. The Spanish journey of the preceding year he pronounced to be "on the whole a sad failure."

And now that Rugby duties were drawing to a conclusion, he delighted to revert to his past tours, and to the expectation of anticipated excursions, especially to the approaching pleasure of visiting the Sierra Morena, "containing all the various stages of vegetation, and beautiful as the garden of the Lord." But again and again he expressed the feeling that "he never could rest anywhere in travelling," and if he stayed more than a day at the most beautiful spot in the world, it would only bring on a yearning for Fox How—that beautiful and beloved home that he was never more to behold. He was full of pleasant anticipations for the future, telling his pupils how they should visit him in the long vacation, when he had retired from Rugby, and "what glorious walks he would take them upon Loughrigg."

He sat up late on Friday night, preparing for an examina-

tion of some of the boys in "Ranke's History of the Popes," and this lesson occupied him before breakfast on the following morning. He was busy the greater part of the day, winding up the school business, and going his usual rounds to distribute the prizes to the boys, and to take leave of those who were not returning to Rugby. To his own form he had said on the evening before, "One more lesson I shall have with you on Sunday afternoon, and then I will say to you what I have to say." That parting lesson never came.

On Saturday afternoon he took his usual walk to bathe, delighting in the beauty of the day, and ever and anon looking up to the soft, cloudless blue of the summer-sky. At dinner-time he spoke of his geological studies, and reverted to his recent visit to Naseby, in company with Carlyle, who had spent two days in his house only a month before; saying how it lay on some of the highest table land in England, and formed the watershed of the Midland counties, the streams on one side falling into the Atlantic, and on the other into the German Ocean.

In the evening he strolled on the lawn, and in the garden, with one of his former pupils, then on a visit, and he spoke of the Oxford school seriously but kindly, arguing earnestly against what he felt to be false notions of the Lord's Supper. He ended by saying, "My dear Lake, God be praised we ARE told the great mode by which we are affected,—we have His own blessed assurance: 'The words which I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.'"

It was his custom to give a supper to the Sixth form boys of his own house, on the last evening of the Midsummer half-year, and at nine o'clock he sat down with his young guests, conversing with marked cheerfulness, and referring with lively pleasure to his speedy return to Fox How, early in the ensuing week. And, now the business of the school half-year was quite over, the old school-house servant, Thomas Wooldrige, familiarly called by the Rugbæans of that day "Old Thos.," came to receive the final accounts; and from his own lips, I have heard how on that Saturday night his master was full of kindness, and even pleasantry, and chatted with him for some time after their mutual business was arranged.

And "Old Thos.," who loved and honoured his master more than any other earthly creature, said, "good-night" for the last time, little thinking that when he next beheld those familiar features he would be gazing on the face of the newly dead !

But the day's work was not quite done ; the last act of that day, of that week, of that happy, holy life, yet remained to be performed. Once more he opened his Diary, and wrote therein :—

" *Saturday Evening, June 11th.*—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed ; and then ; what is to follow this life ? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the quieter employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I say *Vixi*. And I thank God that, so far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified. I have no desire, other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh ; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work, to keep myself pure and zealous, and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me, rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

And then the historian, the theologian, and the Christian, laid down the pen for ever !

Early on the Sunday morning, before six o'clock, he was awakened with a sharp pain across the chest, and he told his wife, who asked him if he felt quite well, that he had had it slightly on the preceding day, both before and after bathing. He again composed himself to sleep, but the pain increased, and seemed to pass into his left arm, and Mrs. Arnold, who remembered to have heard of this symptom as indicative of angina pectoris, arose in much alarm, and summoned an old servant, who had been accustomed to illness, and had long attended the sick-bed of Miss Susannah Arnold. She, however, felt confident that there existed no just grounds for fear, and re-assured her mistress, and Mrs. Arnold returned

to her room. While dressing herself, she observed her husband lying with his hands clasped, his eyes raised, and his lips moving as if in prayer, when all at once he exclaimed in a clear and earnest tone, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and a little while afterwards, with much solemnity of manner, and an impressiveness, significant of more than the words themselves: "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

Occasionally he seemed to suffer acute pain, and when the old female servant before referred to entered the room, he said: "Ah! Elizabeth, if I had been as much accustomed to pain as dear Susannah was, I should bear it better." But to his wife he uttered no expression of extreme suffering, remarking only upon his intervals of ease, and wondering what it was. She nevertheless, being always full of watchful care, and almost nervous anxiety on his account, was now greatly alarmed, and dispatched messengers for medical assistance, though Dr. Arnold himself objected to her doing so, as it was still early, and their usual medical attendant was then suffering from indisposition.

She took up the Prayer-book, reading to him by his own special desire the 51st Psalm; and the twelfth verse, "O give me the comfort of thy help again, and establish me with thy free spirit;" he repeated after her very earnestly. She then knelt down at the foot of the bed, and offered the prayer in the "Visitation of the Sick," beginning, "The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Him," altering it into a common prayer for them both.

At a quarter-past seven, Dr. Bucknill, the son of their usual medical attendant, entered the room. Dr. Arnold was then lying on his back, looking much as usual, but there was a cold perspiration on his brow and cheeks, and his pulse though regular was very quick. He spoke cheerfully to the physician, apologizing for disturbing him at so unseasonable an hour, and inquiring kindly after his father. He spoke of the pain as having been very severe, and asked, "What is it?"

Before Dr. Bucknill could reply, the pain returned, and it became necessary to resort to severe remedies. Mrs. Arnold perceived at once that the danger was imminent, and she left the room to call up her second son, the eldest of the family then at Rugby. During her absence Dr. Arnold again enquired of the physician the nature of his malady, and was answered that it was spasm of the heart. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in his own peculiar tone of recognition. Being asked if he had ever in his life fainted, or had difficulty of breathing, or felt a sharp pain in his chest, he replied, "No, never." If any of the family had ever died of disease of the chest?—Yes, his father had died of it at the age of forty-three, and very suddenly. He then made several enquiries, such as a bystander might have put, relative to the nature and prevalence of heart disease, and ended by saying, "Is it generally fatal?" The answer was, "Yes, I am afraid it is."

Mrs. Arnold now returned, and soon after her son entered the room, but without any serious apprehension of his father's state. Dr. Arnold spoke to him cheerfully, and even playfully, reminding him that he objected to being in a sick-room, and enquiring after his deafness, of which he had been complaining the night before. But presently he said to him, as he sat with his mother at the foot of the bed—"My son! thank God for me;—thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain. I have suffered so little pain in my life that I feel it is very good for me; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it." Then, alluding to a wish he had often expressed, that if he had ever to suffer much pain, his faculties might remain unimpaired—"How thankful I am that my head is untouched."

In the meantime Mrs. Arnold again took up the Prayer-book, and began to read the Exhortation in the Visitation of the Sick, in which occurs the passage from Hebrews, which he had so solemnly quoted. He listened attentively, saying, with deep emphasis,—“Yes,” at the end of many of the sentences. When she stopped at the words “everlasting life,” his son said,—“I wish, dear Papa, we had you at Fox How.” He did not reply; but with a look of intense earnestness he smiled lovingly on them both. It was his last

conscious look on those whom he loved, and who loved him so dearly.

The physician, who had gone for medicines, now returned, and remedies were again applied. There was a slight return of spasms, after which he remarked to Dr. Bucknill,—“If the pain is again as severe, as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it.” And again, with his eyes fixed earnestly on the physician, he asked several questions as to the nature of the disease, and wished to be told if the spasm was likely to return. Being told that it was, he asked,—“Is it generally suddenly fatal?” The answer was,—“Generally.”

He was then asked if he had any pain; and he replied that he had none, but from the application of the external remedies. A few moments afterwards, he enquired what medicine was to be given: when told, he merely said,—“Ah, very well.” The physician, who was then dropping laudanum into a glass, turned to look at him, and saw him quite calm, but with his eyes closed. In another minute there was a rattle in the throat, and a convulsive struggle. Dr. Bucknill flew to him, and supported his head on his shoulders, while he hastily bade one of the servants summon Mrs. Arnold, who had just left the room to acquaint her son with his father’s danger, of which he was still ignorant. Hearing herself called, she rushed up-stairs, telling her son to bring the other children, and with her own hands applied the prescribed remedies, though feeling herself, from the moment she saw him, that all human effort was unavailing.

He was indeed no longer conscious; the agonies of his wife, the sobs and tears of his children, and the concern of all around him, were alike unperceived and disregarded. His eyes were fixed, his features motionless; there was a heaving at the chest, and at prolonged intervals deep gasps, and in a few minutes, shortly before eight, A.M., he breathed his last, just as “Old Thos.” rushed into the room in an agony of grief hoping to see his master once more.

Scarcely any out of the house had heard of his illness; and its fatal termination was the first intelligence that reached the masters, and others, who had seen him on the previous

evening rejoicing in health and happiness, and bright anticipations of the pleasures of the Midsummer vacation. Everywhere came the startling news "that Dr. Arnold was dead!" Only those who were in Rugby on that mournful Sunday can form an adequate idea of the blank sorrow and the gloom that overspread the town and its vicinity. What were the feelings of those who joined in the dreary services of the day can be better imagined than described. Rugby seemed to be Rugby no longer:—the head of the place was taken away;—the soul was gone:—a void, a vacuum, a dull sense of nothingness and irreparable loss, remained.

And the five children, who waited the arrival of their parents at Fox How? On the Monday morning,—the morning of that day which would have been his forty-seventh birthday,—his friend and former pupil reached the beautiful valley of the Rotha, where all was calm and bright in the soft radiance of the early summer morning, bearing with him tidings such as he must fervently hope it may never again be his heart-rending duty to carry to earthly home. The unconscious dwellers of that peaceful habitation had made preparation for the customary celebration of their father's birthday:—the bitter reality came upon them, and ere they could realise the truth that he whom they loved and honoured so deeply was gone from their head, they saw once more the battlemented towers of Rugby, and knew that they were bereaved indeed.

On the Friday following, they laid him in the grave. His whole family, many of his friends and former pupils from all parts of the kingdom, many of the neighbouring clergy, and the townspeople, both rich and poor, followed him to his last quiet resting-place. The Rev. Mr. Moultrie, Rector of Rugby, performed the funeral service, and his remains were deposited in the chancel of his own chapel, immediately underneath the communion table.

And there we leave him till the resurrection of the just, and yet not *him*, only the marred and worn-out garments that the soul, made meet for the life of the world to come, cast from her, to mingle with the dust, to moulder awhile, to embrace the corruption and dishonour that is the penalty

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of our fallen race, till the hour shall come when they who sleep in Jesus shall hear the proclamation of the mighty angel that time shall be no longer. And then that form so loved, so precious in remembrance, once sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, in glory, and immortality, and strength, to live for evermore.

On the following Sunday the family met once again in the chapel, and partook of the Holy Communion. They knelt by his grave, and that blessed rite brought them nearer to him than aught else on earth; that pledge of the love of their risen Lord was the sign and seal of the promise that they who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. They knelt there in their dark robes of sorrow, doomed to struggle still in sadness and in loneliness; to go back from that table and from that grave to a dreary and desolate world, from whence their joy and hope had departed; to hear again the common tones, the thoughtless mirth, and the heedless words of those who knew not, who would never know, how great and precious a treasure had been borne away! They were still of the church militant, whose children in this transitory life are oftentimes in "trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, and other adversity." He was of the Church triumphant—he had reached

" . . . . . that everlasting shore,  
Where signs and symbols are no more."

He had seen the King in His beauty, he had entered into rest; but yet the saint in glory, and his beloved ones in their bitter grief, were members of ONE CHURCH!

As some slight acknowledgment of his services in the cause of education, a noble sum was raised by public subscription, which was applied in the first place to the erection of a monument in Rugby Chapel, and the residue to the foundation of scholarships, to be first enjoyed by his sons in succession, and then devoted to the encouragement of "general study at Rugby, and of the pursuit of history at Oxford."

The library over the writing school, and adjoining and communicating with the old tower library, where the Sixth Form lessons were usually given, was also erected in memory of him who was so suddenly taken away from his great and prosperous work. It is called the Arnold Library.

One other memento remains to be recorded—the Arnold window, on the north side of the chancel in Rugby Chapel. The stained glass portrays the meeting of our Saviour with His doubting disciple, and in a scroll beneath is inscribed,—“And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.” The very words which he uttered so soon before his admission into that kingdom where faith is for ever lost in sight.

The monument has been removed from the eastern end of the chapel to the north transept; it bears the following inscription, written by Chevalier Bunsen, in imitation of the epitaphs of the early Christians, and of those over the tombs of the Scipios.

150

VIR . REV.

151

THOMAS . ARNOLD . S.T.P.

152

HISTORIE . RECENT . ÆVI . TRADENDÆ . APVD . OXONIEN . PRO . REG .

HIVVS . SCHOLÆ . PER . ANNOS . XIV . ANTISTES . STRENVVS . VNICE . DILECTVS .

THVCYDIDEM . ILLVSTRAVIT . HISTORIAM . ROMANAM . SCRIPSIT .

153

POPULI . CHRISTIANI .

LIBERTATEM . DIGNITATEM . VINDICAVIT . FIDEM . CONFIRMAVIT . SCRIPTIS .

VITA .

CHRISTVM . PRÆDICAVIT . APVD . VOS .

IVVENVM . ANIMOS . MONVMENTVM . SIBI . DELIGENS .

TANTI . VIRI . EFFIGIES . VOBIS . HIC . EST . PROPOSITA .

CORPV8 . SVB . ALTARI . CONQVIESCIT .

ANIMA . IN . SVAM . SEDEM . PATRE . VOCANTE . IMMIGRAVIT .

FORTIS . PIA . LETA .

NAT . A.D . XIII . JVN . MDCCXCV . MORT . A.D . XII . JVN . MDCCCLII .

AMICI . POSVERVNT .

And now it remains only to hope and trust that these simple records of a most glorious life may incite some to say, like him, and like our blessed Lord, whose words he used, “Rise, let us be going!” This is not our rest; we have no

right to fold our hands, and sit still, while the great work of the Lord is still to be done on earth. He can, and if we are slothful and self-indulgent He *WILL*, dispense with our services; but woe to him who walks the vineyard, plucking the ripe grapes, and drinking the wine thereof, and taking his ease in the pleasant pastures, yet draws back from the toil of the husbandman, and shrinks from the heat and burden of the day. His ears will never hear the Master's voice, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. Arnold has passed away: the place that once knew him will know him no more: his niche is vacant. No one has ever stood up with his courage and his power to battle for the welfare and the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom. Who will be his successor? Who will stand up in the breach which death made seventeen years ago, and in the name and strength of his Master, with humble fervent heart, and lowly loyal spirit, give himself to spend and be spent in the service of Christ's Church militant here upon earth? Perhaps, nay *PROBABLY*, it will be long ere such another man arise in God's Israel: all *cannot* be Arnolds; but all may be true and earnest workers in God's cause. Few may stand as he did, at the head of one of the first public institutions of the country; but there are very few—are there *any*?—who may *NOT* teach some one. There are the little children for whose souls Satan and the fallen angels are bidding!—they may be taught to know and love that Name, before whose wondrous power and glory, earth's most precious names fade away into utter insignificance. There are the poor, whom we have always with us! There are the ignorant, perishing for lack of knowledge!—the tempted, who may be helped, and warned, and strengthened—and the *fallen*, who above all others, need the hands of Christian kindness and wisdom to raise them up from their degradation, and to guide their feet into the paths of peace!

It were vain and presumptuous to moralize on the life here so feebly sketched; it tells its own story; it teaches its own lesson; it speaks to all, whether they be rich or poor, high-born or lowly, young or old, learned or unlearned in what

man calls knowledge—to stand up for Jesus!—to let no day go by without some word spoken for Him, and for the extension of His kingdom; without some service, which, though haply small and feeble in itself, may yet be accepted by Him as the work and labour of love—love to Him—love to the brethren—love to all the world; for it is written, “Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.”

“Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season?”

“Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.”











